

**HART FAMILY  
HISTORY**

**RURAL TEACHING FAMILY FROM  
NORTHEASTERN INDIANA  
1900-2000+**





FAMILY  
HISTORY  
HART

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Happy Birthday

to

My dear family

and friends

1900-1901







# *Hart Family History*

**Rural Teaching Family from  
Northeastern Indiana  
1900-2000+**



Great Family

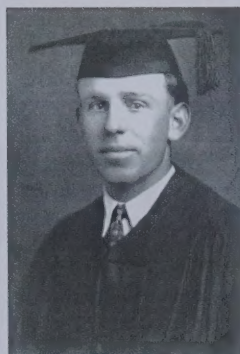
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From Teutonic Family to

Northern Indians

1900-1904





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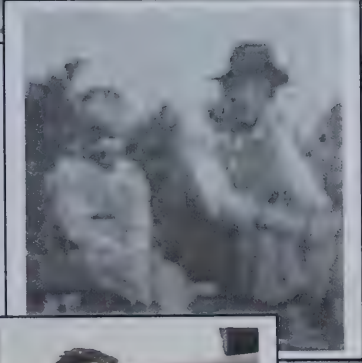


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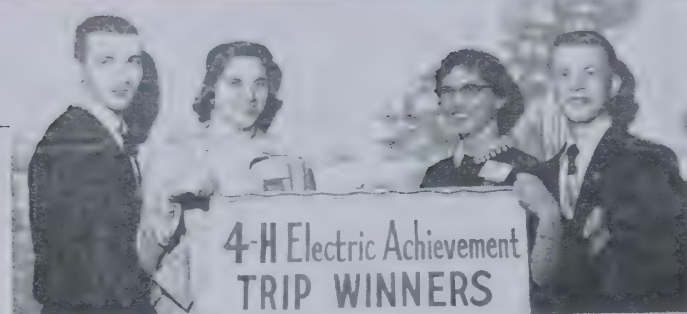










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*Congratulations to the Winners!* THE HOOSIER FARMER  
**Indiana 4-H** *Electric Program*





# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## EARLY LIFE

Lake Reunion Days .....	1
Lake Brother's Pranks on Sis .....	1
St. Joe River Swimming Hole .....	3
Dorothy Ellen's Childhood Days .....	4
A Raccoon Named Teddy .....	4
Working on the Farm .....	5
The Gravel Wagons .....	7
Covered Bridges .....	7
Indiana Winters .....	9
Family Photographs .....	9
The Natural Spring .....	11
Sunday Afternoons .....	12
Indiana Winters .....	12
John Koch .....	12
Surviving the Windstorm .....	13
Horse Named Billy .....	14
Horse Sense .....	15
Karl's Early Life .....	15
Karl's Family .....	17
Gladys (Baltz) Hart .....	20
Dorothy Ellen's High School Years .....	20
College Days .....	22
Bill and Karl .....	23
Marriage .....	24
An Old-Fashioned Belling (Chivarie) .....	25
The "Old Man Orr" Farm .....	25
Farm Purchase and Early Use .....	26
Early Teaching .....	27
Karl's Invention .....	29
Starting Housekeeping .....	30
Changing of Tindall to Tyndall .....	31
Hart's Nursery Starts .....	32
Birth of Lavon .....	34
Hicksville House .....	35
Nursery .....	36
The Great Depression .....	38
Polio and Abduction .....	38

## Lavon's Early Years

Lavon and Pet Dog Bud .....	39
Lavon in Parade .....	40
Little Lavon and Sled .....	41
Brother Bill's Death .....	41
Aunt Esther's Cottage .....	41
Lavon and the Loaf of Bread .....	42

## House on State Road 101

Remodeling Our Home .....	44
Finishing Touches and Bunco Party .....	44
Moving into the House .....	46
Raising Livestock to Help Pay for Home ...	47
Strawstack Fire .....	47

Building the Barn .....	48
Tom's Pneumonia .....	48
Raising Sheep and Cows .....	49
Tree House Fun .....	49
Moving to the West Bedroom .....	49
Free Fall Fair .....	49
Rabbit Hunting .....	50
Raising Turkeys .....	50
Turkey Incident .....	50
Pet Turkeys .....	51
Farm Brand Name .....	52
Star Lake Outings .....	52
Hart Christmas Parties .....	52
The Special Train Track .....	52
Dressing and Selling Chickens .....	53
Karl and the Bantam Hen .....	53
Markets and Nursery .....	54
Nursery Display at the Fairs .....	54
A Dog Named Pete .....	55
A Cat Named Gray Boy .....	55
Pet Toad .....	56
Sunday School Party .....	56
Family Album .....	57
Families 1945-48 .....	58
John & Ella Crothers .....	59

## Relocating on new farm

Buying the Casebere Farm .....	59
Buying Tindall Hill as a part of the New KADO-LATO Farm .....	60
Selling the Old Farm .....	61
Remodeling the New Home .....	61
Keller Remodeling of Old Home .....	62
A Premonition .....	62
New KADO-LATO Farm .....	62
Buying the New Panel Delivery Truck .....	63
Footloose and Fancy Free .....	63
Lavon and Tom Selling Flowers .....	64
Getting the New Plymouth .....	65
Starting the Perennial Business .....	66

## The Tindall House Changes

Remodeling the Old Tindall House .....	66
Remodeling the Apartment .....	68 A
A New Doctor in Town .....	68 A
Disaster on Sand Hill .....	68 A

## Beginning with the 1950's

Anniversaries and Weddings in 1950 ....	68 D
Lavon Out of Navy, Marriage .....	68 E
Summers Cutting Gladiolas .....	68 E
Family Pics .....	68 G
Tom's Pets .....	68 G
The Maple Sugar Camp .....	68 H





Fishing .....	68H
The Waggoner's .....	68 I

## **TOM'S EARLY ACTIVITIES**

Tom's Background .....	69
Tom & Sherry's wedding .....	72

## **KADO-LATO Festival**

KADO-LATO Festival Starts .....	78
Wagon Ride .....	82
Dressing Up the Barn .....	85
Wagon ride continued .....	90
Karl's Burns .....	90
Dressing up the barn continued .....	92
"Shiver Shack" .....	96
Grandma Lake .....	98
Dorothy Ellen Back to College .....	98
Ginger, Our Fox Terrier, and Other Pets ...	99
Trips .....	99C

## **THE CONTINUING STORY**

Remembrances of Grandpa William Rhoads	100
School Mates and Hunters .....	102
Karl's 4-H Project .....	102
Karl's High School Days .....	103
Karl and Dorothy in High School .....	103
Karl and Ellen's College Days .....	105
Karl Hart's first School .....	105
Karl's School and Work life .....	107
Karl Fishes in Florida .....	107
The Continuing Story by Lavon and Tom .	108
Golden Wedding Time .....	109
"Ma and Pa on the Farm" .....	111
Mom's final Days .....	111
Newspaper Obituary .....	113
Dad's Continuing Story .....	114
Karl's final Days .....	117
"Reminiscence" .....	118

## **Appendix A:**

### **Family Background**

Genealogy of the Lake Family .....	A1
Lake Family Coat of Arms .....	A1
Descendants of Thomas Lake .....	A2
Ancestors of Dorothy Ellen Lake .....	A4
Descendants of Stern Nathan Lake .....	A5
Descendants of Lucius Nelson Lake .....	A5
Descendants of William Otholic Lake .....	A6
Descendants of Dorothy Ellen Lake .....	A7
Ancestors of Karl Von Dale Hart .....	A8
Descendants of Jonathan Hart .....	A9
Descendants of Washington Hart .....	A10
Descendants of Clyde Eugene Hart .....	A11
"A Lake Beginning" poem .....	A12
87th Lake Reunion .....	A16
W. O. Lake Teacher's License .....	A17

Obituaries: .....	A18
W. O. Lake	
Margaret Ann Rhoades	
Francena Lake	
Lorena Charpie	
Descendants of William Rhoads .....	A19
Letters written by Grandma Alice .....	A20
Clyde and Gladys hart 60th .....	A22
Grandma Alice's 98th birthday .....	A22

## **Appendix B**

### **Karl's Poems**

Crossing the Right of Way .....	B1
Makin' Apple Butter .....	B1
Autumn on the Farm .....	B1
Winters in Florida .....	B1
Whimble .....	B2
Glad Show Poem .....	B2
Why Put it Off .....	B3
Christmas Wish .....	B3
San Quentin Quail .....	B4
short humorous poems .....	B4
Drawbacks - 1955 .....	B4
Christmas 1990 at the Harts .....	B5

## **Appendix C**

### **Potpourri of items**

Progress in Living Basics .....	C1
What is a Fable .....	C2
The Gladiolus and Tulip Fable .....	C3
Sweet as Honey .....	C4
Stove Top Apples .....	C5
Endive Meal .....	C6





## EARLY LIFE

### LAKE REUNION DAYS

I was a young 8 year old "tow head" as they called me. My hair was a definite blond and lots of it. Mother washed my hair on Saturday afternoon. She used old, white sheet strips of rags to do my hair in curls. She took one end of a long strip and started wrapping my hair around it. She combed it real smooth around this rag about a foot long. She took the extra part of the rag and wrapped upwards to the place where she started, by my head and tied the two together. I would have 8 or 10 of these wrappings done while my hair was wet. I even had to sleep on these white foot long wrappings. Early Sunday morning my hair was unwrapped and combed smoothly for me to go to church. Each morning, all week, these curls were combed into long curls. My blond hair and many long curls caused the church Christmas program planners to use me for their live angel; way up high on a step-ladder for an accent at the end of the program at Christmas.

My mother was a Lutheran and my father was, too. I confessed in the Methodist Church.

My uncles and all the Lake clan just loved to walk, hunt, fish, trap and make maple syrup in what was called Tindall's Woods. This Woods is now the Kado-Lato Woods. Little did I imagine that I would be co-owner of this gorgeous woodland property some day.

When I was eight years old, my father was president of the Lake reunion. Over one hundred people would usually attend. He chose to use our Tindall's Woods for this reunion. We "Lake" kids could hardly wait for the day. A professional photographer was there to take "pictures"!!!! A concession stand with all kinds of edibles and pop was set up for this occasion. A thick long hay rope swing was fastened to a strong, tree limb so it would swing out over a ravine in the woods. The young men loved to hear their wives or cousins scream as they pushed the swing. My father and mother paid the photographer to take a picture of their family. They did not know then that their family would be larger next year. Little baby Esther was a surprise.



**Dorothy Ellen, 8 years old, brother William Nelson- 9 years old, sitting on the stump; and Margaret, 11 years old.**

Please note some historical things in this picture. The distinct part is the hairdo. The ribbon bows. The checked gingham dresses (my mother was a seamstress by trade). The long waistlines and elbow length sleeves; cotton hose and button patent leather shoes were in style. I was the chunky blue-eyed blond. My sister had black eyes and black hair. "**Brother William**" as we called him, instead of Bill or William, had a home sewn shirt with a Peter Pan collar and a bias checked tie. He wore short pants with bands at the knees. His black cotton stockings were held up by garters, which were fastened to the underwear. The knit underwear was all one piece with a split back and buttons all the way down the front. You can see that all gentlemen both young and old wore a felt hat. "William" has a creased crowned felt hat. When we went to Church at Spencerville, all boys and men wore felt hats to keep the wind and cold off the top of their heads while riding in the buggy. After all were in church and comfortably seated, the gentlemen sat with their hats over their knee as you see it in the picture. Bill had brown eyes and dark brown hair.

### LAKE BROTHER'S PRANKS ON SIS

I always loved my aunt Rebecca (Lake) Benninghoff. She lived on the hill just across the road from Tindall's Hill. She was teased by her seven brothers when she was sweet 16 and dating. The girls always liked to show the boy friend





how well they could cook. She always baked a cake and served her friend a piece. While they were eating cake and visiting one time her brothers got busy in the dark and changed the wheels on her boyfriend's buggy. They put the big back wheels on the front and the little front wheels on the back. When he went home it was a mess. They told sister Becky that they didn't like him.

They strung binder twine through the weeds so another boyfriend would trip on the string when going to his buggy in the dark. They didn't like him either. Uncle John Benninghoff had money so they liked him. Uncle John Benninghoff had enough money to buy Aunt Becky the home place because that was what she wanted. Aunt Becky's mom and dad moved farther east on the other side of the schoolhouse. This is Bob Lichtsinn's home in 1990. The schoolhouse was torn down in 1930. It was in Laub's field between Lichtsinns and Bakers.

Aunt Becky and Uncle John built a very beautiful home in Spencerville, for when they planned to retire from farming. Then they went to Ft. Wayne to live because Uncle John wanted to do real estate. This home in Spencerville is the Pauline Baumgardner home. It was just sold in 1989. A good home for \$50,000, I heard.

My Aunt Becky loved to have a garden. She planted beans so they would vine up poles to form a teepee. She would sit in the shade of this teepee to pick her green beans. This home on the farm had sandy soil which is easy to work.

When she was in Spencerville, she organized an embroidery club for young people.

The picture shows the club on her porch. I am the girl second from right to left on the front row. I'm the young blond with a bow in my hair. My sister is the dark haired girl by the fern. She has a bow in her hair. She is kneeling down.

My aunt Becky looked like her mother and like her grandmother Tindall. I have a tin-type picture of Nancy (Chilcote) Tindall. Aunt Becky and uncle John B. rented their farm home; just the house and not the land. Their son Bill Sr. was visiting at our house. It was a short distance to walk across the field to the Benninghoff woods. Bill said to his wife Edith, "I guess I'll walk over to our woods and pick up some hickory nuts." This Woods of course belonged to his dad. He got a market basket and left. He didn't come back for a long, longtime. We said, "Bill must be getting an awful lot of nuts." He finally came and told us why he took so long. He picked up the best nuts on the ground that the wind had blown down and he decided to climb the tree and shake the limbs to get more. He was up in the tree shaking the limbs and the renter of his Dad's house was down under the tree with a gun saying, "You stay up there in that tree until I get these picked up." So Bill sat in the tree while the renter picked up the nuts and then poured Bill's already picked up nuts in his bucket and left for the house. The renter did not have the woods rented. He only rented the house. Bill Sr. had a right to those hickory nuts. Anyway the renter did not stay very long in the house after this reckless



Aunt Becky's Embroidery Club. Dorothy Ellen is on the front row, second from the far right.



adventure or prank. Frank Laub had this Benninghoff wood bulldozed in 1983. He wanted to farm that good land.

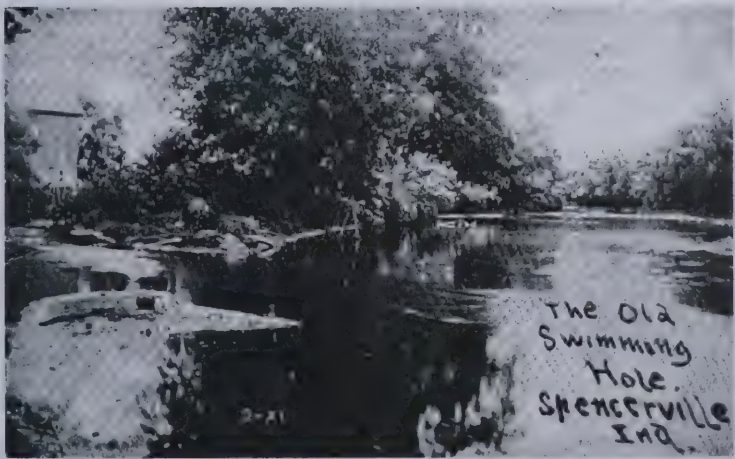
My father owned a small woods on the back of our farm on the St. Joe river. He could make a small amount of maple syrup for us to use on pancakes. Our woods is connected to the big Tindall's woods which is now Kado-Lato woods.

We always thought our little woods was the Indian's burial ground and they lived in Tindall's woods. Our woods had so many little mounds. We noticed them when we helped Dad carry sap to boil down for maple syrup. Our cows, horses and sheep grazed our woods.

### ST. JOE RIVER SWIMMING HOLE

In the 1920's our river was clean. It was only dirty during "dog days" when a green scum floated on top of the water usually during August. My cousins from Ft. Wayne, Walter and Glen and Bill and I loved to swim in the river. We could only swim where the, "Old Lake Swimming Hole," was located. This place was near the new home of Gale Bowser's.

**This Swimming Hole is near the Mill on the outskirts of Spencerville, not the one described.**



No house was there in the 20's. The spot was just around the bend west of the Bowser house. This was the old swimming hole because of the sandy gravel river bed. The water was not too deep along the bank for wading. It was deep enough out in the middle for diving.

Karl's cousin Evelyn Engle's mother and father died with tuberculosis and left three children; Evelyn, Pauline and baby Frankie. My uncle Charley and Aunt Bessie was raising Evelyn because her mother was first cousin of uncle Charley Lake. Her father was a first cousin of Karl's mother.

This was coincidental that Karl and I married. This made the friendship an accidental and remarkable occurrence of events. Relatives raised Esther and Lloyd Engle's family of three. Esther was a Tindall, my relative and Lloyd was an Engle, Karl's mother was an Engle. So when uncle Charley visited, Evelyn was along. Walter, Glen, Bill and Evelyn and I went swimming in the river on Sunday afternoons many times. The boys climbed a tree along the bank and climbed out on a limb leaning far over the water and dove off in the deepest part of the swimming hole in the river. I was afraid to do this but I wanted to learn to dive. My cousin Glen talked me into climbing up the tree along with him and we would arm-in-arm dive off this big limb on the count of one-two-three. I did this many times but I still held my nose.

The swimming hole was named after the Lakes because grandma (Tindall) Lake reared seven young men and they all liked to swim and fish and trap and hunt. My father William Othlic was one of them.



In the picture I have on the bathing suit of the times. Evelyn has on an old dress. Yes, this is the bikini of 1920.; the black hose and all. I was modeling a 1920 bikini.





## DOROTHY ELLEN'S CHILD HOOD DAYS

When I was little; we walked to go places or else hitched a horse to a buggy. We walked on the dirt road to see our grandparents because it was a short distance. To go to grandma Rhoads; we had to go by the Tindall's house.



**Margaret Edith (Lake) Cook - 4 Years Old  
Dorothy Ellen (Lake) Hart - 4 Months Old  
William Nelson Lake - 15 months old. He  
kissed baby on the cheek, straightened  
up, folded hands and smiled.**

One time we three children went to see Grandma Rhoads. When we walked back home and by Tindall's house we were attacked by their cross, mean dog. We started to run toward home. This helped the dog to want to really get us. We screamed and our dog named "Donny" came at once. He did not get to us quickly enough. The nasty dog had time to take a big bite of sister Margaret's calf of her leg. Donny got a big bite of the invading dog. He went back home away from Donny. Our "Donny" dog was a mixed breed. He looked like a sheep dog. Also smart as a sheep dog. He could get the cows rounded up in the woods and chase them to the barn for milking time. Behind the six cows placed in the barn stanchions, a pan was put for "Donny" to have some good fresh warm milk. Donny knew this and did his job all by himself.

One time my sister and I walked over to where Ned Lichtsinn lived to get a bouquet of Lilacs. At this time this place was not inhabited. It had only old lilac bushes where a house stood once upon a time. A big blueracer snake was sunning there. We screamed and again our "Donny" came to the rescue and quickly snapped the head off the snake. He could do it so easily after he got a hold on the snake with his teeth. Our Donny had shining black curly hair. He was our protective pal.

## A RACCOON NAMED "TEDDY"

We had another pal. It was a young, baby raccoon. We called him Teddy. How did we get him? I'll tell you. Our father would make a contract with a land owner to farm the land and then get a share of the crops. This field had a large tree along the road and partly in the field. The shade from this tree is where Dad ate his lunch and rested the team of horses which also ate a lunch of hay. As he sat there in the shade, a baby raccoon crept down the tree trunk to get away. The raccoon thought he was trying to sleep in the wrong tree.

Raccoons work at night for food and sleep all day. This young raccoon smelled humanity and could not sleep. Dad took his own jacket off and threw it over the raccoon and brought him home and put him inside our rabbit cage. We named him Teddy and kept him fed with bread and milk. We used gloves at first to reach in the cage. It wasn't long until we didn't need the gloves. Teddy became tame. He licked our hands and loved us. We let him roam everywhere but he always was around for food when we called, "Teddy!" He would go in the house with us and play with the dolls like we played with them. His front feet were like miniature human hands. He was beautiful with long yellow-black fur, black mask like markings across the eyes and a long black-ringed tail. His fur is also called Raccoon. He was a tree climbing flesh-eating mammal and smart. One day we all left home and one screen door was not locked. Teddy opened it and went in to see where we were. He climbed on our table to see if there was anything to eat. Mother always had left-over food and a sugar bowl and a salt dish in the center of the table all covered nicely with a small thirty-six inch square cloth, all embroidered and placed over the food. Teddy lifted the cloth and felt the sugar in the bowl and then the salt bowl. He covered and straightened the cloth back and he left to go somewhere and sleep. We came home and had trouble salting our food. It tasted like salty sugar. We decided Teddy did this with his tiny front hands. He was a good smart pet but he liked to





eat meat. When he was two years old he killed chickens and ate them at night and slept all day on the rafters in the haymow. Chickens gave us eggs and meat so we had to get rid of pet Teddy. Our Uncle Frank was a neighbor and a trapper that sold fur pelts. The beautiful raccoon fur pelts brought in good money for him.

He shot Teddy at dad's request. He sold his fur to a buyer of furs to tan and make fur coats. Our whole family was sad but Teddy was still a wild animal and not really tamed. He has always been in my memory. I can still see him on my dad's shoulder reaching down and getting dad's pipe and pretending he was smoking like dad would do it. He usually did this when dad was pumping the well to get enough water to fill the horse-tank. The pump handle had to go up and down by human hands. We could not afford a gasoline engine to do it at this time.

### **WORKING ON THE FARM**

Dad was teaching school and farming in the summer months. He had cows for milk and meat, chickens for eggs and meat, also pigs for lard and meat. The horses were cared for. They had to help farm and take us places. Horses and home-made wagons hauled gravel for the roads, so we could get through the mud holes when traveling to school, to the mill, to the ice house or to the grocery on Saturday nights.

All the animals had to be fed and housed. This made chores to be done each morning and night.

My mother would be happy to get a chore of her own to do. She told the neighbor, John Koch, that if he had any lambs from his flock of sheep that he did not want because the old ewe would not feed it; that he should give it to her and she would try to feed it on the bottle and raise it. He didn't want to do any bottle feeding so he gave mom all the lambs that were orphans. We all helped her. The little lambs were kept in an open, lidded, wooden barrel located behind a warm stove. They could stand and lay down but not get Out. They bleated and were noisy but they grew and soon formed a flock of sheep to sell the wool and provided meat.

The chores of taking care of our animals helped give us some ready cash. The eggs laid for a week and cream from the milk had to go to the grocery store and cream station at Spencerville. You could say that the town of Spencerville, Indiana was more or less a trading post. Eggs were paid for by the dozen. Mother bought dress

material to sew on and groceries with the money given her for the basket full of eggs. Each week this was done. Eggs taste better when they are fresh.

The cows' milk was taken each milking time into our pantry where the cream-separating machine stood. This hand-operated machine separated the milk from the cream. The cream was taken to the cream station in town. It was tested for making good butter or not so good. More money was given for good butterfat cream. The weight of the amount brought in was how much money you got. It was thought Jersey cows gave the best butterfat cream. The milk without the cream made cottage cheese when soured or the pigs got it with mash in it.

In 1913 our family got larger. A baby girl was born. Now mother and dad had four children. According to age Margaret Edith, William Nelson, Dorothy Ellen and then baby Esther Viola.

Every Saturday and Sunday were special days for the W.O. Lake family of which I was a part. We lived in the second house east of the house in which I live in now in the year 1990. All of the children were assigned some work. On Saturday we cleaned house and did the baking of pies and cakes. It was a resting day from field farming. After our noon meal we had to all clean up by bathing behind the kitchen cook stove. The hot water was near in the reservoir of the stove. Hair washing was done. After the chores were finished we all dressed up and loaded up our basket of eggs and pail of cream. We all crammed into our buggy with our buggy horse Billy hitched to it. Billy enjoyed the occasion, too. When we tied him to the horse-hitching rail, he whinnied at the other horses. The horse rail was a metal pipe with wooden posts. It was fun to "skin-a-cat" over the metal hitching rail. I was a youngster that could do that.

I wonder how I ever lived when we young ones played "Ship-Ship- Sha-Li-Lo" in the dark. We got together and split up into two teams. Team No. 1 would run and hide while team 2 spelled Holler-or-we-will- not-foller. Well, the team No. 1 would yell "Ship-Ship-Sha-Li-Lo". The No. 2 team would run toward where they heard that voice. Each person had to be caught in team No. 1. This was a long lasting game.

My mother enjoyed visiting in the northeast corner of Beam's store where the chairs were located for the women to visit. My father was a long time in the barber shop. He came late so he had to wait



quite awhile until his turn came. Consequently we youngsters could play this game along with other neighbors families.

Beam's store was a grocery store along with other necessities. You could buy new shoes and socks, etc. The cream station was next door. Our pail of cream had to be tested as to the butter-fat. My father wanted Jersey cows because they gave rich milk. He always saved the girl calves from our pure Jersey cow named Babe. Male calves were sold.

Our neighbors who lived a long distance away from a town and the older people, had to depend on a huckster to buy groceries and necessities. He would buy their hen's eggs but not their cream. A huckster was a peddler of groceries from door to door. I enjoyed getting cracker-jacks. One time I called to mom, "Mom, get me some jacker- crack." I loved the little surprise gifts.

My father built a cream wagon and collected cream to sell to the creamery. This wagon had an upright board siding with regular noisy wagon wheels for traveling. He had an insulated roof over it. There were two very wide openings across from each other. You had to step up a long narrow step to get inside this covered cream wagon. He could collect pails of cream from either side of this wagon through these two wide openings. When he would drive in our home driveway with an empty wagon, he allowed us children to hang on the step and ride. Brother Bill and I loved to ride on that step. One time I fell off and the back wheel ran over me. I

could not walk. Dad carried me to the couch in our living room. I was in bed for awhile. My stomach hurt for a long time. Oh yes, we were not allowed to ride the cream wagon step after that. The middle man's profit, by reselling cream to the creamery, helped the family income.

My father loved to teach school. The wages were not high enough for him to raise a family so he was always trying out "Money-Making-Schemes" in order to have more income. He farmed, had chores, and ran a cream wagon. I am so happy that school teachers currently have a living wage.

In 1921, my father was elected trustee of Spencer Township on the Republican ticket. This was a time-consuming job without much pay. He was well known by the people, because he was the speaker chosen to speak at the farmers' conventions several times.



39 College Avenue. The "Star" Gallery, Valparaiso, Indiana.

**My father, William O. Lake (Age 21) Valparaiso College Graduation Picture**

My childhood days were exciting and pleasurable and agreeable with the ways of my parents. Little did I know that I would some day retire next to the farm where I grew up.

My sister Esther was 8 years younger than I. We all loved her very much. She was called "Honey" and later on we called her "Hun" for short. The First World War came into being; and the U.S.A. was fighting the Germans who were called "Huns," so we had to quit calling her the short way. From then on it was sister Esther. She was only two years old. She was born in 1913.

I was told by my folks about an Indiana wind storm back around 1900. This was the time when Dad started to build his house on the land he just bought. He was building it next to the line fence between his acreage and Sherman Tindall's. He had it ready for siding. A wind storm came from the west and lifted the house up and set it down where it is now. They left it on that location and finished it. Dad and mother were in the beginning





of their married life. They were staying with father and mother Lake. My young mother happened to be looking out of the east window toward her new home being built. She screamed, "Oh there goes our house!" At this time, the Lucius Nelson Lake family lived in the next house east of the Rhoads family where Jim Miller now lives. This Lake home was across the road from the Tindall Log Cabin. Today we know it as the Claude Laub farm.

Later Dad built a barn, granary, chicken coop and corn crib. He set out catalpa trees in a plot of ground where the house was started. These trees were so dense that they formed a good wind-break from the western winds. In the Spring, the flowers were white all over the ground and a sweet perfumed odor filled the air. Nice to walk barefoot in flowers.

### THE GRAVEL WAGONS

When I was a little girl, I would see five gravel wagons going east on the road past our house. Each wagon was loaded with gravel. This gravel had been hand shoveled on the wagon from Tindall's gravel pit located in the woods. The men helped each other do the loading and they visited. The wagons were fixed with an end gate in the back. When a gravel wagon was full the team of horses had to pull this heavy load out of the pit and then out to the road. When they got to the road where they were putting on gravel, the gravel was pushed and shoveled as needed because the wagon had end-gates and side boards, which were removed as needed. The empty wagons went back to the pit for more gravel. Today electricity is doing all the manual labor with power machinery.



**Dill's Covered Bridge - St. Joe, Indiana. Lavon and I were baptized here, July 18, 1940. This spot was used because of the gravel and sand bottom. Tom was baptized here in 1948.**

Later on the Dills covered bridge, which was farther north on the St. Joe river was torn down and a cement bridge put in. Gravel trucks and steel trucks began to use it. This allowed our Spencerville covered bridge to be repaired and saved. It is still in use in 1990. It even has a security light at each end.



**Spencerville (Indiana) Covered Bridge A side view of the Spencerville Covered Bridge**

An interesting story was told on one of the men hauling gravel. He was superstitious. He rationalized that if a black cat crossed the road in front of the team of horses; that something disastrous would happen. A black cat did cross the road in front of his team. He called, "Whoa!" and all the teams stopped. He said "We gotta turn around and go around the section." They said "Why?" He emphatically called, "A black cat just crossed in front of my team." The other men laughed at him and drove on. The disaster did happen. His end-gate slipped out and gravel poured out. The other men accused him of pulling out his end-gate just to make his superstition come true.

Everybody wanted gravel roads instead of muddy roads on which to drive a curried-horse and shined-up buggy. When the gravel wagon teams were passing by our house, I was fascinated with all the different colors and types of pulling teams.

The Spencerville covered bridge was useful for horse drawn vehicles. This type of travel was expected when it was built in 1873. The builders did not know or even expect automobiles, trucks and trucks filled with gravel may need a strong bridge in the future. My father W.O. Lake did not know this either but he was trustee of Spencer Twp. when automobiles were invented and going fast on the roads; much faster than a horse could







**Picture by Lavon Hart. . W. O. Lake had the windows cut to help buggy drivers see oncoming traffic.**

run. Father engineered the job of opening up part of the south side of the bridge so cars could see each other when the cars came from the south to go into the bridge.

On Sunday afternoons in the winter, brother Bill and I would skate on the ice on the river to Spencerville. Just above the dam was the smoothest and safest place to have an ice-skating party. Ice was wider and thicker there. Ice-skating with a boy friend was fun on a Sunday afternoon. Above the dam where we skated was the best place for the men to saw out chunks of ice to store in the ice house with saw dust to keep the ice from melting. We could buy a large chunk of ice for 25 cents, about a penny a pound. The large ice house was located behind Henderson and Fisher butcher shop which was located at the same place as the present post office.

The Spencerville Covered Bridge was built in 1873, but another bridge preceded it at the same location. What happened to the first bridge is not known, but the Spencerville Bridge was built as a replacement for it. The construction contract was awarded to John A. McKay, a builder and carpenter known throughout the area. Ten years prior, in 1863, McKay helped build the second

DeKalb County Courthouse. In 1868, McKay and Alpheus Wheelock built the Dills Covered Bridge two miles upstream from the Spencerville Bridge. McKay also built numerous roads, barns and other buildings throughout DeKalb County. According to the contract specifications set by county commissioners, the Spencerville Covered Bridge was to be completed by the first day of November 1873. McKay finished the 146-foot long, 12-foot wide structure in March 1874 at a cost of \$4,458. McKay made the bridge of Michigan White Pine, a wood touted by carpenters for its resistance to weather and insects. He used the Smith Truss, Variant Four design as his building plan. The design consists of diagonal bracing on the floor and roof to lessen side swaying and sagging. Vertical steel posts were installed for additional reinforcement. Though more expensive to build, covered bridges are far superior in longevity and utility than either open wooden or steel bridges. One reason the Spencerville Bridge is so durable is that it is covered. The beams on the sides and top of covered bridges are essential for strength and rigidity. In addition, the sides and roof protect from weather, limiting moisture that could rot the wood and preventing extreme dryness that could cause boards to loosen and sag. The open area near the roof allows for air circulation through the bridge and lets in needed light.





**The tallest man is W. O. Lake sawing ice chunks to fill the ice house at Spencerville**

We had fun during the threshing days, the ice sawing days, home butchering days, apple butter making days, corn shredding days, clover hauling days, and the quilting bees when neighbors helped each other. The workers were fed by the women cooperating with each other to do the cooking. Oh yes, we got together to knot comforts, to keep us warm. This is the best of what is meant when you hear someone say, "The good old days."



**W.O. Lake's parents, Margaret and Lucius Lake. Picture taken in Tindall's Woods, now Kado-Lato Farm.**

My grandmother (Tindall) Lake was a fine herbalist. She gave me nettle tea five times a day to cure hives. She had a family of seven boys and two girls. Two died at birth.



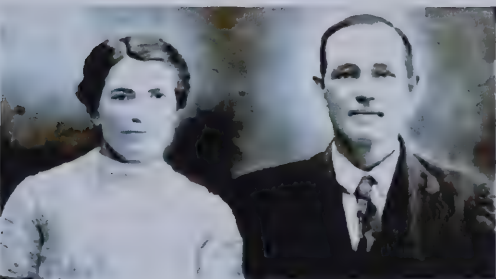




**Margaret and Lucius Lake in front of their house.**



**Francena (Rhoads) Lake's parents, Margaret and William Rhoads**



**Francena and William Lake were married in their 30's; December 28, 1899**

Uncle Charlie, a railroad engineer and uncle "Doc" John lived close to home and so did we. It was fun to have our uncles visit us.

Uncle "Doc" John from St. Joe, Indiana came about every Sunday. He played hide-and-seek with us in our house. Our house was always cluttered when he and his family left to go home. He had two children, a daughter Audrey and a son Harold. Both died before school age. His wife Francis was a Christian Scientist and readers could not save them. Uncle John Lake was originally a teacher but he quit teaching and became Dr. Lake at St. Joe, Indiana. Uncle John was Karl's doctor when he had diphtheria. Dr. John opened the door to enter the house where Karl was sick and he emphatically said, "Your boy has diphtheria, I smell it." Doctor John Lake was known as a good kind doctor.

Uncle Charlie, a railroad engineer, and Aunt Bessie (Abel) Lake visited us many times when going back to Ft. Wayne after visiting the Abel family at Newville, Indiana. We children played hide and seek with their two sons Walter and Glen.

We usually played outside around the barn. Wavo was the game. The catcher had to see you wave a hand or finger and then catch you. Cousin Walter married Ethel Wink and they had one daughter. They call her Tony and she married Terry Bosserman. Tony loves to ride a horse so they bought the ancestral Abel farm. They were blessed with two children.

Walter was a railroad engineer. His younger brother Glen was a dentist.

Walter and Glen seemed like my brothers, because Uncle Charlie had them helping us with farming each summer. Since they were city boys, he wanted them to know the ways of farming. Walter lived with our bachelor Uncle Frank all summer. It always takes many hands to get summer farming done. Our cousins hunted here in Tindall's woods many times.







**George P. Lake** - left home at early age and did not return. **Francis (Frank) M. Lake** - never married; a farmer. **William Othlic Lake (Bill)** - schoolteacher; father of 4 children; farmer, **Laten L. Lake** - butcher; no children **Nathan Lake** - farmer; father of 5 children **Charles (Charlie) Jasper Lake** - railroad conductor; father of two boys **Lewis Lake** - storekeeper; father of 2 children. **Dr. John Lake**, schoolteacher, medical doctor; father of 4 children. **Caroline Lake (Lyons)** - married wealthy farmer; housewife; mother of one boy **Grandpa Lucius Nelson Lake** - Father of 12 children of which two died as babies. **Grandma Margaret Edith (Tyndall) Lake** - mother of these 12 children. **Rebecca Lake (Benninghoff)** married to wealthy farmer; mother of 3 children.

### THE NATURAL SPRING

My father's woods was close by our woods. At the base of the river bank near his sand field was a natural spring to get some water to drink. I think it should be explained about what a spring is. A spring is naturally filtered water which is safe to drink. If you find a place in the sandy land that is always wet, it could be possible that a spring is there. High water never touches a spring because the water originates on top of a hill and it flows underground. There is a hard pan down there. This rain water follows very slowly on top of this hard pan to the base of a hill. The strata of the earth has to be just right to form a spring.

A natural spring is a rare thing. The old time Lake spring is not there to be used any more. There is a tile drain which the farmers

have built to a corrugated pipe which goes under the road and in the creek. We can note water trickling out of that pipe continually but because sewage water from septic tanks being too close I would not drink it.

In the homesteading days, the land was covered with forests. The tree leaves were like a sponge and held the rain water so it slowly filtered into the soil. This gave the spring a constant flow of water from the hard pan down deep in the soil and then finally come to the surface. Today the water is pumped by electricity to the surface.

In the 1920's we used a hand operated pump handle going up and down by human force to get well water. My father William Othlic Lake was fortunate. He had a spring located near his sandy loam acreage. This acreage was attached to the St. Joe river. The bank was moderately steep. Water was



seeping out continually in this one spot on this bank. He could see it and below this seeping was a more level ledge. He dug a hole on this ledge directly below this wet spot. This hole was about 36" in diameter. The land was flat to stand on, along the bank there. He lined this hole with washed stones and gravel. This spring water trickled down under this hole and then up to form a puddle of water, which became clear as crystal. We could use our old fashioned folding tin cups or the hollow of our hands to get a drink. This hole was more or less 20 feet above the river level of water. Consequently flooding waters never polluted it. The water was trickling out of the bank beneath the roots of the trees when father found this spring. When you got a drink you had to move your hands or cup real slowly or you would rile the water.

We think the spring on the old Lake property during homesteading days was probably lined with brick, which came from Karl's grandpa's brick yard.

These springs have to be maintained. It would be hard to find an old-fashioned spring puddle, now, that has been kept up. Even the spring puddle on our fathers land is full of leaves.

One time Karl and I were fishing close to this spring. We were very much surprised when a pickerel fish got on our hook. The fish was 30 inches long.

When I was a little girl my sister Margaret and brother Bill and I were allowed to go fishing in the river at only one place. This place was near the bend of the river where the farmer had a lane to go to his field. The riverbank was nice and level like a road. We could even have bonfires in the evening on this level road along the water. It was safer for us to use a place like this to fish. This was the Howey farm. All the neighbors liked to fish there. There were several good fishing spots along this lane. I was always getting a water dog which is like a salamander nicknamed mud-puppy. I always let my hook be too close to the river bottom. We never used a bobber. These water dogs would bite and looked like a lizard. They would snap at you. It was best to cut the line and throw the thing in the bonfire. This

bonfire helped to keep the mosquitoes away from the fishermen also.

## **SUNDAY AFTERNOONS**

Our Sunday afternoons were always full of pleasure for me. We would visit relatives or relatives would visit us. Uncle John held priority with me because he paid attention to little folks and I was little. He loved people. One time he hid me way up high on a shelf in his office behind his liquid medicines in half gallon brown bottles. He called me "Petey." He said, "Now Petey you lay real still and I'll lead the catcher away so he won't find you." I think my brother Bill was the catcher. All we cousins would play. Walter Lake, Glen Lake, Margaret Lake, Mary Tindall, Bill Lake and me. That is most of the time. Sometimes other neighbor children hurried to play when they saw Uncle John and Aunt Francis drive in our lane. Dr. John finished his doctoring in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan. He doctored the lumberjacks. They loved him.

What a coincidence that Karl's Uncle Clint Webb and my Uncle Dr. John Lake were buddies and spent time together in the cabin in Michigan where Uncle John vacationed.

## **INDIANA WINTERS**

When I was 12 years old our weather was different than it is now. In the winter-we had more snow and it packed. One year Dad and I walked to Spencerville on top of the snow, which packed as high as the fence posts. The lawns and roadsides were not mowed short like they are today. Consequently the snow collected and packed hard.

We had a good neighbor John Koch. He lived east of us. He made a bobsled in which we all enjoyed riding over the snow. This bobsled was built from a farm wagon. Instead of four wheels, it had four runners made out of wood with narrow strips of steel on the bottom side. This steel kept the wood from wearing away. The sled could go easier through the covered bridge, which did not have any snow. He bought the runners and put them on his farm wagon. Our versatile neighbor, John Koch was a "Jack-of-all-trades." He could do carpentry, blacksmithing, masonry, plumbing, painting,





cooking, washings, farming and teaching school. He attended all the church meetings. He acted as superintendent of the Methodist Church Sunday School.

John was a nice neighbor. He was competent in many things. One time John got the idea that he could fix up a bobsled and haul others to church. It was lots of fun to go bobsled riding and sleigh riding. It was always too cold to want to do it just for fun. John said to him-self, "I'll fix up a bobsled so it won't be so cold to have a ride in it." All farm wagons could be fixed up to do many things. They were used to haul grain, gravel, livestock, hay and some logs. Most farmers could afford one set of running gears and they added things to accommodate farming activities. They had extra things to put on the running gears of their wagon. For hay, they put on a hayrack. For gravel they put on sideboards and same way for grain.

This bobsled, which John made for people to ride and be protected from the cold winds, had high side boards. A person could sit on a plank and lean back against these sideboards. John fixed canvas over something like a half circle for the covering of his bobsled. It looked like a covered wagon. He made steps in the back to get into the bobsled. After you were inside a curtain closed like a door. There were two planks along the sides of the bobsled for people to sit on. The floor was covered with straw to make it warmer for your feet. Animal skins and horse blankets were available to cover up with. This bobsled could accommodate possibly 15 or 20 people.

The Spencerville Methodist Church held two weeks of protracted meetings during the weekdays. John would stop in front of each neighbor's house and ring a cowbell. If you wished to ride to church in the bobsled; you knew you were welcome. He would wait about 5 minutes and drive on. You knew he was coming because he had sleigh bells on his horses. I went every night. This was lots of fun. John was the one that got real cold; because he was sitting in the front part of the bobsled on a spring seat to drive the horses. He was outside in the cold air.



**(PIC - 15) Spencerville Methodist Church.**  
**The church bell could be heard for 3 miles. Now there are chimes.**

I confessed during one of these meetings. I was about 12 years old. It was good that we all had a neighbor that liked to stimulate religion. This good neighbor and bobsled rides helped me to get righteousness, which is my wedding garment to get into heaven Matthew. 22-11.

### **SURVIVING THE WINDSTORM**

I was actually in a windstorm when I was 16 years old and my sister Esther was 8 years old. My brother Bill, sister Esther and I were designated to help out when extra hands were needed to make hay and to hoe. We would help drive teams of horses if needed. The hay was cut and laid in the field. It had to be raked into windrows. These windrows had to be picked up by a hayloader fastened to a hayrack wagon. After hay was loaded on the wagon the hay was hauled to the barn and lifted up into the haymow. A large hayfork was jammed into a load of hay and the fork was locked so it would not pull out of the hay. A lever was on the fork to trip it; so the big bunch of hay would fall off of the fork in the haymow. The man on the wagon could trip it with a rope. A team of horses was needed to pull the heavy fork full of hay up into the haymow. My sister Esther and I helped drive that team in order to do this.

The day we had the windstorm it looked like rain and dad had a field of hay all dried, ready to take-up. The field was south of the





covered bridge. We had a corn field just east of the bridge. Esther was supposed to hoe weeds in this corn field; while Dad, and hired hand John and I went to pick up hay. Then we would get her on our way back to the barn. She was all alone in that field. We all rode to work on the empty hayrack wagon. We had a team of horses pulling a side delivery hay rake and coming behind. Hired hand John was driving them. Esther and I rode on the rack and Dad let Esther off in the corn field. We went on south of bridge to this field behind a woods near the Forest Resor home. I got on the hay rake and drove the team back and forth over the field to make windrows for John and dad to take up hay with the loader. They had to arrange the hay on the wagon to make a large substantial load of hay to take to the barn. The load was almost high enough, when the sky got dark and wind was strong. The load of hay was on the east side of the field. I was driving the team of horses toward the woods on the west side with this side delivery rake. I got scared. The horses wanted to stay by the woods. It got very dark. I could not see where my dad and John were. I got off the rake and ran toward where I thought they were. The wind lifted me up and as I went by a fence post, I grabbed onto it. The wind let me down. I looked toward where the hay was being loaded and twisting wind had lifted all hay off of the wagon. It looked like a hay stack. The team of horses were all tangled up in the barbed-wire fence. Dad was working to get them free from the fence. He said, "I don't know where John is!" I went over to the stack of hay. John had been under it. He came parting the hay and crawling out. He exclaimed, "I thought I was a gonner!" We got the team hitched back to the wagon without any hay. We went to the team hitched to the rake near the woods and fastened them to the empty wagon. We headed down the road for our home. We were anxious about what the wind did to Esther hoeing in the corn field. When we got in sight of the field, we could not see Esther. We kept on going east from the bridge and we saw Esther all huddled up in the corner of the porch on John Dove's house. When she saw us she came as fast as she could to get on our wagon and go home. There was not any noticeable damage done at home. We were soaking

wet and cold. I don't want any more of that kind of wind.

Esther said that the John Dove's family was not at home when this happened and she could only get on the porch. It was so scary for her at that age and being all alone as the wind blew so hard and the rain got her all wet. The hay was taken up several days later after the sun shone and dried it.

## **HORSE NAMED BILLY**

We had a smart horse named "Billy." He was used for our buggy horse. He was a shiny, black, medium sized horse. Billy was a pacer. Our barn had a feeding alley. You could open the front door and there were steps to go up to the hay-mow and pitch down hay to feed the cows and horses. If you wished to feed the pigs and little calves you had to walk down this alley to the back ground-floor hay-mow. The sheep were near this mow. Many times I walked in this alley to help feed the animals. On the west side of the alley were horses' heads to feed. Directly across from horses heads were cows' heads to feed. This alley was wide enough to pitch hay in their feeding troughs. When I was small my head came up to the top of the horse trough. Our horse Billy would stretch his neck out over his feeding trough and with his teeth and lips pull my hair. Billy would open latch-fastened gates and let animals along with himself out of the pasture and into our barn lot. If a friend drove his horse and buggy into our barn lot our horse Billy would open a gate and come in the lot to greet their horse. He also nosed around the buggy to see what he could pick up with his teeth and lips. One time he picked up Aunt Bessie's hat and dropped it. Stomping his foot on it. Billy used his teeth and lips to pick up things like we use our hands.

When we went to church picnics and the band played music, our horse Billy would caper. He would rise up on his hind legs. He was a prancing horse. We all loved him. Our horse named Kitty was the trustworthy horse. She was dependable and reliable. We could rely on her for support or aid. Dad would fasten the colt to her, to teach the colt how to act.



One time our young colt named Prince was hitched to Kitty who was in a team with Billy. Billy kicked "Princy" and broke the colt's leg. Dad had to shoot Prince because the leg was broken in a spot where he would not become a good horse.

An old country schoolhouse was across the road from our house. My father went to school there and later did some teaching there. It was torn down and the bricks used in Uncle Charlie's cottage at Round Lake.



**My mother, Francena (Rhoads) Lake**  
Note the hairdo, she called the hairs on her neck, scolding hairs

#### **HORSE SENSE**

Did you ever hear of the colloquial expression "GOOD HORSE SENSE?" or "BAD HORSE SENSE?" If you made a mistake, you would hear someone say, "You did not use, "GOOD HORSE SENSE." The phrase "BAD HORSE SENSE" was used in the right place, too.

A young colt always had to be broken into what the trainer would say, "Some good horse sense." Horses were trained to be farm horses, buggy horses and riding horses. The horse was a needed animal in every one's way of living. The horse was not a plaything. The horse loved to be useful to

his master. But remember that the master had to be good to the horse, too.

I wish, universally, that the people of this world today had better "horse sense." We are putting the idea of "money wealth" far ahead of good "horse sense." We are putting play ahead of work. That is called "Bad Horse Sense." The horse was an animal that wanted to get the work done and then play, all the master had to do was urge the horse when it was hard for it to pull the load.

When hauling gravel the horse knew the load of gravel had to go up a hill to get to the spot to relieve the heavy pulling. It was a hard job to get that done. The horse did it. He then rested by pulling an empty wagon back to the gravel pit to be loaded again by his master. It seemed that horse and man always worked together very well. The horse had easier traveling on gravel roads. The wheels were always hard to move through mud. Stones hurt the horse's feet. A good master always took his horse to a blacksmith to have good horseshoes put on him, so the gravel stones would not hurt his feet.

#### **KARL'S EARLY LIFE**



**Karl Age 4 months and sister Berniece 3 years old.**





When Karl was very young, going in the long buggy with his father to the Ft. Wayne Barr St. market, he became fascinated watching a horse and buggy going ahead of them. He could see the frolicking sparks coming from that horses new horse shoes. The metal horse shoe went clippity clop on the gravel stones. The horse was trotting most of the time. It was early morning with black darkness and sparks showed bright. After all, it takes a long time to go 20 miles in a horse and buggy. Even if the horse trots most of the time, a little boy had to look and do something all this time.

In a horse race, and I love horse races, I always look for a good jockey as well as a good horse to make a choice of which horse will work hard at running. A horse loves to run. A jockey has to love that horse in such a way that he will guide him. If the horse has never seen or been with the jockey he won't know when to slow down and to go fast. He will just run fast to keep ahead. He will be too tired to finish. A good race horse obeys the jockey. A horse is a mammal that can only instigate. He was not created with intelligence like humans were. The horse can only manage one course of action after the jockey gives direction. The jockey has to do the maneuvering for position or advantage. The horse can only run along with the instructions given by a jockey.

People and horses are so much alike. It's too bad the horse can't see better and reason like people. I think of them as having a good memory but not good at thinking. But science tells us that animals only have "instincts" and we have intelligence which is just a broader sense in using words. I say, "memory and reason."

Karl loved horses. He had two that I knew. He had "Doll" the beautiful roan horse with a mixture of bay and gray hairs which made her coat a reddish brown color. She was a neat medium size and had, "good horse sense." The family loved her and trusted her as their buggy horse. A good horse doesn't really like to be ridden by strangers. They put up with it. Especially if that stranger never fed the horse. To keep an animal well fed and drinking water near by, is "a pat on the back" for a horse. He knows you love him and he returns the love.

They have to be enticed to do tricks with food very near.

Karl had another horse that was a "sneak." He had "bad horse sense." His name was Duke. He would just refuse to go when told. This is called a balking horse. He would not stay in his stall. He would break his halter or hitching strap and run out of the barn. He wouldn't go when you told him to. He would not stay where you put him. He could not be trusted for anything. He had to be kept in the barn somehow. If the horse was out of the barn, he would just race around and his feet would tear up the yards and gardens. This horse was gotten rid of. No one ever likes nuisances. He had to be jailed.

Doll had a colt; they named him Dewey, because he was born on the anniversary of Admiral Dewey's capture of Manila in the Philippines. He was a roan but more gray. Karl put a halter on him and led him to the water tank. When they got to the tank, the young colt put his nose down and eyed Karl and twisted like I'm not going to drink. Karl made a noose over Dewey's nose and gave it a little jerk. The colt knew right then that Karl was his boss. When Dewey got old enough Karl broke him to ride. Karl took an awful chance. He took a hold of Dewey's mane and jumped on him to ride him bare back. Karl was young and reckless to attempt this. Colts are usually rambunctious and unruly. Dewey was a good colt. He had "good horse sense." Karl rode him about a half mile and turned him around and came back Dewey's mother was a good "Doll" too.

Karl's father told Karl if he would not touch tobacco until he was 21 that he would give him a horse and buggy. Karl did not use tobacco or imbibe. Consequently Dewey was Karl's horse. Automobiles came in and Karl did not need a buggy. Karl bought a Ford runabout and paid for it himself.

Brother Karl became interested in building a radio. This radio would be powered by a six-volt battery. We did not have any electricity. For listening we used headphones. His older sister Berniece and her Saturday night date listened to the radio by stretching the one head phone over both of their heads. The next morning Karl had to get those headphones smaller. It wasn't easy.







**Karl, Berniece, Gladys and Clyde Hart**



**Karl Hart and favorite wagon**



**Teenager Karl Hart**



**Karl, Berniece, Gladys, Clyde and baby Alice Hart**

Karl's mother, in the picture, lived during the age of making homemade soap. I was teaching at Coburn Corners School and had to walk past her home. I saw her out in the front yard pouring something in a box with newspaper over the inside. Fat and lye were mixed together by heating the fat and putting Red Seal Lye in it. Then this is poured to cool in this box. When it sets just right, it is cut into cakes.

The picture shows Karl, the only son of Clyde Hart and his wife Gladys (Baltz) Hart. Karl's oldest sister Berniece (Hart) Wilder, 3 years older than Karl. Alice V. (Hart) (Kagey) Fredericks is 16 years younger than Karl. Alice's first husband died with a massive heart attack. In 1989 she married another Christian widower Vern Fredericks.

The house in the background shows a door to the east and a window to the north. One door to the east opened directly into the dining and living area in winter because it was warmer in this east room. The old Wilson Heater stove was in this room. It burned wood for heat. With other doors closed this made the room a living room in winter and dining room in the summer. In this picture Karl is at the age to look over the girls.

Karl's older sister Berniece in the picture was already out of college and teaching the first grade at Spencerville school. I think she was like her brother. She was looking at the boys instead of the girls.

Karl tells a little story about Berniece and her date. He said, "On Saturday night Berniece and her date burned up all the



wood pile he had stacked out by back door, to have it handy to keep the house warm for the week-end. The next week he picked Out all green wood freshly cut from the elm tree. This wood was always noted to not burn very fast. It just laid in the Wilson Heater and sizzled, putting out very little heat. This was an unbrotherly act."

Baby sister Alice, was loved by the whole family. Karl tells that he was 16 years old and strong enough to lift his little baby sister up and have her stand on his hand so he could lift her out away from his body and she never wavered. She had good balance when a year old. He was proud of her accomplishments. There were 19 years between sister Berniece and baby Alice.

him to Chicago for training. While he was there he wrote a letter to his wife and said, "There is quite a few automobiles here in Chicago." A few weeks later when he returned home, his wife queerly asked, "What's an automobile?" This happened in 1900 before Karl and I were born. Mother Gladys (Baltz) Hart was expecting. Berniece was born in October 1900. He was like all teachers. They had to find summer work. He didn't make any money selling sewing machines, so he went in debt for 20 acres and built a house on it. This place is where Lizzy Hart lived on S.R. 101. He built a type of barn that would house a few sheep and cows and a horse of course. He had a



**Washington Hart family Top row: (L - R) Fred Hart, Clarence, Clyde E. Lower row: Adrian, Ollie (Saur) (wife of Adrian), (parents) Alice (Abel) Hart, Washington Hart.**

Father Clyde Hart was a teacher at North Scipio, in Allen County, Coburns Corners, Concord Twp. rural school, Newville rural school upper grades, Coletown and St. Joe seventh and eighth grade. When he was first married he got a chance to sell sewing machines in the summer time. They sent

haystack. He couldn't get all the hay in the barn so he stacked it outside.

Berniece was ten years old. An old Plymouth Rock rooster with long spurs tried to spur her. She climbed the ladder and got on the haystack and screamed for help. It's





a trait of old roosters to get that way. After they spur people they never will change. They will run when you get a stick and chase them otherwise they will chase you. The only thing you can do, then, is make chicken and noodles from them.

When Karl was around 7 years old his father Clyde planted a garden of vegetables to make summer money. He would sell these fresh garden crops on the Ft. Wayne Barr Street Market. He had to use a long buggy to get his produce to the market. A long buggy had a seat up in front for the driver to sit and hold lines to drive the horse. The back part was a long box to put things in. He traveled to Ft. Wayne on gravel roads South to the ridge road (37 today) and then west to Ft. Wayne. His horse was named, "Doll." She was a smart horse. He would get up a little after midnight and start. He was in Ft. Wayne in time to sell in the daylight.

Karl was little and went along one time. On their way home in the afternoon Clyde got sleepy. He said to little Karl, "You take the lines I have to take a nap." Karl said, "I won't know where to have the horse turn." His father said, "Don't worry son. The horse will know where to turn." They got home O.K.

This is a coincidence that Karl and I courted in a horse and buggy with "Old Doll," as the driving horse. When we had our "spat" this horse would not go by our lane to the house without turning in that lane. Old Doll still loved me. Old Doll wanted Karl to love me, too.



**Early picture of Clyde and Gladys Hart**



**50th Anniversary picture**



**Official Wedding Pictures**





## GLADYS (BALTZ) HART

Mother Gladys G. Hart was the daughter of Melissa Engle Baltz. She was the oldest of four girls and one son. She was happy to marry because her mother died when she was only 12 years old. She had the motherly responsibility of her sisters and brother. Her brother Grant Baltz is still living in 1990. He is 94 years old. Mother Gladys and father Clyde were married in Hicksville, Ohio. God blessed them with fatherhood and motherhood of these three children, Berniece Wilder, Karl Hart, and Alice Kagey Fredericks. Gladys was formerly a Lutheran and then became a member of Coburntown Church of Christ. On October 10, 1903, she was immersed in Christian baptism. Mother Hart served faithfully in the Church ministries until God called her from this life's existence. The giving of her life for the life of her children was done willingly and with great pride.

I am her daughter-in-law and I think of her like the story in the Bible about Naomi and Ruth. She was very much loved by me. We were together in work, play and church. In the Holy Scripture these words are written. They would describe my mother-in-law very well. "Strength and honor are her clothing. In her tongue is the law of kindness. She eats not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed. A woman who reverently and worshipfully fears the Lord." (Proverbs 31). Gladys sang in church choirs and played the piano. She was loving to all her neighbors.

I am so happy that God led me to marry into this benevolent family. I love them all. They loved me too. They still do. Webster says: Benevolent means 1. inclined to do good; kindly, and charitable; opposed to malevolent. Mother Hart was definitely opposed to malevolence. So was Dad Hart. Webster says: Malevolent means 1. Wishing evil or harm to others; having or showing ill will, malicious and opposed to benevolent. "Benevolence leads to righteousness".

Father Hart went to heaven on September 12, 1961, at age 83. Mother Hart joined him on Sunday, March 1, 1970, at age 87.

## DOROTHY ELLEN'S HIGH SCHOOL YEARS

I became a teenager and had to walk to high school. The Spencerville School did not have a Junior high school. The high school consisted of four grades offering academic or vocational subjects. Students who had completed elementary school went to this school. Spencerville Elementary students were hauled to school by horse-drawn hacks. If the country school students lived more than two miles from the country school, they were hauled to school; otherwise they had to walk.

High school students had to get to school by their own means. Karl was a teen and lived farther east of Tindall's Hill. He drove a horse and buggy to Spencerville and put the horse in Gloyd's barn located just a short distance east of schoolhouse. No rent was charged. This barn had several horse stalls for the horses to stay until school was over. Karl walked to the barn and hitched up the horse to the buggy and went home each school day, going past our home where we live in 1990. The horse was in a warm barn with hay to eat all day. Because he went past our home to school, my brother and I would ride in the buggy with him.

The roads were muddy and spring rains flooded the low spots. To be in a buggy to go through water was better than walking around the flooded area, also little puddles. Sometimes the river flooded the roads. This made it necessary to use a boat to get to the covered bridge.

One time the water was so high that the covered bridge trembled when a person walked through it. The bridge was tottering because of the floating tree-trash collecting and piling up around the bridge abutments. My dad had to have groceries and I went with him. We walked to uncle Vinton Miller's house. He had a boat tied to his barn. We used it to get to the end of the bridge. Dad crossed the bridge by walking slowly. He went across first and he warned me not to run. From there we walked to the grocery and carried our groceries back through the bridge to the boat and rowed back to uncle Vinton's barn and tied the boat and walked on home. Again we walked past "Tindall's Hill.". This only happened once in my lifetime.





**Karl Hart with his parents' Ford**

When cars were used the engine would not run when going through water. In these days we had to crank by hand the crank located in the very front of the car. Who wanted to get out and wade water and then work hard at swinging that crank handle to get that engine to start? This happened to Arthur Todd who was on his way to school. He was wet up to his knees and sat in school all day that way.



**Dorothy Ellen's High School Graduation Picture**



**Dorothy Ellen dressed in crisp taffeta material**



**Karl V. Hart's Graduation Picture**





SPENCERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL											
Report of: <i>Karl Hart</i>											
Grade: <i>12</i> <i>1920 1921</i>											
	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th
Days Absent		1	2	1	5						
Times Early											
Days Late											
English		A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Math											
Science											
History											
Geography											
Physical											
Art											
Music											
Health											
Character											
Class											
Teacher											
Parent											
Principal											
Total: <i>96 76 75</i>											

Karl's High School report card

## COLLEGE DAYS

One night late after the early show at the "Movie House" in Angola, Indiana where we both were in college to become teachers, Karl watched for us girls to come out of the show. He kindly took my arm and said, "I want to talk to you." He broke the ice. I did not break the ice. I had figured that he didn't want me around him! Well, then I didn't want him around me! I guess we were in love with each other and didn't know it. Here we were up there in our early 20's and thinking of teaching. But I guess Karl must have had a little jealousy in him. I was taught to never ask a gentleman for a date. A gentleman was to do the asking or he was not a manly gentleman. Karl knew I was taught this way. He knew I would never ask him for a date. A girl that asks for a date was not considered a "Lady." My mother and older sister both taught me this. I wanted to be a "Lady."



Dorothy in college by Karl's car

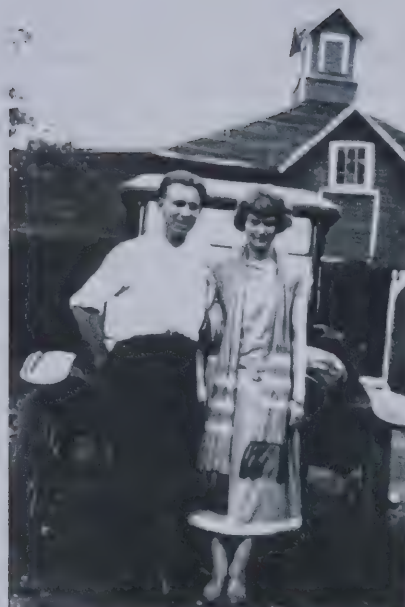


Car loaded for college, Karl is standing by the car, Glen Hart is at the steering wheel and Dorothy in the back seat.

My brother Bill and Karl and I were all in college together again. We were happy, coming home in touring cars on the weekend and then making the 30 mile trip to be in our 8:00 am class. There were a bunch of us traveling to Angola from around Spencerville on the weekends. Fred Ulm, Lawrence Pflaumer, William Lake, Karl Hart, Glen Hart and myself. Our parents managed to get a Ford touring car for this. Otherwise we would have to go on the train and someone had to get us to the train and







**Karl and Dorothy at Tri -State College**



**Karl and Dorothy by a new touring car**



**Karl saved his money from teaching to buy this car**

someone had to get us from the train at Auburn. The railroad company would sell a fisherman's season ticket for the summer at a special price to people who wished to go to Angola. Lake James was close by. We drove many times from Angola to the lake. Fox Lake and Crooked Lake were close for fishing. We could get the same kind of a ticket if we were going to college.



**Karl and Dorothy at W.O. Lake's home ready to go to church on a date**

## **BILL AND KARL**

My brother Bill and Karl were buddies. They were both in the same high school and college classes. They roomed together during college days. Then when they taught school Karl got a job at Mudsock in Allen Co. and Bill taught 7th and 8th grades at





**Karl's College Graduation Picture**

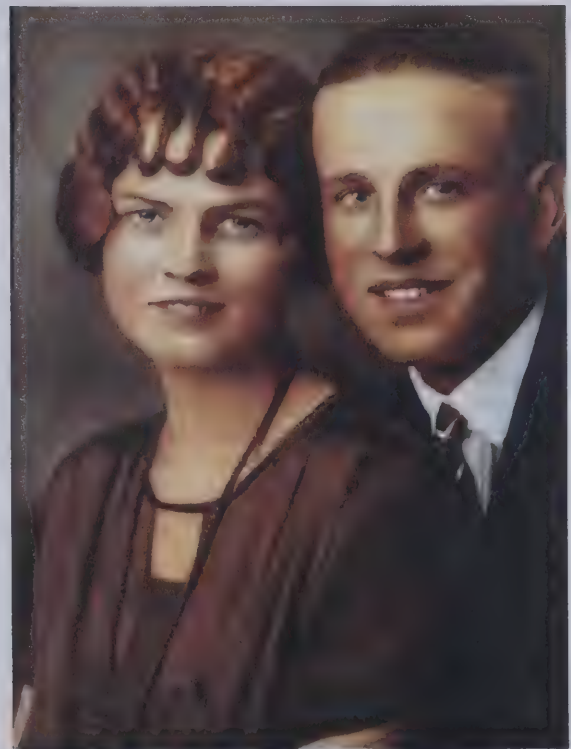


**Dorothy's College Graduation Picture**

Spencerville, Indiana. Later Bill and Karl taught junior high school at Hicksville, Ohio. Karl had bought a Ford runabout with his first time teaching. He had it in college the next summer. Glen Hart had his father's Ford touring car in college. We all pooled money to pay for the gas.

When the politics got so strong many teachers moved from school to school. Karl and my brother Bill still seemed to be buddies. They both taught at Hicksville, Ohio. Karl taught junior high history and Bill taught junior high math. Bill lived with us. We lived in Lawrence Hart's home across from the Feed Store on Main Street. This house was large and had a barn a long way across the back yard.

### **MARRIAGE**



**Karl and Dorothy Ellen's Wedding Picture**

We married in 1925 while attending the normal teachers college at Angola, Indiana. I was 20 years old and Karl was 22. Karl was sporting a Model T Ford Runabout car. He had taught school one year and saved enough money to buy this cheap car. We experienced an old fashioned belling while in college.





## **An Old Fashioned Belling (Chivaree)**

Many times when young couples got married without a church ceremony of invited guests, the community would visit the newlyweds soon after their wedding night with all kinds of noise makers such as dinner bells, whistles, pots and pans which were banged with large spoons, buzz saw blades or anything that would make a loud noise, even shot guns.

After awhile the newlyweds would dress and open their door inviting the visitors inside for a party with refreshments. They usually expected some sort of visit from their neighbors. Gifts were sometimes presented to the couple to soothe their feelings.

Our belling occurred at Angola where we were continuing our educational studies to become graduates with elementary school teaching degrees. While the group was at the front door doing their thing, we opened the window to our bedroom which was at the rear of the house and ran about five blocks uptown and got some goodies to appease the bellers. We never forgot those fun times.

## **The "Old Man Orr" Farm**

Money for us was too scarce to pay rent and live in a house so Karl's father and mother invited us to live with them. They lived on what is now the Cook farm. This home is located not very far from the Maurice Smith farm. At that time, in 1926, the Smith farm was known as the "Old Man Or?" farm.

One dark evening, in 1926, there was a fire noticed by us at the "Old Man Orr" farm bank barn. The neighbors along with us drove over there in their Model T Fords and horse and buggies to try and help out the bachelor, Old Man Orr with the fire in his barn.

The St. Joe fire department was called and they came as fast as possible.

When we arrived in our Model T we could see Old Man Orr's body burning through the barn windows, while sitting straight up on a bale of hay. Another bale of hay was on his lap. The fire department was busy squirting water on the body to try and save the

corpse. Karl said he could see flames of fire coming out of the body's eyes, ears and mouth.

Karl was on the east side of the barn which was located in the same spot where the barn is now located. Karl said he heard the noise of a galloping horse. The horse was galloping at great speed from the woods right toward this burning barn. He knew that the horse would gallop right into the fire, because the horses had been doing that during other barn fires. Karl hurried and made a hard snowball and carefully aimed and hit the horse right between the eyes. This snowball saved the life of the horse, because it turned around and raced back to the woods. This horse was the only animal outside of the barn and it was Mr. Orr's buggy horse. The cows and sheep and animals burned up in the barn fire. One steer burned in the doorway.

The fire department was still working hard to save the body and did accomplish the act to an extent and pulled the charred body out. The odor of burned flesh was hard to get out of our clothes. The remains were only burned from the waist up.

A neighbor Martin Koch had them look for Mr. Orr's money belt around his waist. It was not there. Martin knew Mr. Orr had one because he showed it to him and said he had many gold coins in it. Mr. Orr always turned out good farm crops and liked to talk about his money which he saved. No one ever knew how much.

This was being discussed among the neighbors when a horse and buggy came in the driveway in a big hurry. The horse was all in a lather because this man and wife in the buggy had seen this fire from a distance. Since it seemed like the Mr. Orr home; they raced the horse because they had been living with this bachelor for a few years and this was their home. They got out of the buggy and screamed and cried and became all upset to see that Mr. Orr had burned in the barn.

The man said that when they left to go on a visit that Mr. Orr told them that he was going to go out in the barn and see if there were any more lice, because he had sprayed the



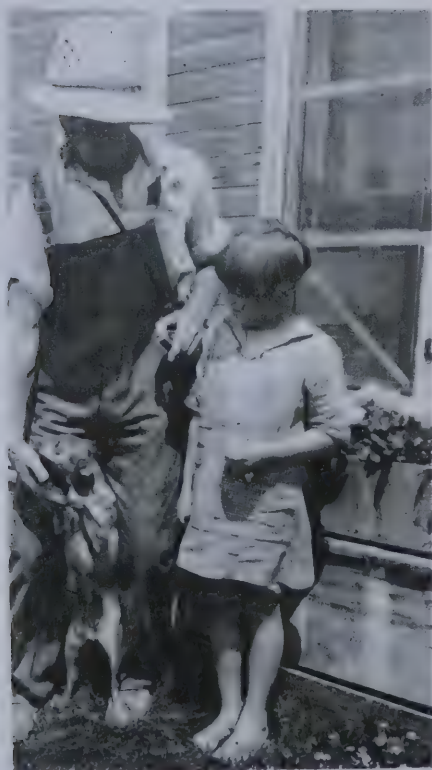


barn that day with coal oil to kill the lice. There was a lantern near the body in the barn.

This man and wife had been taken in by Mr. Orr because they had no place to live and offered to help him with the farm work. The wife could do the house work and cooking. Since the old house had five little upstairs bedrooms and a downstairs parlor, dining room and very large kitchen, it was very hard to keep clean. Mr. On thought this was a good deal to have this man and wife around. They had their own horse and buggy.

The couple who were taken in by Mr. Orr were known as tramps trying to find a place to live. No one in the neighborhood seemed to know them very well while they lived with Mr. Orr.

After the barn fire was over the man and wife left in a few days. It was told that they were sporting a new car, someplace in Ohio.



**Karl and Alice Virginia with their dog Teddy**

There was not any investigation because Mr. Orr had only a half brother living in Illinois. The half brother didn't want to be bothered with an investigation. He urged getting the farm sold quickly at a very reasonable price per acre.

### **FARM PURCHASE AND EARLY USE**

We were lucky because Karl's father was appointed by the court to be the administrator; so Karl and I knew of this cheap price per acre. We borrowed money and bought it; knowing we were going to have to put much money into it and much labor to make it livable and sometime saleable.

The farm consisted of 160 acres. We only wanted 80 acres to pay taxes on and live on. Our neighbor Claude Laub bought half of the land which was next to the road on the north. He got the granary and he had to put up the line fence. Karl and I furnished the corner posts from the woods.

Karl was teaching in Hicksville, Ohio, when we bought the farm. He was teaching junior high history. We were pinching and saving to pay for this farm.

We saved the crop money and left the old house set there for a while. The slate roof did not leak.

Our friends Marvin and Winnie Poper asked to live there. If they cleaned it up in a livable condition, we told them they could live there rent-free. They papered the walls and got all settled in.

One evening they came to Hicksville, Ohio, to visit us. They said, "Karl and Ellen could you find an evening to visit us? We have a surprise for you." We made a date. Upon arrival, Marvin said, "Come on in here and sit in our living room." It was the small living room on the south next to the parlor. This made it cozy and warm in this smaller room. Country folks did not yet have electricity. Coal oil lights were used. They blew out the lights and had us sit in the dark for a little while. Marvin said, "You look toward the walls." He showed his flashlight on the walls and we saw hundreds of bedbugs just frolicking over the walls. We didn't know much about bedbugs. Marvin asked us to



have the house fumigated. Undertakers had a license to do fumigating. Our Spencerville undertaker did the fumigation.

Our Poper friends lived there a very short time. We allowed other friends to use our house for short periods of time. The house then became empty for six years. During this time our farmer used it for a farm granary. Gunny sacks full of grain were stacked in the beautiful front parlor. We received two fifths of all grain sold.

## EARLY TEACHING



**A student by Coburntown Public School. Dorothy Ellen taught 1 1/2 years here. Karl and Berniece went to school here. The teacher walked two miles, she is not there yet.**

When my father was trustee of Spencer Twp. he hired me as a teacher for a country school at Coburn corners in 1923. In the half year of '26 and '27 the Coburntown school was closed. My students were distributed in their respective classes in the Spencerville elementary school. The Coburntown school had only nine students and this was not enough; so it closed. I was given the Spencerville fifth and sixth grades. Both classes were in an upstairs room. My young sister Esther was in the sixth grade. She

was stuck with her sister Ellen, as her sixth grade teacher. She passed into another room for her 7th grade and her teacher was her brother Bill.



**Karl's first school at Scipio**



**One of Karl's early classes**



**One of Dorothy Ellen's early classes**





In the '20's and '30's politics was a hot item. The Republicans were bold Republicans and likewise the Democrats were plucky Democrats. Spencerville had one doctor. His name was Dr. Shook. His youngest child was a boy named Richard. Dr. Shook was a courageous Democrat. My father was trustee and a brave Republican with the courage to do what he thought was right. Our Dad hired Republican teachers and Dr. Shook was not happy that his young son Richard was having to go to school to a Republican teacher which was our brother Bill.

In our day of teaching, the pupils were disciplined by their parents to respect their teachers, and the teachers were not hired unless they were worthy of respect. My brother Bill was called into court because he disciplined Richard Shook in the seventh grade at Spencerville. My sister Esther was in the same grade with young Richard during her school days.

My brother believed in orderliness and efficiency and self-control. He had to punish Richard because he did not submit to authority and control.

My sister Esther told me that she witnessed this disciplinary act.

Mr. Lake advised the seventh grade class to not disturb fellow classmates by walking in aisles to go sit in the same seat with a friend. Young Richard got up and walked clear to the back of the room and sat noisily down with a friend who was trying to study. The teacher said to Richard, "Richard, you heard me tell the class not to do this. Now, you owe the class an apology. You come up in front and say, 'I'm sorry.'"

Richard stayed still and made lips tight together like he was not going to do that. Manly teacher Mr. Lake (Bill) walked back and took Richard by the shoulders and helped him up in front. He said, "Now Richard say, 'I'm sorry'." Richard still kept tight lips. Mr. Lake slapped him on the cheeks. Richard looked to floor and mumbled, "I'm sorry." His father Dr. Shook told that Bill beat up Richard and he had bruised spots all over him. So he made a court case. They even had a jury called in.

The teacher won the case. A student on the witness stand told the truth.

Richard always claimed that he wanted to be a lawyer and he wanted to be in a trial with a jury. His father, Dr. Shook, had him sent to the Auburn High school. He claimed the High school at Spencerville didn't offer the subjects that Richard needed. Richard did become a lawyer and worked in the east.

In the next election a Democrat was elected trustee and his name was Bill Erick, a brother-in-law of Dr. Shook. Oh yes, the Republican teachers had to hunt another job. Politics caused Karl to hunt a job also. My brother tried at Hicksville near our home. The Superintendent of the Hicksville schools chose his teachers by a little trickery. Karl's sister Berniece Wilder and Bill and Karl all three went in Ohio to get a new teaching job. When the men sat down to talk to the Superintendent opened his drawer in his desk and pulled out a package of cigarettes and said, "Do you smoke Camels or Lucky Strikes?" They answered him and said, "I don't smoke." He said, "You are hired, and we have openings in junior high history and junior high math." Bill took the math class and Karl took the history class.

Hicksville had an opening in the first grade so Berniece Wilder, Karl's sister was hired for that class.

A teaching job only lasted nine months. What to do to get money to live on in three months was always a problem for teachers. I'm so glad that teachers now can be paid the year-round. We would move back to Indiana each year and locate with Mom and Dad Hart or in the parlor of Etta Casebere's house.

When Lavon was born in 1928 we lived in my Aunt Rebecca Benninghoff's upstairs apartment. They usually rented their downstairs and they used their upstairs apartment for themselves to have a summer out of Ft. Wayne. This year Aunt Becky and Uncle John were living in their downstairs country home, which was only across the road from Etta's place. We had Etta's sandy place rented for Hart's Nursery, which we chose to do for a job in the three months which we did not get paid for teaching. We





always moved the first of May back to Indiana and Karl drove back and forth to Hicksville to finish the nine months of teaching.

In the year 1928 I was happy to get the chance to live in Aunt Becky's nice apartment instead of Etta's parlor. I was almost ready for delivery of our first baby Lavon. He was the first baby on both sides. All the aunts were excited about this as well as the grandmas. This apartment was close to all.

On May 22, 1928 Lavon was born. A baby was in the crib by the middle of June, located near the upstairs north picture window. We could see the Hart's Nursery fields from this window. They were over the hill.



**Esther (age 17), Ellen (age 25), Bill (age 26), and Margaret (age 28)**

A few things happened during this summer that are of interest. A pupil I taught in the 5th grade in 1927 at Spencerville gave me a little puppy. He had a white tip on the end of his tail. We named him Tippy. He grew to the size of a sheep dog which is medium high. One night I was awakened and I heard a dog barking a "help me" bark! I was sure it was Tippy. He always slept outside on the landing of our outside steps. I talked Karl into using his own excellent hearing and try to find Tippy in the dark. Karl dressed and took the flashlight and found Tippy hanging by his hind foot which was caught between the barbed wire and fence which was between Lou Washler's and Miller's property. Karl was scared that Tippy might bite because he hurt so badly, so Karl took off his jacket and threw it over Tippy's head while he loosened him from the fence.

Tippy could be trusted to do what he was told. He knew, "Go to Karl." I used Tippy to call Karl to dinner when I had it ready. I would put a note on Tippy's collar and say, "Go to Karl." Tippy would go and wait until Karl got the note and wrote on it and stuck it back in his collar. Then Karl would say, "Tippy, go to Ellen!" and Tip would do it.

At this time we lived in Lawrence Hart's house across the street from the feed store. My brother Bill was living with us. So I had to get food around for two men teachers. What did those men busy themselves with in the evenings? They invented a tractor made with a Model T engine and frame. Parts off of an old binder of our Dad's was used for wheels. A binder has different sized wheels. The tractor was halfway back into Indiana and then it had to be towed. Maurice Hollabaugh came to see it and a picture was taken.



**Karl leans on the invented tractor which was to be used to connect to a buzz saw**

### **KARL'S INVENTION**

Bill and Karl just had to have something to play around with at night. They decided to make a tractor to saw wood. They would use the wheels and junk from my father's junk yard on his farm. They got a thing made that did run until the belt broke. Then they used a chain instead of belt. It finally got back home to Indiana. Karl leans on the invention, Bill sits on the invention, and Maurice Hollabaugh looks on. It was never used for a buzz saw. I had to send Tippy dog to get them in the house for evening dinner while they were making it.



The shed where they did their inventing was a distance from the house. Our dog Tippy helped to get them in to eat. It was too far for me to walk while I was pregnant.

Karl taught seven years in Hicksville, Ohio. Brother Bill taught only one year. My brother went to South Bend, Indiana to get a job in the summer. He stayed in the same house that his sister Margaret was staying when teaching how to run a comptometer machine (a mechanical calculator) for a living. She taught young men and women how to run the machine. The room had several machines for her to help and answer questions. They both stayed in the John Seymour house. Bill was working at Studebakers on an assembly line. It was heavy work. John Seymour had a daughter named Esther and she had natural red hair. When our brother Bill set eyes on her, he thought her to be mighty cute. It wasn't long until Bill took her for his wife. Later on a baby named J William was born. The J stands for grandpa John and William stands for grandpa William.

Bill got a job teaching in the winter at a town near South Bend called Oceola.

Our first baby (Lavon) was born in 1928. He was the first grandchild on both sides



**Back Row left to right: Dorothy Ellen, William Nelson, Esther Viola, William Otholic, Margaret Edith, Karl V. Front Row: Grandma Margaret Rhoads, Francena and Lavon Gilbert**

We were living in Hicksville during the winter months and with Grandma and Grandpa Hart during the summer months.

## STARTING HOUSEKEEPING

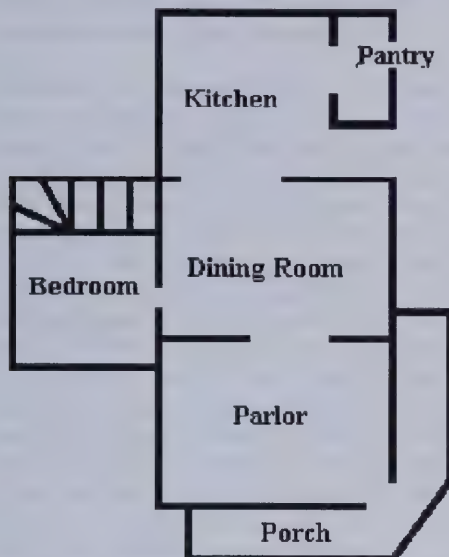
In the year 1927 we started housekeeping in Sherman Tindall's house. We bought furniture to fit in the house. Our dining table had bulky legs and was perfect to fit in this large dining room area. We had a kitchen cabinet which had a pull-out working and mixing area. Above this was space for dishes and drawers for cutlery. Below was space for pots and pans, everything for getting a meal were in this one cabinet. Our cooking area was graced with a three burner gasoline cooking stove. It was located in the little pantry. We had a small kitchen table and chairs to fit both dining and kitchen areas. Rattan furniture was in the living area. One bedroom on the first floor had a bed and a dressing table. All we had to do was paper the walls and move in. The house was wellbuilt and considered one of the best homes in the area.

Sherman Tindall was the mailman making good wages. His wife Minnie was an exceptionally good housekeeper. Consequently the better things graced this house. The window frames were all oak and had to be oiled quite often. These windows were narrow with two sashes. They had dark green pull blinds. We bought large room size rugs for the living and dining area. The kitchen had loomed, rag rugs which were given to us for wedding gifts. There was only a potty and an outside toilet. We used a winter heating stove that burned large chunks of wood for heat in the winter time. The upstairs had two bedrooms and an entry room. We did not furnish the upstairs. There was a large slide-in-wall, oak door between the large dining area and parlor. This was done to keep the heat in one room to sit in. The heating stove was in the large dining area. This area was in the middle of the house. If the wide slide-in door was closed, the kitchen door closed, the upstairs door closed, and the bedroom door closed; the large dining area would be warm for the family and friends to sit around the large dining table and eat or play games or write letters and study school assignments. Usually popcorn and apples were present to eat. If the bedroom and upstairs doors were open the rooms were not so cold to go to bed. We would usually rush up the stairs and quickly jump into bed.





The house arrangement looked like this:



This was planned and built by Sherman and Minnie Tindall. They thought the house needed to be built strong to withstand our Indiana wind storms. The whole west side was sided with thick boards over studs. Note the fanned arrangement of steps; instead of a landing to turn and enter the room upstairs. Under the stairway was a clothes closet with a door opening into the downstairs bedroom.

We had to move out after a summer in this house. It was sold to Etta Casebere. By her choice she never married.

#### CHANGING OF TINDALL TO TYNDALL

Sherman Tindall's father was a son of William Othlic Tindall who lived in the log cabin. He was named William Charles Tindall and married Mary Ellen Rhodes. My mother used her name of Ellen to form my name Dorothy Ellen. Mary Ellen and William C. Tindall also had a daughter Emma who was married to a Keyes and then William Allen. Her husband was the barber in Spencerville; which was a nice men's loafing place. Emma did not like the spelling of her maiden name, Tindall. So she just signed it Emma (Tyndall) in our abstract; but her

father signed it spelled "Tindall" in the same abstract. Her brother Sherman changed his name to use the "Y" also. I don't think the changing of the spelling of your name ought to be done. It just "messes up" the ancestry.

My father always said that he was named after his grandfather Othlic Tindall. So my sister and I hunted in the Spencerville cemetery and found Nancy and Othlic Tindall carved in an old artistic tombstone. Also Dad said Sherman Tyndall was a cousin of his. I will consider my ancestry as Tindall. I like it.

The King James English Bible has a Tindall as one of the translators. So the spelling of Tyndall is only a new version of the TINDALL CLAN. This tombstone for Nancy and Othlic Tindall had an open book carved in it. It was like the Bible opened wide. Below this book was this epitaph:

IN THIS WE LIVED. Beneath the epitaph was Wm. Othlic Tindall B. 11-24-1805 D. 6-20-1875

Nancy Chilcote Tindall B. 1-5-1814 D. 2-10-1876

Nancy loved the outdoors. She rode her horse through the woods and after the mail. She went to the neighbors on horseback. Her best headdress was styled like what we call a frilled nightcap. She had one tied under her chin and with a large bow. This type of headdress was best for woods life and horseback riding. My aunt Becky Benninghoff told me of this. I have an old tin type picture of her. She was born in 1814. William Othlic, her husband, was born in 1805.

In 1905 I was born and grew up on a farm east of Tindall's Hill. I had an older sister named for grandmother Margaret Edith (Tindall) Lake.

My brother was named for both grandfathers. He had William for grandfather Rhoads and Nelson for grandfather Lake. I was named after Mary Ellen Tindall only Mary was changed to Dorothy. Everyone called me Ellen by my middle name until I went to college and the roll calls which the professors used, always spoke the first name. I became known as Dorothy Lake, and then Dorothy Hart by all my college





friends. My childhood home was where Jerry Baker lives. My grandmother Lake lived where Bob Lichtsinn lived and my grandmother Rhoads lived where Jim Miller lives. Our Kado-Lato home is on Tindall's hill between the two grandparents.

Sherman and Minnie Tindall who built this house decided to move to town and live during their old age. Paul Kerr Sr. who lived in Hicksville bought the farm and house. His wife was a teacher. At this time, the farm land was quite large in farming acreage. Only the old woods had trees. The old woods was on the St. Joe river. The whole acreage east of the old woods went clear to the river. No trees there. Paul thought this quite nice to be able to be on a river and raise some animals and chickens. The old barn and granary were here but no chicken coop. In order to get this the way he wanted it, he had to travel back and forth several times from Hicksville. He was on the road a lot. His lumber was bought at Pete Steward's lumberyard along the Spencerville railroad tracks he crossed. He made a mistake. A fast train got him. His wife Bernice and young son Paul were left.

Bernice taught and sent Paul Jr. to college to be a doctor. Dr. Kerr is still living and doctoring. My teacher husband Karl had young Paul Kerr as a pupil in the 8th grade. Paul was an excellent student. Bernice Kerr rented the land to a person to grow potatoes. His name was Applegate. There is a story about this. That hill where the apple orchard is today was all bare sand. We would get windstorms from the west and it would blow the plowed topsoil away to the east. Therefore nothing would grow well on sub-soil. Applegate's scheme of growing potatoes for money did not work. Potatoes do not grow on only sub-soil. He lived across the road near Hicksville from Etta Casebere. Somehow Etta got a chance to see this farm called Tindall's hill. She bought it from Bernice Kerr. We had to move our furniture out. We were only in the house one summer.

I loved to have fancy dinners in this beautiful large dining area. I had large rugs to fit the rooms. I bought table settings of fine china and silver and stem ware. I really wanted to stay here near my fine friendly relatives and

also near Karl's folks. This winter Karl and I were still teaching and were told by the trustee to hunt another job. My brother Bill had to find another job, too. We were Republicans. Bill and Karl went to Hicksville. I stayed home. I was pregnant with Lavon. Our good relatives helped us out. Lawrence Hart (Karl's first cousin) lived in Hicksville and he wanted to live with his mother, aunt Ollie Hart. Uncle Adrian Hart was ill and needed Lawrence's help. We moved into Lawrence's empty house. Each summer Karl helped his father go to the market with something to sell to make a summer living. Father Clyde owned 40 acres on the new road past Handy's Hill. This land had sandy spots. Strawberries would grow well on sand. Strawberries sold well and made us some money. The customers liked fresh strawberries. We read seed catalogs and chose to plant Dunlap, Premier, Gibson, Blakemore, Dorsett and Fairfax strawberries. The marketers wished to have some of our kinds of strawberries and they asked for starts.

Father Clyde decided to go in the business of selling strawberry plants. We started the last week in March and April to dig up old plants and tear them apart into little plants to set out. Each plant was counted and tied in a bunch of 25 plants (all you could hold in your hand) and tied to sell for a price per bunch.

## **HART'S NURSERY STARTS**

Grandpa Clyde and Grandma Gladys owned a granary that was built by Bill Maxwell (Willard's father). The foundation of this granary had only red ditch tile filled with cement. Three of these tile were along each side. This granary is still standing. It was in this granary that the HART'S NURSERY was started. Clyde would hitch up the horse to a long wagon and go over to the 40 acres. What a picture, Clyde would sit on one side of the wide spring seat used to sit on and hold lines to drive the horse. A short haired white terrier would sit beside him on the other half of the seat. This dog had a black spot on its rear rump. Young Alice loved this dog and it came up missing. Little Alice said to John Koch, "My dog is missing. It has a black spot right here." she put her hand on the hind part of her own body.





**Karl and Clyde in their Berry Patch**

Clyde and the dog would be gone long enough to hoe the gardens and dig up several bushel baskets full of old strawberry plants. Usually this was noon and we had all our housework done and dinner ready. In the afternoon after dishes were done Mother Hart and I would go to this granary and sit on comfortable chairs with oil cloth over our laps and separate old strawberry plants and count and tie the nice new little plants which we piled out on a cranberry box when we cleaned them. We would do this until evening meal time.



**Clyde Hart is going to strawberry patch to hoe. He is in a one horse wagon, pulled by "Old Doll", a light weight strawberry roan horse. She was Karl Hart's driving horse. The home in the background is the one on Co. Rd. 68. Cooks live there now.**

Father Clyde had a bad case of the flu during the first world war. It gave him some heart trouble. He could not do much hard work. He hired hands to help out.

I was pregnant during the winter of 1927 and fore part of '28. The month of March was when we moved to the country. Karl could commute back and forth to Hicksville. My dear aunt Rebecca (Lake) Benninghoff offered us to use her apartment in the upstairs of her country home just across the road from the Tindall house. Aunt Rebecca and uncle John owned what is now the Frank Laub farm. They lived in Ft. Wayne and rented the downstairs. They used the apartment upstairs to get away from the city in the summer. After their renter had caused so much trouble over getting hickory nuts; uncle John said, "No more renting our downstairs. We will live in it."

In 1927 and 1928 their apartment was empty. They were going to live in the downstairs all summer. They had already built an outside stairway to get into the upstairs apartment. I could see that most of my furniture would fit. My large dining room suite and buffet had to go somewhere else.

Etta said, "Move it in my parlor which would be just across the mad." So I did. I was happy to live in aunt Becky's nice apartment instead of Etta's parlor. In March we settled in for the summer in the Benninghoff upstairs. I was getting pretty large at that time. I was going to have the first grandchild for the W.O. Lakes and first grandchild for the Clyde Hart's. All the aunts were excited about this as well as the grandmas.

In the summer of 1927, Clyde Hart decided to rent land from Etta Casebere to grow things to sell and make money. He decided on a large field where we now have a gravel pit to raise raspberries and strawberries in large quantities. He had to start all this in the summer of 1927.

The next year the strawberries and raspberries would produce. Help was hired and the raspberry field was very large. The strawberry patch was smaller along the east side. This big raspberry field was useful for 5 years. Karl and his father spent many hours





with hired hand help to keep this going for summer time living. Dog Tippy and I stayed upstairs at aunt Rebecca's most of the time. My aunt Inez lived just down the road west. She walked to see me many times.



**William O. Lake and Aunt Caroline. She died the year before Lavon was born.**

#### **BIRTH OF LAVON**

On May 22, 1928 my aunt Inez and I walked east a little way to my mother's home. She was having ham and beans dinner. She cooked home cured ham bone a long time with soup beans. Then when just ready to serve she would put dumplings on top. This was my very favorite meal: also Aunt Inez's'. That very evening about 6:00 our son Lavon was born. Karl was called home at noon from Hicksville and we headed for Sauder's hospital in Auburn. About 5 miles from Auburn our car made a horrible loud noise. Karl said a connecting rod bearing burned out. Karl drove on through Auburn because pains were getting closer. This old hospital is a rest home now. Dr. Hippensteel still has an office in it. Dr. Sauder delivered our baby and then went to his Kiwanis club meeting. Mom and Karl were with me. The nurse let me see Lavon. He was very active.

While Karl was coming from Hicksville to take me to Auburn my Aunt Inez insisted on getting a wash pan of warm water and washing my feet because I was going to the hospital. We had walked a dirt road up to

Mom's house for dinner. She thought my feet might be dusty.

Baby Lavon being the only grandson was waited on by all his Aunts. Aunt Alice wanted to do the diapering like she diapered her dolls. Grandma Gladys made sure we looked after our baby, too. She took very good care of us all. We were in her home usually for dinner and afternoon cleaning and counting strawberry plants out in the granary.

Now that I had a baby to take care of I could not help very much in the cleaning of strawberry plants.

My aunt Inez married Vinton Miller and lived in with her widowed mother, my little Grandma (Herald) Rhoads. This is the way elderly people were taken care of in our day. The youngest would rent or close down their home and move in the old house with a lone parent. At least someone was very close if the elderly needed help. At least this was the way Grandma Rhoads was taken care of.



**Lavon's outfit is made from a World War I Parachute**

Aunt Inez loved our baby Lavon. She lived in the house where Jim Miller lives. This is first house west of aunt Becky's where we were





in the upstairs apartment. She would walk up every day to see the baby and hold him. Aunt Inez already had her family on the go. Lucille was oldest, then Maurice and then Dick. Dick was born the next summer after our baby, Lavon, was born. When Dick was born Aunt Inez became very ill and died with pneumonia. Grandma Miller decided to take care of baby Dick. They lived in her little house at Spencerville. Uncle Vinton stayed in the old Grandma Rhoads house with his high school daughter Lucille and his 6th grade son Maurice. Lucille did the housekeeping. They never used the parlor.

Today, Jim Miller who is grandma's great grandson lives in this house. The home has always been in the Rhoads family. Aunt Inez was a Rhoads. She married Vinton Miller. Lucille married Howard Beams. He became an undertaker at Fremont, Indiana. Maurice married Ethelyn Baker. He became an electrical worker. Just think; I was always around my relatives and here around Tindalls hill. Here our baby Lavon was among his relatives, also.

We stayed all summer in the Benninghoff apartment and Karl and father Clyde tended the strawberry and raspberry fields which were rented from Etta Casebere. School started in Hicksville in 1928 so we moved out of my relatives apartment and located along a railroad on Main St. in Hicksville. My dining room suite was too big for this house. I used it anyway. Our baby Lavon learned to walk this winter.

I would have relatives visit for dinner once in awhile. I would usually serve thimble biscuits in chicken gravy along with mashed potatoes, chicken and dessert. My mother "Cene" as she was called, served these dinners many times. This little house had a large enclosed back porch with a wooden floor. The front porch was cement.

It was here by the railroad that Karl thought it nice to scare me. One sunny day in the Spring of 1929 he went up over the railroad to see if there were any dandelions growing in the small grassy yard. I made money by gathering dandelion plants and cleaning them ready for use to make salads or cooking them. Some people even cooked and canned them. I would put them in a

wash tub full of water all night. The next morning I lifted them out of the water and father Clyde or we would go to Barr St. Market and sell them along with other eatables. This dandelion money was mine for a new dress. This day Karl went to what I called the dandelion patch. The high railroad banks hid this place so I could not see it unless I was on top of the railroad looking down. Karl took a bucket to get some dandelions to clean for me. He came back over the banks and came to my back door and said, "Ellen see what I found." I went to the back door. He had a half of a bucket full of garter snakes. Those snakes were mating and he could just pick them up. You better know that the bucket full of snakes and Karl went right back over the banks. I'll never forget that sight of a half bucket full of snakes.

I had to do my washing by rubbing the clothes on a wash-board. The tubs and washboard were stored in the back room where the water faucets were. Our Tippy dog stayed in this back room. During this era there were many railroad tramps who would go from door to door begging for food. I was glad to have Tippy dog. So were the neighbors. If a tramp came to our back door Tippy would growl and bark. The tramp would hurry several houses away before he would try to get food again. I did not trust the tramps. A fast car killed Tippy one day. We buried him close to the railroad bank in our back yard. The next morning our neighbors had put flowers on Tippy dog's grave. He was a good neighbor dog, too.

My neighbor was a working lady. She loved tulips. In the fall she planted tulip bulbs on each side of her porch steps. The next Spring they bloomed and were very gorgeous. Every time she came home from work I noticed her stop feel and admire their beauty. I could see them from my kitchen window.

Our walking and running baby Lavon was playing in the yard between our house and her house. He was sitting down when I last looked where he was. Pretty soon he came to the front door with bouquet of pulled off tulips to give to me. I wilted!!! I knew where he got them. All afternoon I felt bad. How



was I ever going to tell my neighbor that her tulips were picked? I put them in water and did the best I could with them. I did not spank him. He was too little to understand. We had a good "talk" though. Our neighbor was very forgiving.

Aunt Berniece Wilder (Karl's sister) was teaching the Hicksville first grade and staying with us. Her husband Lehr was attending college at Defiance, Ohio. He would come home on the weekends. Berniece slept on our day-bed in the little bedroom. This little home was comfortable for the winter school term.

Karl and I were married April 25, 1925. Our fourth Christmas together was during our time in this Hicksville house. Karl was able to find a second-hand stomper type electric washing machine with a ringer. It was made by the Horton company. Three stompers stomped the clothes in a copper tub full of soapy water. It was very noisy. The neighbors knew when I was doing a washing. Anyway, it was better than hand rubbing on a board. It was nice that Karl remembered our fourth Christmas together and thought to get me a gift that would help to wash baby diapers. We did not know about disposable diapers. They had to be invented in the future. We bought outing material and cut out diapers to fold and fit over baby's bottom and fasten with a safety pin. These diapers were washed and hung up to dry. On nice days we hung them outside on the clothes line. Bad days on an inside clothesline. The cost for baby diapers was yardage of outing material.

In the Spring of 1930 father Clyde and Karl put money together and composed a HART'S NURSERY CATALOG. This Catalog offered planting information along with plants for sale. Consisting of several kinds of strawberry plants such as: Dunlap, Premier, Dr. Burrill, Gibson, Pearl, Eaton, Aroma and of course the ever bearing one called Mastodon which would produce fresh strawberries from Decoration day to Thanksgiving.



The best berry grown at this time was the Premier. Why?

1. Earliest
2. Longest fruiting season
3. Uniform in shape
4. Bright red color
5. Very sweet
6. Sells for the highest price
7. Most resistant to leaf spot
8. Will withstand heavy frosts.

Father Clyde said, "You plant liberally of this variety." This little catalog was just full of information. Father Clyde and his son Karl are school teachers and school teachers are good instructors.





## INFORMATION INSIDE OF HARTS BERRY BOOK

Clyde Hart & Son, Spencerville, Indiana

### A PLAIN TALK TO FARMERS



Are you satisfied with your farm Income? If you are, you are an exception.

The last few years have been very disastrous to many farmers.

Why continue to raise wheat at a loss year after year. Take an acre of that ground you are planning to put to wheat this fall, fertilize it well with barnyard manure and plant it to Premier strawberry plants. Sow the rest of the field to wheat and keep an accurate account of the cost of each. When you have made your final accounting you will be surprised.

If you are inexperienced in the berry business, I would say go slowly at first. The person who jumps into a business of which he knows little about, usually makes a failure.

We would much rather sell you 500 plants and see you make a success, than to sell you 10,000 and see you make a failure. We will be pleased to advise anyone as to the proper methods in caring for a strawberry planting.

This is not all. Teachers have to have rules for guidance also. The farmers were having a disastrous time because the bottom dropped out of their income. This caused our great depression in the year of 1932 (not far away from 1930) when this catalog was printed so you might know father Clyde had to do some plain talks to farmers who were really having hard-times. Very soon the factory workers were having hard times also.

I hope we never have another depression like that one. Our little nursery business needing hired help was a God-send to some people living around Spencerville and St. Joe. We could pay them some wages to live on for awhile.

In the summer of 1930 we set up our nursery showroom in the nice new chicken coop which Dr. Kerr's father had built before the train killed him. The chicken house was close behind Etta Casebere's house to the north. It still had a dirt floor which we could use to cover roots. We put a work table for people to sit and clean strawberry plants. In

March and April we were really busy. We hired both men and women. Men to dig plants and set out plants. Women to work at cleaning plants.

I took on the job of selling and meeting customers. We called this building our NURSERY PACKING HOUSE. A Wilson heater stove was in the North West Corner for cold March days. After school hours Karl did the office work. He filled orders which we had received for the day and also made filing cards for the names of the customers. One town in Southern Indiana was called Floyd's Knobs. It's down by New Albany. We advertised in the Indiana Farmer and Farmer's Guide. Because of the payment of this advertising we changed the Nursery name, "Clyde Hart and Son" to "Hart's Nursery." Two words were cheaper than four words. We had to have some sphagnum moss to pack plants and keep them fresh to ship. We ordered this moss by the bale from Wisconsin. They shipped it by freight to Spencerville. The wrapping paper was bought from a wholesale house in Goshen Indiana. In the southwest corner Karl hung up 36 inch and 24 inch rolls of this wrapping paper to pack nursery stock. Jute twine was also hung up to pull down to tie up the packages. During the day plants could be cleaned under these rolls of paper and twine. The workbench was always made clean for the packaging by the time school was out each day.

Before we moved back to Indiana from Hicksville in the year of 1930 (Lavon's second birthday) we looked for another house to rent in Hicksville the next winter because the owner told us that this house next to the railroad was going to be sold. We only wanted to rent. We asked our Dr. Seth Demuth if he might know of a good house to rent for the next year. He said, "I own one near the Hicksville Fair Grounds. It will be for rent next fall." We looked it over and could see our furniture fit in it nicely. It had an upstairs.

Doctor DeMuth had checked our baby Lavon several times for a cold. One time he said to me, "Don't get so excited when he has one degree of fever. He has to have fever to get over a cold. If fever gets to two degrees for awhile then get concerned." I





was having him come away from his office too much. The doctors always came to your home to see the patient in these days. Today in 1989 you can't get in to see the doctor if he has more patients than he wants.

So we told Dr. Seth Demuth that we would rent the house which he owned. It had a garage large enough for a gasoline engine. It had a lot large enough to have a garden. Our neighbors were nice, they had a daughter named Dorothy Buck. I think she was Karl's cousin Joe Hart's girlfriend. Just Dorothy and her mother lived in their big house. I have never forgotten Mrs. Buck's extremely large beautiful fern plant near the entrance. Karl thought the long garage would have room enough to set up his father's old water pumping gasoline engine to do after school hobbies.

### THE GREAT DEPRESSION

In 1931 and 1932 our country experienced a great depression. City factory workers were out of work and no money to pay their bills. My sister Margaret's husband, John Cook, even tried to sell sweepers from door to door and it did not work. They were living in Detroit. What could they do? They moved back home on the farm with Mom and Dad. Farmers had milk and eggs and plenty of eatables. Margaret was a seamstress and she used material from out-of-date clothes to dress her family. They wanted some cash so John opened a maple syrup camp in Tindall's woods and sold syrup. Shortly the government helped out by low interest rates so a man could buy a farm. John and Margaret moved to two rented farms. John loved to farm. Margaret grew up on a farm and thought she had enough farming experiences. But she went along with John and they bought a farm.

Father Clyde Hart was working at the Court House in Auburn for the FHA. This was a Government help out during the depression days. This Farm Home Association loaned money at a very small interest to a person to buy a farm. Something like 4%. Father Clyde told John and Margaret about this. They were glad to buy and have a way of

not starving. Even then we had to use ration stamps to buy sugar, gasoline and tires.

Donna was born in their rented home on road 8. Little Carol was born when they lived on the farm they bought which was just across the section from where we live today and where Margaret grew up. They were all a happy Christian family.

Margaret had operation for cancer and needed to change drinking water. She wanted to move to California. They sold out and went to California leaving their oldest girl, who had just been married, back in Indiana. Consequently they visited here in Indiana very often and daughter Marlene visited California often.

### POLIO AND ABDUCTION

Our baby Lavon became two years old, and during peach canning time, became very ill with Polio while we were living with grandma and grandpa Hart on Road 68.

The whole day that Lavon came down with Polio was a difficult experience for me. I sure had to have my Lord help me.

At 8:00 o'clock that morning I received a telephone call saying that my brother Bill had disappeared. He was teaching school near the city of South Bend, Indiana, which was 90 miles away. He just did not appear at his classroom to teach that morning. He left home to go, but never got there. My sister-in-law was all upset. My father and I decided to go to South Bend to help her to make a decision about when to call the police. But our little Lavon got up this morning with a stomach ache and nausea. I hurried him over to the doctor in Hicksville. I stopped at the school where his daddy and Aunt Berniece were teaching, to tell them about my brother Bill and to see how sick Lavon was.

Our Dr. Demuth said Lavon only had a stomach disorder and I could leave him with his grandma and go on to South Bend. So off I went to South Bend, driving the car for my father. Dad wanted our banker at Spencerville to ride along to help on advice as to how to proceed to find my brother. All



the way on the road we kept thinking someone may have abducted my brother. We thought if Bill had resisted this abduction that he may have been shot. If Bill did what his abductor told him to do, that he may be still alive.

When we arrived at their home in South Bend, my sister-in-law was pacing back and forth on the front porch, just hoping the telephone would ring with news of my brother's location. It was after dinner and we all just kept on hoping and waiting.

At 6:30 in the evening we received a telephone call from my brother. He was all right and in Chicago.

He had been abducted while stopping for the spotlight to turn at an intersection. A man jumped on the running board. At the same time, he opened the car door pointing a gun at Bill. He slipped into the seat beside Bill and said, "you drive where I tell you and you stop where I tell you, and you will come back all O.K.." Then the abductor climbed over in the back seat and hid so no one could see him in the car. He kept his gun aimed at Bill and peaked up once in awhile to see where he was. During the drive to Chicago, which is not too far from South Bend, my Brother had to stop awhile at different places and just sit so the time would pass, allowing the abductor to arrive around 6:30 in Chicago. At this time he had Bill drive up to a certain curb which was the choice of the abductor. They sat there and waited until a car drove up beside them and stopped. The abductor gave Bill orders to sit there a half hour and then go back home. When the abductor got out of sight my brother Bill called home. We were all relieved, my father, the banker and I left right away to motor back home to Spencerville since I had a sick boy there and my brother was found and O.K..

The abductor was never found. He got a free ride to Chicago and thank God, my Brother was safe.

When I came in view of our home, near Spencerville, I saw the house all lit up and here it was near midnight. I thought, "Now what?"

Upon entering the house, I saw Karl holding Lavon up tight to his breast and Lavon was unconscious and foaming from his mouth in a convulsion. I could only think, "Oh how we need God's help." When this convulsion subsided, Karl laid our son's body on a bed of ice. Dr. Demuth had ordered the ice to hold down Lavon's very high fever.

I went into the parlor and placed a cushion to my stomach. Then I laid flat on the floor on this cushion. I prayed to God to please let us raise our son to manhood. if God would please do this, I would do my best to have him be a Christian.

The next morning our Dr. Demuth had already consulted with a child specialist in the city of Ft. Wayne. Dr. Carlos had just recently arrived home from the East. He brought some polio shots with him. We told Dr. Demuth to have Dr. Carlos come right out, twenty miles from the city and bring the polio shots with him to administer to our son. He did this! After the shot was given, it only took three hours and our son could talk to us.

God was our strength and Lavon was soon on the way to recovery. It is written in the Bible that one can do all things through Christ who strengthens us. (Phil. 4:13).

We were all quarantined for three weeks. Even Aunt Berniece, who peeked in the car at Lavon when he had fever, when I was taking him to the doctor. Hicksville school did without two teachers for three weeks due to the polio scare. During these three weeks we were all bored. The men folk went to the woods and picked up fallen hickory nuts. Our neighbors were busy swatting flies for fear this crippling disease would spread through their families.

Thank God, Lavon was not disabled by this bout with Polio. He was very weak and had to learn to walk again. He rode a tricycle to strengthen his legs. We urged him to work hard at exercising.

#### **LA VON AND PET DOG BUD**

When Lavon was three years old we gave him a puppy. It grew to be a medium sized





dog with short hair and with black and touches of white colors similar to a fox terrier mixture. We named this dog "Bud".

Karl proceeded to train him. He could lead well and obeyed commands. The dog loved to ride outside our Plymouth car on the front running board. In this day the car's running boards were quite large.

### **LAVON IN PARADE**

Bud and Lavon got along together very well. They even performed in the parade at the Auburn Free Fall Fair.

Lavon dressed up in his father's clothes which were too large for him. Everything was oversized on both the dog and little boy. Karl's large boots came up to Lavon's knees. The dog's chain used for a leash was a chain used to stake out our cow in the pasture. It was exceptionally long and had large strong chain links. Most of the chain was on the top of this little boy's extra large boot-top. The dog would move away from little boy Lavon and

Lavon would pull him back and stuff the extra chain in the top of his boot. Lavon was brave and active all the way through the parade route. He won the prize. He was so happy even though it was only \$10 to put it in his bank.

We lived in Hicksville, Ohio which is only 8 miles from our family home in Indiana. We went back home each weekend. We loved those family dinners. Yes, we got homesick for each week-end. We just had to go back home to go to our Coburn Corners Church. Besides the grandparents just had to watch baby Lavon grow up, since he was the first grandson on both sides.

One week-end our dog Bud did a very unlawful act.

The farmers had their flocks of sheep grazing in the fields and it was a law that any dog seen catching and mangling a sheep had to be disposed of. The sheep always died because of blood loss. Usually there would be two dogs chasing the flock. One dog would catch and mangle. The farm family dog and our dog Bud got together and

did this unlawful act. Our Bud had to be disposed.

Karl could hardly believe that our pet dog could be so blood-thirsty.



**Karl and Lavon**



**Dorothy Ellen, Lavon and Grandpa Lake**





## **LITTLE LAVON AND SLED**

Lavon got a sled for a Christmas present. The sled was on the floor in front of the Christmas tree at an all Hart family Christmas party held at Uncle Adrian's large home in Hicksville. After

all the presents were delivered here came Santa in with an exceptionally large sled which was bought by grandpa Clyde at an auction sale. He said, "This is for Karl so he won't wear out Lavon's sled. (Note: This large sled has been used by Lavon's three sons. It is in good shape in 1991 even though it is 58 years old).

## **BROTHER BILL'S DEATH**

One summer our brother Bill and his wife, Esther, and baby J William came to live in Spencerville, Indiana. They wanted to help our father, W.O. Lake do his extra summer work. Our father had a patch of strawberries to pick. He had them picked by paying the pickers a fee for each quart picked. The berries were all crated for sale. My brother Bill and wife Esther and I were taking these crates of strawberries to Ft. Wayne to sell to the grocery stores and farmer's market.

Brother Bill had some back trouble caused by lifting a car. He took a treatment in Ft. Wayne from a chiropractor. It was time for another treatment this day that these crates of berries were to be sold. He planned to deliver berries and take a treatment. So we did. Oh! It was a terrifically hot day. The heat was intense from the city sidewalks. He carried these crates in this heat.

He stopped for his treatment and came to drive to market. He said to Esther and I, "I'm awful sleepy!" We took him to Aunt Bessie's and he took a cool shower and laid down to sleep. He awakened completely out of his head. We had to hold him in bed and he talked continually. We got him to the Lutheran Hospital and they constrained him and covered him with an oxygen tent. His fever went to 106 degrees, the doctors said he couldn't live. Esther and I walked around the hospital just hoping and hoping that he would live. We never knew exactly what happened but since it was such a hot day, I always thought it was a sun stroke. After talking to people who have nearly had sun strokes in Florida, I am more assured that Bill died at the age 29 from a sun stroke.

He was buried in the southeast corner of the White City cemetery at Spencerville, Indiana. His grave is in the smaller section across the highway. Esther did not remarry at this time. She said she was afraid that the fellow she might marry would not be good to her son J William. J William grew up and married Pat Baker and they have three grown daughters named Kathleen, Frances, and Alberta. Esther later married Glen Richards. J William followed in his father's footsteps. He is a teacher. His wife Pat and Bill became sweethearts while attending Indiana University.

One time J William and Lavon drove our tractor east of our woods and went off the beaten path and the wheels dug down in the loose sand. They were stuck. They went home and got help from another tractor. They learned a good lesson.

## **AUNT ESTHER'S COTTAGE**

Esther owns a cottage on Lake of the Woods. Our Lake families were always very welcome to visit. These visits and the visits back in Spencerville kept Esther and son J William very close to the W. O. Lake families.



**Esther's Cottage on the edge of Lake of the Woods**

Aunt Esther (Seymour) Lake had this cottage at Lake of the Woods and our family spent many holidays with her and her son J William and his family. Many times when William was growing up our son Lavon and he would ride bicycles across the dock and off the end in the water. The dock was in all shallow water.

My brother William N. Lake's death at age 29 caused his wife and her mother and



father to help her raise her baby J William. Esther's father John Seymour found this log cottage for sale and bought it for his daughter and son and family. He also spent his retirement age building a house for his daughter Esther and son. Esther had to go to work each day as a secretary. Her baby J William was looked after by his dear and loving grandmother Seymour. She was a good cook. She would invite us to her home many times so that little baby J William could keep acquainted with his Grandma and Grandpa Lake and family.

If my brother William Nelson Lake was living he could enjoy a little great granddaughter as his wife Esther enjoys her. Esther lives in the house her father built for her years ago in South Bend, Indiana. The Lake cottage is still enjoyed at the Lake of the Woods on holidays.

Karl's first cousin Glen Hart and close buddy has a cottage at Corey Lake, Michigan. They have invited us many times to visit them. Daisy and Glen live all summer here in the cottage. They have a patio, nice inside bathroom, beautiful workable fireplace, three lovely bedrooms, kitchen close to dining area, delightful living room and nice yard and an easy, workable garden which was Glen's purposeful activity to have a cottage at the lake and it was profitable to have the fun of fishing close by. They have a good time with rafting, sailing and entertaining. It is a good place to get out away from the busy ways of a city for awhile. Glen's profession was teaching. This cottage performed its function for them. They are both happy to live on a lake in the summer time. They can do all the work it takes to care for a big house on the Lake.

We have enjoyed visiting with our relatives on the "Lake at the Woods. (at Corey Lake, Michigan) We enjoy having them come back home to Spencerville to see us, also. We can fish in our river and sit in our yard at Kado-Lato. We have never been without a nice garden until 1990. I nursed a broken hip bone and Karl was my cook. I enjoyed writing my memoirs. I don't think I'll ever become a Whitman.

#### **LAVON AND THE LOAF OF BREAD**

We lived in Dr. Demuth's house in the fall of 1930. We were canning peaches at Father

Clyde's Home when I went through the day of a profound miracle given for our son and also the abduction of my brother. We had already bought the Old Man Orr farm on SR 101. The barn fire happened during those three years before Lavon was born. The barn fire and low interest rate caused us to buy the farm. The fire was in 1926. Our two year old son Lavon had Polio while we were living with Mom and Dad Hart in the summer time. Karl was teaching in Hicksville at the time. Lavon was laid on ice in bed in room three. Which had a window. A big five gallon jar had Lysol water in it to kill the germs. All diapers went into it. Another jar was clean Lysol water to wash your hands when leaving the room. Polio was very catching; also very crippling. After Lavon had Polio he had to learn to walk again. He courageously did it, but his legs seemed so weak. Grandpa Clyde went to an auction sale at St. Joe, Indiana. They auctioned off a tricycle. He bought it, thinking it would help strengthen Lavon's legs. The paralyzation caused by Polio had only started in Lavon's left foot. When the doctor tickled the bottom of his feet the left foot did not know it. The right foot was still OK. All other signs of bowel trouble and high fever made both doctors sure that it was Polio. We all know that the shot of Polio vaccine caused him to be sensible and able to say what he could. He was so weak that we carried him for awhile on a pillow and laid him close to where we all were. He had to see what was going on. After Lavon's Polio we lived three years in Dr. Demuth's house near the entrance to the fairground.

A little interesting story was the time Lavon had trouble with a loaf of bread when he was three years old. I wanted him to use his tricycle a lot. Tricycling on the sidewalk to the grocery store and back was much exercise for his legs. He carried a note in his pocket to Laub's grocery. The note had money and items to buy. We had a neighbor who lived about 5 houses away from our house and he sat on his porch many times. He saw Lavon go by on the sidewalk on his way back home with the groceries. Lavon had trouble with a loaf of bread. The outside wrapping came apart letting the slices of bread get out of order. Lavon was pushing and placing them in order. The neighbor





said our little 3 year old boy Lavon looked toward him and said, "I'm in a Picklement." This was an odd word for this neighbor to hear coming from the voice of a little three year old boy. He told this to us and all the neighbors.



**Four year old Lavon**

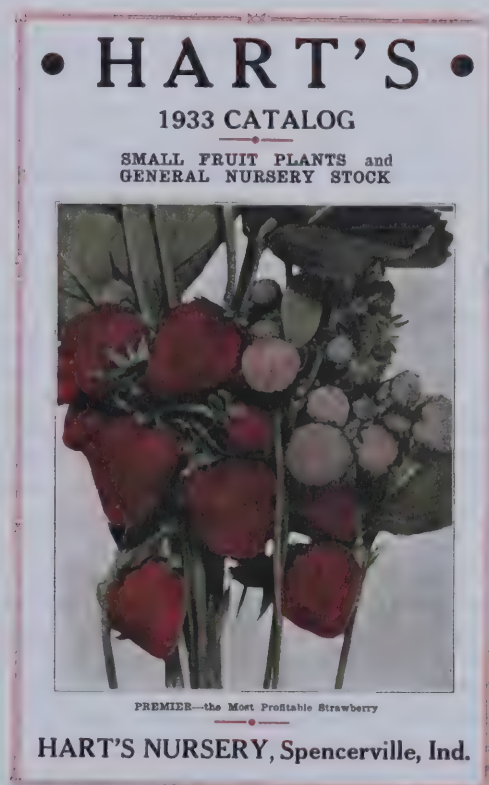
Karl used a gasoline powered engine to run a wood lathe to make a nut bowl out of a piece of maple wood. This was one of his hobbies after school hours. Lavon was happy when Karl made a wall desk for him. We got him a chair to fit up to this desk which had a let-down door for the place to write and color. The desk had depth and places to put colors and paper work in their places. Who would know this wall piece had all these things when the door was hooked up and closed. Lavon loved to organize and reorganize his own belongings in this desk.

I loved to sew. I made a Santa Claus suit to fit Lavon. He acquired the name of little Santa Claus. Karl had him be the Santa for the Hicksville eighth grade since Karl taught them.

We already owned the Old Man Orr farm and was using the farm income to help pay for it. The Orr Barn Fire happened in March 1926. The year after we were married and living with Karl's folks on road 68 today. Just a gravel road in 1926.



**Charlie Hahn the hired hand, Lavon and Old Gray the horse**







## REMODELING OUR HOME

Our son grew naturally and he was soon four years old. I wished that he would not have to go to school and have his daddy as his teacher and his daddy said he would not ever teach school at his home school which was at Spencerville. Our farm was near Spencerville. I thought we should fix the house up and live there. Then Lavon could start to school there. Since the house was so rundown, we had to remodel it.

Karl insisted that the house should be farther away from the highway. So we hired some capable movers to move it in 1934. We wanted a basement under the whole house. The one which was there was only under half of the house. We believed that the former owners may have added a parlor without a basement and an L-shaped porch.

The moving time arrived. The house was jacked up high enough to put timbers under it. Solid wooden wheels were used for rollers under the timbers. The pulling device was an upright windlass powered by our cultivating horse hitched to the end of a long pole which was attached to this windlass. The horse walked slowly around in a circle and the rope attached to the house wrapped slowly around this windlass. When the horse came to the tight rope which was pulling the house, she had to step over it. After urging her and after she did it several times, she soon didn't need any urging and did it very willingly.

The horse made many revolutions and this big old house slowly came to the place where it still sets. The movers left those timbers under the house until the basement was dug out and the walls finished. In order to enlarge the basement, we had to use a slip scraper and a horse to pull out the dirt filled scraper.

The question was how to get the horse under the house? The slope of the hill to the east made this possible. By excavating a six foot opening, using the already dug out old fashioned cellarway, we were able to drive a horse in and out to excavate the large basement. Our hired hand and Karl picked the dirt loose and guided the scraper to get the dirt filled scraper ready for the horse to pull. The dirt, and cracked up cement from

the old basement were dumped to the back of the house and leveled off for a spot to build a garage.

Karl told a neighbor that we were having a seven foot basement. He said, "if you dig that deep, you will run into quicksand." In the northeast corner was white clay. Karl said, "if they got two cubic inches of dirt with a hefty swing of the pick, they were lucky." This was a far cry from quicksand.

The next step in completing the basement, was to make forms for pouring the walls. The lumber purchased for the garage was used to make the forms. Then the cement had to be poured. In those days we used gasoline powered engines for the cement mixers. We rented two of them. One was located on the southwest corner and the other on the north side. While the pouring operation was going on, the southwest corner form started to buckle. They hurried and reinforced it with more 2" X 4"s. This slight bulge is still evident.

## FINISHING TOUCHES AND BUNCO PARTY

My job was to create finishing touches for our home. I wanted the whole outside to blend in color. I chose light gray blends and a touch of black for color.

Now it was time to finish the outside view of the foundation. I could only imagine the foundation having black mortar joints in gray stone blends. This idea was unique. We went to Kimes and Kraft gravel operation along the St. Joe river, below the dam at Spencerville, and selected our choice and uniform size from the pile of rock that had been screened out by the pit's loading machine.

We hired a mason to mix the black mortar and lay up the foundation. It was beautiful when new. In later years the mortar faded. We had chosen to have light gray non-flammable asbestos shingles for the siding of our home. We wanted the siding and roof to match. The roof was blending gray slate. We scouted the City of Ft. Wayne to find slate to match the slate roof, for the addition over the open porch in the northwest corner of the old house. The siding and slate were only in mind at this time.



When the foundation was beautifully finished, this old house was let down and we were pleased with the depth of our new basement.

It was Halloween time, and the floor was still slushy, muddy in the basement and above it all was a spooky old house. What an atmosphere for a good spooky evening Halloween Party! So we decided to have one.

We placed saggy boards around in the basement mud for people to walk on with only lantern light. Then they followed lanterns and climbed cement blocks to the upstairs parlor of this old empty house. They sat on kegs and boxes and the dusty floor. The party was my ladies Bunco Club and their husbands all dressed up for the occasion. When the saggy boards pushed down in the mud with a slushy sound we heard screams and laughter, allowing us to know who the persons were, even though they were trying to fool each other. This party was never forgotten. Our friends loved it!

Soon after the party, the basement floor was poured and leveled, and steps were formed. The mason came and laid up cement blocks for room walls.

Our nearest neighbor visited and was admiring our finished basement. He said, "My wife has a bad case of poison ivory." Karl and I just left him go on and think it was "ivory" instead of "ivy". We never said a word and we changed the subject. He was a dear, dear neighbor.

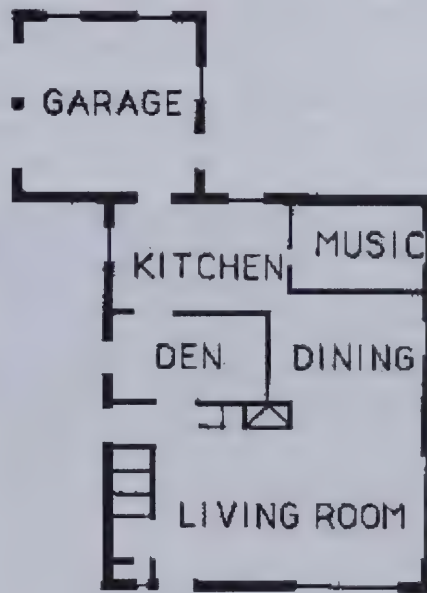
Now since our house was placed where we wanted it, we must get a carpenter started to put rooms and walls, the way we wanted them. I had the job of drawing up the plans. First I had to develop my tastes in decorating because I was the one to keep the house in order and enjoy the finished home.

I have always enjoyed arched designs and scallops. I could see white rough sand-plastered walls for room separations. I wanted rough walls so that little folks finger marks would not show. Only bits of sand would come off when the walls were

touched and finger marks would not show up. However, I chose highly polished doors and the finger marks from both adult and child showed up. I learned.

Another house arrangement I always wanted, was a clothes closet next to the front door, side door, and back door.

I always wanted an open stairway. Since I was using arches to tie the rooms together, I had to create a stairway to match. I did it and loved it. No one in DeKalb County or any where, as I know, ever had an open stairway like the one in my home. Merwood Rhodes even asked to come in my home, and use this design for their new open stairway.



**floor plan of house**

I designed a one step landing to start. It was wide enough to have a closet on it with two outside walls. This was in the northwest corner of the house. Since these walls were outside walls, they were cool in winter to hang fur coats. The front door was right next to this closet and landing to start the stairs straight up along the north outside wall. At the near top was another landing, with a window looking out toward the barn, and horse-shoe driveway. Then turn to right off this landing and go up two steps to a very





small entry space, opening to the five doors of the upstairs rooms. There were three bedroom doors, one attic door and a linen closet door, which later became the upstairs bathroom door.

We were told by friends, carpenters and realtors that this was a very unique and workable open stairway. No hallways, therefore no waste space. It was always admired by friends and visitors.

I always wanted a fireplace so it had to blend with the arch's decor. Magazine pictures of fireplaces seemed to be stone or brick. I still had to design one for the over-all decor, and it turned out to be a plastered one, with an open spot on the left for a ceiling to floor bookcase with arched decor. This bookcase was not completed by us. The Smith's put one in at a later time.

Another desire was to have a cozy, very small den, located in the middle of the house, so it would always have even heat in the winter, and be cool in summer. Also this room could serve as a downstairs bedroom for sickness. I wanted to have windows to see toward the driveway and barn operations. We managed this in our planning.

I always wanted a place to sit down to put on boots, and then remove them upon entering the house. We chose the spot to be near the back door. We made a wide enough short hallway, to have a seat in the middle, of two ceiling to floor clothes closets. Windows were above this window seat, which had the seat part as a lid lifting up to put boots in the space below. To the south next to the north wall seat we started the kitchen. The cabinets were along the east wall. Then a small room with pipes in the floor for a future bath room. Due to no electricity, this area was finished at a later time. It ended up having a player piano in it as a music room.

The Earl Groth store in Ft. Wayne was advertising about wall-to-wall carpeting. I liked this idea for the downstairs rooms, but I still wanted hardwood floors for the bedrooms. I liked to dust mop under beds. At this time the carpet was strips sewn together to fit the different sized rooms. I

found out later that the sewing between strips wore out quickly.

After thinking all this out, I had the job of drawing a design of the floor plan, for the carpenters to work from. A later owner installed the bathrooms.

We were still dickered to get electricity. Claude Laub helped us out. He was wanting it too. The Coburn Corners Church had electricity and it only went to the Mervin Place home, north of us. The Indiana & Michigan Electric Company insisted on having four customers to a mile. No one wanted it on our mile but us. No one wanted it on Claude's mile but Claude. So Claude and Karl went to the company and offered to pay for two people each. At that time the minimum was \$5 a month, so Karl paid \$10 a month and Claude did the same, and made the four customers to a mile.

Since we already had our home built, it was hard to wire it. We did it! This was finished in the fall of 1936.



### MOVING INTO THE HOUSE

Karl was teaching at Newville Center and we moved just before school started. I chose white metal venetian blinds for the windows. The upstairs had beautiful hardwood floors. A shallow well pump pushed water from the always cleaned out cistern, to the house.

Since electricity caused a delay in finishing the bathrooms, the family pan-bathed in the dressing room. Later on baby Tom was rocked many times in a small rocking chair





located in the warm dressing room. A heat register was located in the center. Later the dressing room, linen and clothes closet became a nice bathroom installed by the Kellers. Currently the bathroom door is in the room entry hall upstairs just at top of the stairs where the former linen closet was located.

The pig was butchered and the cow was out to pasture, and the strawstack was becoming old and rotten and the rats liked to live in it. We needed to burn it down and get rid of it. So a barn plan was in the works.

In 1937 I became pregnant.

### RAISING LIVESTOCK TO HELP PAY FOR HOME

We lived in this home nine years and many experiences happened. First we wanted to pay for it. Our parents tried to help us. Our farmer had blown a nice rye strawstack close to where the barn had burned.

My folks and Karl's folks all raised livestock and poultry. Karl can remember his folks having geese, ducks, chickens, and guineas all at the same time. Along with cattle, hogs, sheep and horses. They even had a Billy Goat with long horns. The Billy Goat even attacked Karl in the rear "one" time. He was chained up after that. He died after eating a belly full of onions.

Since our family wanted to help us get started in life, they wanted to share some of this livestock if we had a place to keep them. So we fenced in this strawstack for an animal and poultry shelter.

The shelter housed a pig to butcher and a cow for milk. The bantam chickens and other poultry made nests in this stack. Karl and Lavon did these chores of feeding and watering them each day before and after school.

### STRAWSTACK FIRE

While I was at Elizabeth Hart's we got rid of our old strawstack barn. The fire engine went by the house where I was with the ladies. We all went out and looked for the fire. Our strawstack barn was burning and we did not need the fire department for that.

Lavon and his friend Marion Coburn were at home, and Karl was close enough to call to Lavon. Lavon was told not to call the fire department. He went ahead and did it any way. The local fire department was volunteer and took men from their work to put out a fire. This strawstack didn't need to be put out. The boys were too excited to listen to Karl. They also learned that straw burns quickly. Lavon said they were trying to smoke out the rats.

Years later when Lavon was courting Lora, they were going through some piano bench papers at Lora's home. They found an old St. Joe News with an item where Lora had done some singing at the Gospel Tabernacle in Ft. Wayne. She was about five years old at the time.

## ST. JOE NEWS.

ST. JOE NEWS  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
ST. JOE, INDIANA COUNTY, INDIANA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1937

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**YOUNG BOY MAKES  
RESTITUTION FOR FIRE**

The town board was somewhat surprised this week to receive a letter containing \$7.00 for a fire call made last summer and with it came a letter of explanation.

We print it as follows:

Rural Route 1  
Spencerville, Ind.  
Nov. 6, 1937

Dear Sirs:

"You will please find in this letter \$7.00 in bills for the fire run you made to our place this summer.

"I have earned this money myself as it was my fault the fire started and I did the calling of the fire department so I felt it my duty to pay this myself and not cause my father any more expense than I can.

"I have learned a good lesson which is never to play with matches.

"Please send me a receipt for this."

Yours truly,  
Lavon Hartman

This call was 1½ miles south of Coburntown, the boys decided to smoke rats out of a straw stack, the fire resulting.

This young man deserves a lot of credit.



INCORPORATED  
TOWN OF ST. JOE  
STATE OF INDIANA  
COUNTY OF DEKALB  
TO St. Joe town DR

for fire call	
8 men	400
fire truck	300
- total	700
Please remit	
Frank Elkins	
elect. & water	

Apr. 6-1937  
Rec'd payment in full  
Frank Elkins  
elect. & water

Have you sure are a  
wonderful boy & our  
parents & all who know you  
can be proud of  
your friend Frank Elkins

She was so small she had to stand on a chair to get the microphone to her. This was broadcast over WOWO Radio. Karl had taken Newville schoolchildren down there to watch her. He volunteered, as a teacher, to take them there.

Farmers visited homes to hear the broadcast and a new thrill was theirs. Clifford Hollifield and Wm. Dillon in charge of this broadcast, were happily surprised as the boys and girls were in the studio, in rehearsal when they arrived. Little Lora Mayola Reas, but 5 years of age sang a splendid chorus.

#### newspaper article about Lora

In this same yellowed newspaper was the item about Lavon and his difficulty with a strawstack fire. What a coincidence that these two youngsters were later married. In the year 1938 our son Tom was born.

#### BUILDING THE BARN

We cut logs from our woods for the barn framing lumber. It was finished as a hip-roof barn. We had stanchions and one box stall along the south side. The north part was nice for raising lambs and to shelter sheep in the winter.

#### TOM'S PNEUMONIA

On March 7, 1938, early in the morning, our son Thomas Loy was born. The event happened in Sanders Hospital, Auburn, Indiana. He was a blue-eyed blond and 7 1/2 lb. His only brother Lavon was ten years old. Lavon enjoyed our new baby and helped out when needed. We loved to sit as a family in our small warm den room in the middle of our spacious house.



Dorothy, baby Tom, Thelma Hart, baby Jack Hart, Mabel Furnish and baby Larry Furnish

When Tom was 7 months old, he became ill with a very high fever. We called Dr. Forder Demuth who was a young doctor just out of college and lived in Hicksville, Ohio. He drove eleven miles to our home. After examining our baby Tom, he said, "This baby has pneumonia and when it is at a certain stage; we will put him in the hospital under an oxygen tent." I said, "I'm not going to wait until he is that sick." He became unhappy with me and started to leave. He said, "Do as you please." I always thought he was upset because I had placed an old fashioned home-made poultice on Tom's chest before he saw him. We did not have any antibiotics yet for our doctors to use. After he left I called Dr. Sanders at Auburn, Indiana and he said, "Send Karl up to my office to get some salve; which I make and you put this green salve all over his chest and back; and make a flannel jacket to put on him. Don't remove the jacket for two





weeks." I did this and Tom recovered from Pneumonia.

### **RAISING SHEEP AND COWS**

When my mom and dad left their farm we bought their small flock of sheep. These ewes were noted for having twins. Karl only saved lambs that were twins that promised a heavy fleece of wool.

Many times the mother ewe would have twin lambs and would only mother one lamb. Consequently we had orphan lambs. Lavon's job was to pet and feed these orphans with cows milk in baby bottles. Being a teen-ager he would name these lambs after his special girlfriends. I remember the name of Joyce.

Karl had raised a cow from a calf while we lived with mom and dad Hart. When the cow would have a calf we bought another calf for this cow to feed. We kept doing this until we had seven milk cows. We sold milk to the Allen Dairy.

### **TREE HOUSE FUN**

It seems that sons like to build their own place up in a tree, some place so they can relax and dream. Lavon chose to build his house in our mature pear tree close to the house and driveway. The tree was closer to the driveway than the house. I could see and talk to him from our north window in the den.

He had to hunt for scrap lumber. He couldn't find enough lumber to build a complete house in a tree. He could only find enough to make a platform large enough to lie down on. He found enough slabs to nail to the tree trunk to form a ladder to climb the tree to this platform.

Sometimes he wanted to speed up to his haven in this tree; and he needed these footholds. There wasn't enough lumber, because his father used up most of the scraps of lumber to build little pens for the sheep to have their lambs inside our barn which was just newly built.



**Marlene Cook, Joan Cook, Lavon Hart and J William Lake in the tree.**

Later on this tree became useful for our son Tom to have a hay rope swing hung from a large sturdy limb.

Lavon used the roof of our garage to relax and dream also. He could climb out the east window of his bedroom and on to the garage roof.

### **MOVING TO THE WEST BED ROOM**

Later when Tom was old enough to have his own bedroom; Lavon had to move in the front west bedroom and give his north bedroom to Tom. Lavon was scared to go to bed in this west bedroom. He had dreamed up a feeling that the ghost of "Old Man Or?" was staying in this room.

He figured out a way to get rid of this "drummed up" scare. One dark night he walked in his bedroom and never turned on a light. He walked bravely all around in the room in the dark just carefully listening for a ghostly flutter sound maybe swishing out a window. It was all quiet. Not even a white swishing anywhere. He stood awhile and listened. He even opened his clothes closet door and felt and looked in the dark. There was not any ghost around. From that time on, he was not scared in his west bedroom.

### **FREE FALL FAIR**

Every year our county seat at Auburn, Indiana has a Free Fall Fair. When Lavon was in his teens; he loved to go to this fair and ride the rides and then survey all the





game booths to participate in. Many times he was lucky and became the winner. He loved to choose a Kewpie Doll as a prize. He was so good at game art, that his west bedroom displayed Kewpie Dolls sitting on top of the sturdy wooden cornices over each of the three windows.

### **RABBIT HUNTING**

The ground was barely covered with snow. On Saturday morning while doing the morning chores; Lavon and Karl noted some fresh rabbit tracks in the barnyard.

Lavon took his bow and arrow. Karl got his twenty gauge single barrel shotgun and they went hunting.

They found the rabbit hiding under a clump of grass. They got ready with both of them standing together and they aimed. They stomped their feet and out ran the rabbit.

They were sportsmen and gave the rabbit his chance to run. The rabbit hopped up in the air and they both shot. Karl missed completely. The arrow came closer to the rabbit than the bullets. Lavon considered himself a better marksman.

### **RAISING TURKEYS**

My mother had already given us two turkey hens and a gobbler. These hens laid their eggs in salt barrels laid down on their sides. The hens liked to be back in there and peek out. We later built a brooder house to raise little turkeys. This brooder was built near the northeast corner of our garage. When we drove in the garage we always seemed to want to check on the baby turkeys. It was fun.

After this experience we decided to go into the turkey business in a big way. We built another brooder house with a hip roof. It was nice looking. Karl was very particular when he built the first brooder. He even insulated it.

The Spencerville Undertaker gave us casket shipping cases to line the inside. We poured sawdust between these walls. The steel roof on the house was too hot with sunshine and many times too warm for baby turkeys.

This new brooder house was made with an aluminum roof. We also put mesh on the floor and had a mesh sun porch. We put in all the mesh floors because turkeys like to

keep clean. They would die if they had any dirty toes.

One time before we had a mesh floor, about 400 turkeys were cheep, cheeping. We looked at their feet and each toe had a little hard ball of food on it. They walked in water then in the feed trough. We spent hours washing up 400 turkey feet to save them.

The next year we got brave. We ordered 1500 turkey poults from Columbus Grove, Ohio. We went deeply in debt for them and also for feed to grow them. We planned on getting our money back at Thanksgiving sales. After Thanksgiving we hurried to pay off our debts. We still had 200 turkeys yet to sell. We sold them to a wholesaler in Garrett, Ind. When all was done and we had to hire help to do this; we had very little money left for us. Right then and there we decided not to raise any more turkeys. It was too little pay and very nerve racking because these turkeys were real scary and afraid.

Just to tell about one scary incident.

### **TURKEY INCIDENT**

These 1500 turkeys were worth much money to us at Thanksgiving time. We had debts to pay.

The week before Thanksgiving the whole flock was spooked off the roost one night about midnight. We had an electric light over them and they flew right into it and knocked it down. They flew in fence corners and even on top of our slate roofed house. The screeching noise made by their toenails was very disturbing. We awakened. I said, "Karl Wake up!! Some one is stealing our turkeys." He grabbed his five cell flashlight to shine a light from our east bedroom window at the roost in the field. The roost was empty and turkeys were scattered everywhere. We thought a rabbit may have run under the roost and the birds were spooked that way. This occasion was very nerve racking to us.





Dorothy Ellen, Tom, Lavon, Marlene Cook, Joan Cook and J William Lake

#### PET TURKEY'S



'Rain in the Face" and "Napoleon" Pet Turkeys

Another interesting item with this turkey business was two turkey gobblers, by the name of, "Rain in the Face" and "Napoleon". Our son Lavon named these two extra tame gobblers because they were always nosing around his business during chores-time and play-time.



Lavon and J. William with "Napoleon" and "Rain in the Face"

"Napoleon" would even stick his head and bill into the cars of our friends as they visited us, if the door happened to be left open. These gobblers really were a picture strutting around in our yard.

"Rain in the Face" was picked on by the other turkeys until they killed him. We had "Napoleon" left.

"Napoleon" was sold to a grocer who used him to strut while people looked at him in the





grocer's show window. The grocer finally dressed him for a certain lodge that wanted a very heavy turkey for Thanksgiving.



**Turkeys and their Roost**

#### **FARM BRAND NAME**

While we were in the turkey business we needed a brand name for our dressed turkeys and Karl came up with the idea of using family names in this brand-name. He thought of the first two letters in each of our first names. Karl, Dorothy, Lavon, Tom. This spells "KADO-LATO."

Karl was home one evening alone with Tom while I was at my ladies' Bunco Club. When I arrived home he was wide awake and confronted me with this brand-name. I liked it, when pronounced, the first "A" would be like the "A" when you say Karl. The other vowels would be pronounced using the long sound. So here is "KADO-LATO" the Karl Hart family brand name for businesses.

#### **STAR LAKE OUTINGS**

In the summers our family and other relatives would gather at Star lake for a week of camping, fishing, roller skating at the open air roller rink, and family fun. The lake was near Ludington, Michigan and near several Lake relatives. On Earl Lyons (aunt Caroline's son) farm, the original log cabin still stood next to the farmhouse which had an artesian well that flowed without a pump.



**Karl and Tom (One year old)**

#### **HART CHRISTMAS PARTYS**

Grandpa Washington Hart had gone to his heavenly home; years before I was married to Karl. His widow, grandma Alice was in her 90's. She was living in turns with her four sons and their families. Her sons' names were Adrian, Clarence, Clyde and Fred. They all lived not very far apart and we all could get together at Christmas time. It was our turn to have them all at our home. The group usually consisted of around thirty-five mixed aged people. We now had a home large enough.

#### **THE SPECIAL TRAIN TRACK**

When Lavon was six years old; we bought him an electric train for Christmas. Each year we gave him more track. Finally, he had so much that a long railroad could be set-up. The track went all around he living room and dining room floors. It was fun to watch these miniature trains go so far.

One year Karl and Lavon tried to surprise Tom and set the train up on Christmas Eve. After Tom was supposed to be in bed. Tom was not yet asleep and heard them talking. He sneaked down to the stair landing and watched them. As long as we lived in this house; the train was set-up each Christmas. One time we had a party at our house and Lavon had the flu and we had him stay in his room upstairs so that no one would catch the flu.

Karl felt sorry for him. He got out Lavon's erector set and built a gravel dipping outfit. Lavon ran the gravel dipper so much that he wore out the gear on the electric motor. At this same party Karl used pulleys and string





in such a way that Lavon could write notes and pulley them down stairs and our company could return their written notes.

Tom also patiently played with this erector set. When Tom and Sherry were married in later years they blessed the family with a grandson named Christopher and he acquired this hand-me-down erector set. When Christopher became 13 years old, Andrew was born and Andrew now has the erector set to play with when he visits Grandma and Grandpa. This toy has been used by the family for more than 50 years.

### **DRESSING AND SELLING CHICKENS**

Our family worked hard at dressing chickens for the South Side Farmer's Market in Ft. Wayne each week. We used our empty brooder houses for finishing out chickens to be dressed. We bought these nearly mature chickens and dressed them to sell already cut up for frying.

An interesting thing happened while we were doing these chickens. Lavon had trouble with an Austra-White rooster which had very long spurs. These spurs were sharp as needles. This rooster would hide behind our shrubby bushes. As Lavon walked by, while doing chores, he would jump out and put his sharp spurs at Lavon's legs. He was a mean nasty old rooster.

Lavon finally decided that he had enough of those mean rooster surprises. One time-when the white feathery rooster chicken came bouncing out from behind the shrubs; Lavon hauled off and hit him beside the head and knocked him crazy. He hopped around like a chicken rooster that had just had his head cut off. He couldn't see, twirled around and laid down. He was dressed right now and made very good noodles to sell on the farmers market.

### **KARL AND THE BANTAM HEN**

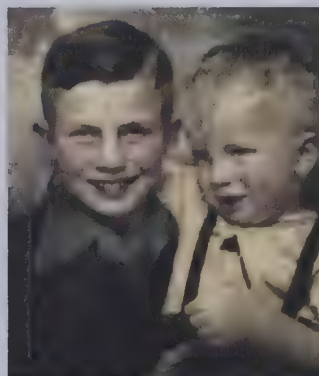
Karl had an interesting experience with a sweet wild bantam hen. The tiny bantam hen laid her eggs on an upside down lid of an old victrola, stored in our old fashioned corn crib. These eggs rolled around and she couldn't get them under her. She busied herself working real hard to get those eggs

around together. Karl felt sorry for her, and because she was broody, she allowed Karl to set her on his knee, while he placed straw in a pile for her eggs. He picked her easily off his knee and set her on her eggs. The cute little hen wriggled around and happily sat down on them.

Karl and I dressed in white coveralls and placed cut up chicken on ice under plastic show cases to sell by the piece to the public. We enjoyed showing the buyers how to cut a chicken in a few minutes. Of course we used a sharp butcher knife.



**Grandpa Clyde, Great Grandma Alice, Karl, Tom and Lavon in front of Coburn's Corners Church**





**Tom and Lavon**



**Tom (4 years old)**

## **MARKETS AND NURSERY**

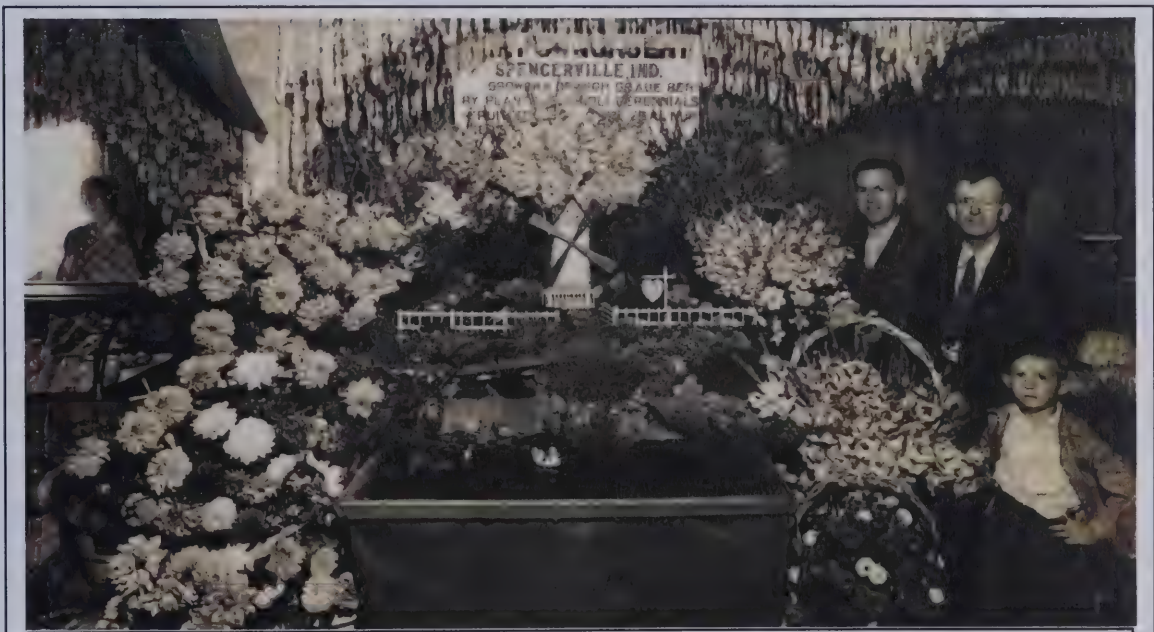
Karl was teaching in the winter time and also doing chores. Each week-end we attended Ft. Wayne farmers markets.

In the summer time we worked at our Nursery which featured strawberry plants. This work consisted of hoeing, cultivating, and weeding and experimenting with new varieties and operating a salesroom for plants. Also we operated a seven acre raspberry field for berries and plants.

## **NURSERY DISPLAY AT THE FAIRS**

When we were in the Nursery business with father Clyde Hart, we always grew gladiolus, melons, vegetables, sweet corn, strawberries, raspberries and sometimes Mother Hart had cookies and cottage cheese to sell on the South Side Farmers Market located in the southern part of Ft. Wayne. For a few years and only once a year this farmers market had a free fall fair and each farmer's stand was all decorated with crepe paper to make a beautiful display of extra fresh fruit, flowers and vegetables. This was one of their advertising schemes. When our son Lavon was 9 years old we were in business with father Clyde Hart, including the Nursery and attending both

farmer's markets in Ft. Wayne. So we



**Karl, Grandpa Clyde and Lavon with the South Side Market Fall Fair display.**





dressed our stand for the fair.

Karl used his ingenuity and created a Dutch mill and waterfall. The whole arrangement was a pond in front for the waterfall to flow in. The windmill was electrically turning to cause the water to circulate. We had plantings around the pool to show how our nursery had plants to form a nice landscape. Beside the pool was a miniature heart, a model sign for Hart's Nursery. This arrangement was repeated for the Nursery advertising at the DeKalb County Free Fall Fair at Auburn Indiana. The same display was placed at the Defiance County Fair at Hicksville, Ohio.

We had to rent a sand farm to operate Hart's Nursery. This farm belonged to Etta Casebere.

Karl and I had two sons which were 10 years apart and we decided to be completely on our own and get out of the Hart's Nursery business which was owned by Karl and his father. Karl and I both taught school and helped furnish the money to start Hart's Nursery. It grew into a mail order business and it kept us very busy

Karl's father kept the Nursery business and we took the gladiola business from Hart's Nursery. We did this because we could store large quantities of gladiola bulbs in the west room of the basement of our large farm home.

Our garage turned out to be a flower shop to count and bunch gladiolas to sell to Ft. Wayne Florists and farmers market. This gladiola business was summertime work for a school teacher's family.

All this time our sons were getting older and we wanted to help them get along in life. Our Tom was old enough to help count gladiolas and tie them in a dozen to the bunch to sell to the public. Our son Lavon became a high school graduate and decided to spend time in the United States Navy. He went off to boot camp in Chicago.

We were a family that worked together and now one son was gone and leaving extra chores to do back home. Tom helped a lot

but things were getting harder to do. We were a family that lead a very diversified life.

### **A DOG NAMED PETE**

Our black cocker spaniel pet dog named Pete was run over by a car while he was crossing the highway. He was still alive so we carried him to our cool basement; and put him carefully into a padded box. He suffered there all night. He soon got out of the box somehow and tried to get upstairs. His hind legs still drug when he came up the steps. He worked hard at exercising until he could run again. Pete was not allowed to go to bed with Lavon or Tom. Lavon would sneak him upstairs to his bedroom after we all had gone to bed. He became Lavon's special pet dog. When Lavon was in the Navy he kept missing his dog Pete. Our Pete always crossed the road each morning to go into the field. One day while Lavon was in the Navy, his dog Pete was killed on the highway by a fast car. We never told Lavon until he was out of the Navy.

### **CAT NAMED GRAY BOY**

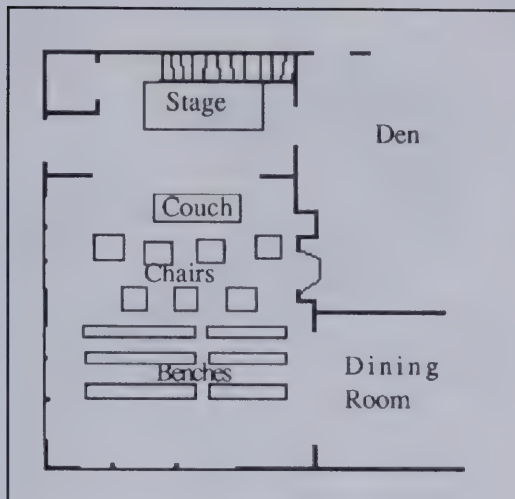
Tom enjoyed his pet cat named Gray Boy. The cat was given to Tom when the cat was a kitten. The color of his fur was brownish gray tiger. Gray Boy just loved to sit on a foot stool in front of our fireplace. Tom and Gray Boy played on our brown cowhide rug in front of the fireplace. Many times both Tom and Gray Boy were asleep on this warm cowhide rug.

We were able to buy a commercial product; to spatter on our logs in our fireplace. The product looked like large colored confetti. It made the burning flames become all colors. Our cousin Mary (Wilder) Keirn wrote to us in a letter that these colored flames were always in her memory when she thought of our home. Many times our family ate popcorn and apples while watching those many colored flames. Oh yes! the black dog and gray cat were asleep on the cowhide rug while the flames danced in the fireplace. It was a very warm and cozy atmosphere.

Our large house seemed so empty with one son gone. We were still dressing chickens in the east half of our basement and an interesting thing happened.







The Living room looked like this when ready:

## PET TOAD

Elizabeth Hart was hired to do the scraping and gutting of the chickens, because she had skinny hands and could gut the chickens easily.

One day Elizabeth noticed a big fat toad hopping around on our clean, wet, scrubbed-up floor where we were cleaning chickens. This toad became a useful pet named Elmer. He was fat because he kept our basement clean from spiders, bugs, flies, and maybe mice because we never had any mice down there.

We had saved a space about 6 foot by 2 foot located in the corner of our west basement room for a potato storage bin, which would have soil for a floor. This toad liked to hibernate there in this soil.

In this Chicken business, my job was to boil chicken necks and backs and pick the meat off for making noodles and sandwich meat to sell on the farmers market. I made my own noodles, too.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL PARTY

One time our Sunday School class chose our living room to be an auditorium for a fund raising entertainment. The stars imitated a Radio Show entitled, "It Pays to be Ignorant." In this show questions were asked to a panel such as: How long is a ten

foot pole? The panel discussed this by saying, "What kind of a pole was it?" Was it square? Maybe it was round? etc. Another set of questions were: "What color is a white rabbit?" "Who was buried in Grant's Tomb?" This show was quite exciting. Our stars were Merle Coburn, Alice Kagey and Karl Hart. Lavon acted as M.C. and asked the panel the questions. Tom acted as usher. The class chose our house because they thought our living room large enough for it.

The class members were charged 50 cents to sit on the davenport; 25 cents for chairs or planks. First arrivals got the chairs. Late arrivals got the planks. Tom was to see to this. The whole evening of friendship was in this living room. We had fun.

We were to have apples for this party. Tom and I were coming home from Spencerville with apples and the road was so icy that each time we went up Handy's hill, on Road 68, the car would spin around and we would slide back down. We tried this three time with the same result. So we just backed down and turned left on the New Road and drove all the way around to the Church and back south to our home. The ice was so slippery that we had to sometimes drive in a field to get traction. The show had to go on. Tom was scared when we couldn't go up the hill. So was I. It was good that our car didn't slide in the ditch.





A view inside the grey house in 1946. Lavon was in the Navy.



In 1946 the family gladiolus business was handled in the two car attached garage.

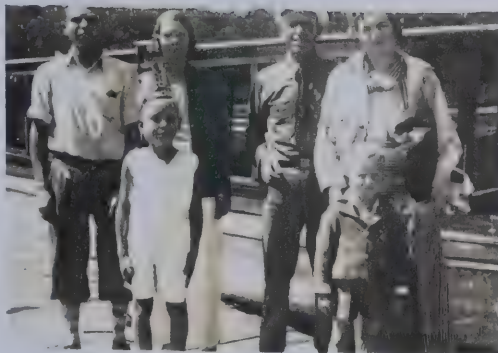




## SOME FAMILY ALBUM PICTURES



Richard, Daisy and Glen Hart with Dorothy and Lavon Hart on a boat crossing the straits of Mackinac.



Glen, Richard and Daisy Hart with Karl, Dorothy and Lavon Hart at the Locks in northern Michigan.



Wellington Snyder and Lavon Hart

Wellington Snyder was the nephew of a close neighbor, Merwin Place. He spent some time with them and while he was there, he loaned a buggy he had in the barn to them. They cleaned it up, painted it black, the wheels yellow, put fringe around the edge of the top, and put a bicycle horn by the driver. On Sundays, they would hitch up Grandpa Hart's horse, Pat, and drive around the area. The horse would plod along out in the country, but as soon as she entered a town, she would prance like a show horse. They didn't drive her around too much on Sunday because she was a week day work horse and they did not want to work her too much on her day off.



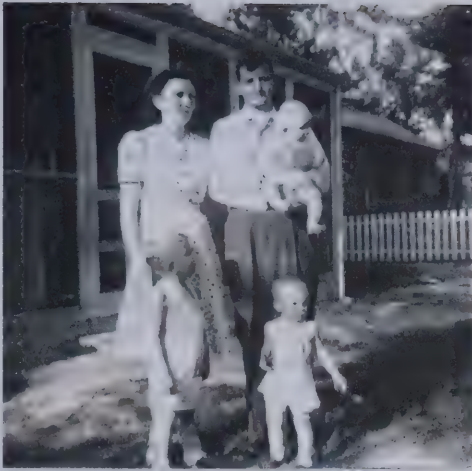
Karl, Lavon, Dorothy Ellen (above)  
Tom (below)



Grandma Cook, John Cook, Margaret, Marlene, Joan (Above), Donna and Carol (Below)







**Esther Cook, Sherman Cook, Steve (Above), David and Jerry (Below)**



**Elwood Hart, Thelma and their son Jack**

### **JOHN AND ELLA CROTHERS**

John joined Coburn Corners Church of Christ and later became the Sunday School Superintendent. While skillfully serving in this department, John became very enthusiastic about how the children of the church could be more efficiently taught about the bible. At this time the children of all ages were using the old damp basement of the old church for one class which was taught by Berniece Wilder. The class consisted of about 20 youngsters of all ages.

In 1938, which is 52 years ago, John visited me and asked me to set up and superintend a junior bible school for the

church. I refused and said, "I'm not smart enough". At this time my son Tom was a small baby.

John did not give up!!! He visited me again the next year and just insisted. I finally said, "I'll do it with lots of help from other members." So John, Ella, the preacher, his wife, Mable Furnish and Thelma Hart met at the preacher's home in St. Joe, making plans to proceed. Several members ere asked to help and through the support and assistance of John and Ella our junior bible school was started more than 50 years ago, as it took two years to prepare a place for the classes. John continued to serve as superintendent for the adults and taught a Sunday school class each Sunday.

Ella helped in the missionary work of the Junior Bible School and the Adult Bible School. She spent many summers serving as missionary teacher for the Vacation Bible School.

If there was any lawn work or painting, etc. John was always there using his talents. Ella served as a house mother at Lake James Christian Assembly. They capably raised a Christian family.

I miss driving by their home on Rt. 101 and seeing beautiful flowers and plantings. John could grow delicious sweet corn, too. He loved to watch his son James practice and play basketball. Their sons Paul and James helped in the turkey business. Their daughter, Rose Marie, is the same age as our son Lavon. The Crother's home has been torn down for expansion of the NUCOR factory.

### **BUYING THE CASEBERE FARM**

Since we always rented parts of Etta Casebere's farm for the nursery business; we always wished we could own it. Karl had accepted the job of writing insurance for the DeKalb Co. Mutual Insurance Company. He liked to write insurance and he wrote for several companies. One time he was writing Etta Casebere's property insurance and he told her if anytime she wished to sell her farm, that she should ask neighbors what they would give her for it. Karl said, "I will give you more." That is how bad we thought we needed soil on her farm to grow gladiolus. Gladiolus need well drained soil with gravel under the top soil. The field





where the present gravel pit is operating was where we planned to grow gladiolus.

Etta was an old maid by her choice. She loved nature so much that she let every little tree sprout grow. She loved the river on the back of the farm and the virgin timber woods. She had chickens, cow, horse and a goose.

The horse was used to pull her long buggy. She inherited a farm near Hicksville, Ohio. She loved this Indiana farm so much that she left her home near Hicksville and moved here. A year or two later Karl was rewriting her insurance. She told him she wished to sell. She had lived in Indiana 21 years. Karl came home all excited and told me about Etta's offer. I knew we needed that soil. I immediately said, "Not another remodel job!"

Etta had let this nice country house become very dilapidated. It was shabby with brush which she had drug up from the woods to burn in her heating stove and her cook stove. There were honey bees in the walls. It stunk, because she had chickens roosting on the backs of her chairs. There were burned spots on the floor where a long limb had burned and the end fell on a patch of metal on the floor. She could not saw limbs. She put one end on a chair and the other end in the stove to burn to give out heat. A tea kettle full of water on top of the stove helped her to pour water to keep the house from catching on fire. The smoke smell, permeated the whole atmosphere. Everything was full and only dirty paths were used to go through the house.

Did I want to remodel this? No! I would build a new home on top of the hill to the west where Randy Krafft now lives.

## **BUYING TINDALL HILL AS A PART OF THE NEW KADO-LATO FARM**

I might give in and live there because this place has a unique history for me. My great grandparents homesteaded there. The home was known as the Okey Tindall farm.

His name was William Othlic Tindall. He had exceptionally long feet and he was my great grandfather. We all are of Tindall heritage except my husband Karl. My grandma Lake was a Tindall before she married Lucius Nelson Lake. My maiden name was Lake and Lake clan which I am from became descendants of Tindalls who

homesteaded on the very top of a large sandy loam hill which has gravel beneath the loam.

The Tindalls were wise to build their nice log cabin on the highest spot of this hill. There is the St. Joe river close by to raft logs on. High waters would not reach their cabin. Randy Krafft now lives there. Water traveling was easier than forest traveling. They chose good soil with "good benefits" as you would say today. There was a natural spring close by, for their drinking water. All in all, I think Othlic Tindall and wife Nancy located in a good spot. Several people would cross their paths to get a good drink of clear water. "Okey" loved to visit and was known to have a long nose and exceptionally long feet. When Abraham Lincoln and Othlic Tindall met and would pass each other, they would push their noses aside to designate two long noses passing. Nancy loved horse riding.

The Civil War was during 1861-1865. At this time Othlic Tindall was 57 years old. A pretty old man to be in the war. He could be a messenger to the President and as Othlic would enter to give the message to Lincoln; they would do their "nose pushing." It may be that Abe and Othlic were friends. Abe lived in Southern Indiana, Kentucky and Illinois.

As noted in our abstract, they did their homesteading sometime before 1835. Othlic (Okey) Tindall and Nancy had a daughter,

Margaret Edith Tindall, who was my nice and friendly, herb-loving, Grandmother Lake. She married Lucius Nelson Lake. They had a large family, William Othlic and more.

I am the daughter of William Othlic Lake and Francena Rhoads. Dad was known as W.O. Lake or "Bill" Lake. He acquired 40 acres of mixed types of soil. The acreage has sand, clay and even muck.

This acreage was off the east side of Sherman Tindall's 87 acres which Karl and I bought to become Kado-Lato farm.

We bought this acreage because we did not want to live on clay soil any longer. Our first Kado-Lato farm on St. Road 101 was all clay and only good for farming. We fed the farm crops to animals so we were tied down at home each day feeding them. I love to travel and see some of this beautiful world. I am a Tindall by heritage and love to visit. To be able to buy a spot of land near where I was born and grew up was good. Better yet,





this land was sandy soil and where my GREAT GRANDPARENTS homesteaded. What could be better than living on family territory?

This was not all. In 1926, Karl and I started housekeeping right there in a beautiful well built house of the day. We only got to rent this house for a year. Etta bought it and we had to move out. We had the walls papered nicely and we wondered how a person could let a house become so dilapidated in 21 years. Etta could.

All the while we rented her land for growing nursery stock we camped out each summer in Etta's front parlor. She always kept that part of the house clean for us to move in. It was here in this parlor room that Lavon slept on a trundle bed. We pushed this low bed under our bed for the day so we could have room to eat and rest in chairs. During the night we pulled the bed out for him to sleep all night. There was space enough between the top of his bed and lower part of our bed for Lavon to crawl in on his bed in the day time if he wished.

We had to do something with our furniture while we camped out each summer. My uncle Vinton Miller was a widower. He did not use his parlor so he allowed us to store our furniture in his parlor. One summer our furniture was stored at uncle Vinton's and his house burned down. The firemen got all our furniture and uncle Vinton's furniture out and set it in the road. The Spencerville furniture company had us move the furniture in their building. When we moved back to Hicksville for Karl to teach his school term I noted many scratches on our chairs. This moving was hard on our furniture.

It seemed that we were always in touch with this home which we live in at the present time. This is why I consented and Karl and I bought Etta Casebere's farm. An interesting transaction between Etta and us occurred when we needed a contract for the farm sale. We went with Etta to a lawyer to help us make a contract. We hired the lawyer. When he asked her how much we were paying down on the farm, she said, "One thousand dollars." He said, "Do you know them well enough to give them a deed to your farm for only a thousand dollars?" She emphatically said, "Well If! didn't trust them; I wouldn't be selling it to them." We told Etta she could live in the house as long

as she wished because we were going to build a new house on the west hill.

### **SELLING THE OLD FARM**

All preparations were made to put our large home on route 101 up for sale. A man and his wife from Ft. Wayne put earnest money down to buy it. So we had an auction and did not save much of anything. We moved into a second hand mobile home. It was very small and compact.

Now here comes the surprise! This man and wife had us keep the earnest money and they did not want the farm. There we were, all moved Out in the teeny mobile home and our big empty house yet for sale. It went back on the market. A few weeks later, Mr. & Mrs. Schannep from South Whitley bought it with plans to make money on a resale. In a few years they sold the place to Mr. & Mrs. Keller. The Schanneps moved into a nice mobile home and located it in our yard where we live at the present time. They moved here because we hired him to operate a gladiola and perennial plant business.

### **REMODELING THE NEW HOME**

It did not take us too long to get the present place remodeled after Etta moved out. I never got to live on the west hill where my great grandfather Tindall lived in his log cabin. We moved our teeny mobile home under a shade tree and started to bulldoze the west hill in preparation for building a new house. Etta surprised us. She said she no longer could live alone and needed to go back to Hicksville and stay with the renters of her former home.

There we were with the dilapidated house, empty. This location was better than the west hill location. So we decided to remodel again. We moved our mobile home next to the old house near the east side entry door. Karl started on the bathroom after we got electricity. Using an outside toilet was a bore after living in our large home on route 101. It was so nice after the whole house was done. So I guess these inconveniences made us very appreciative to be able to be in a remodeled home again.





## KELLER REMODELING OF OLD HOME

The Kellers who bought our large home on 101 decided to remodel this big house. Mrs. Keller had to spend time in the hospital in order to keep off her feet. She spent much time looking at new kitchens pictured in the Better Homes and Gardens magazine. She decided to have changes made in her kitchen at home. She got rid of the wall between our den and kitchen and replaced it with a large open arch. Then the den was used for a kitchen table and chairs. She also had the floor finished with oak lumber. They also finished the bathrooms.

## A PREMONITION

In 1951 Mrs. Maurice Smith and her daughter Mary Ann were with friends and making a trip north on highway 101 to Harts Nursery. They bought strawberry plants and fruit trees.

On their way home, Mrs. Smith and her daughter and a small boy had to ride in the front seat. The back seat was pretty full of Nursery items. Only Mrs. Welch, the driver's wife could find room to sit in the back seat.

Near our home, there was a deep chuck hole near the west berm. The driver drove right into that hole. The children went under the dashboard. No one was really hurt.

At this time we had already sold our farm. The Kellers owned it.

This was the first time Inez Smith had been in this territory. Little did she know that someday, she would be living near this chuck hole and that the co-owners of Hart's Nursery built the house where she would raise her family. Two years after this event the Maurice Smith family bought this farm and they have lived there more than thirty years. They raised a family of seven in this house.

## NEW KADO-LATO FARM

Our deed shows that we bought this second Kado-Lato farm consisting of eighty seven acres from Etta Casebere on Jan. 11, 1947. Lavon had already gone to the Navy. Lavon was 18 years old. Tom was 8 years old. Karl was 44 years old and I was 42. At

this writing in 1990 we have lived here on New Kado-Lato farm 43 years.

We had many experiences during these 43 years of being together on historical family land. We had sold Kado-Lato farm #1. We parked in the yard, of that farm, a second-hand mobile home for awhile. After all the paper work was finished and deed signed we moved to our new location which was under the shade of an apple tree where our gas tank is located today. This place was best until we got our new house built on the top of the hill.

We had already told Etta that she could live in her own house and that we preferred to build a new one. We bulldozed a driveway up to that hill location and at same time had it leveled for a new home. Lavon was in the navy and Tom had his Gray Boy cat with him here in our eight ft. wide mobile home. Here came a surprise! Etta said she could no longer live alone and needed to go back to Hicksville and stay with the renters of her former home.

We had been here long enough to know that the location of the old dilapidated house was on a spot better than the top of the hill location. It was nicer for a drive-way. This house was so nice when Etta moved into it. She lived here 21 years. She made it a big mess.

The Tindall house was over a hundred years old. It had nine ft. ceilings. Karl and I knew that this old house was strongly built. It had been through several wind storms. It never wavered as it had random widths of hardwood boards of Maple or Oak put diagonally on the studs. I was willing to help remodel this old house. We just forgot the spot for a new house. We had already been here under the apple tree one year. Karl was teaching at St. Joe only three miles away.

In the summer we worked at growing and selling perennial plants and gladiolus. Our Tom was already a whiz at arranging and tying gladiolus in bunches of 12 flower spikes without bruising a flower. He was doing this in our garage of the big house on highway 101. He kept water in all the buckets. Since our older son Lavon was in the Navy and younger son Tom was only 8 years old; we could help Tom grow-up by giving him some experience in growing and selling flowers.

We lived in our small mobile home which was just west of the Hart's Nursery packing house here on Tindall's hill. We began a business of selling perennials to



greenhouses and gladiolus to the florists in Ft. Wayne. This new farm with sandy soil was great for this.



**Ellen, Lavon and Karl while Lavon was in the Navy.**

#### **BUYING THE NEW PANEL DELIVERY TRUCK**

Tom and his pet cat "Rusty", pet dog "Ginger", Karl and I lived in this small mobile home under the shade tree and hired help to assist with the business. Our business needed a covered walk-in truck. Due to the fact that this was just after the second world war, automobile companies had to ration orders to their dealers. We were able to find a custom built body through a Ft. Wayne dealer to be mounted on a Dodge chassis.

Karl went to Detroit on a Greyhound bus by the way of Toledo, Ohio. A little interesting item is that this Greyhound bus in which Karl was riding was only an express bus from Toledo to Detroit. It would not pick up passengers or leave them off until at the bus depot. By talking to one of the bus passengers Karl learned that he could get a ride on a street car to the Dodge factory to get the truck. The bus driver had rules that he didn't dare stop and let anyone off. Karl asked him if the next street had a red stop light would he open the door and let him out. As luck would have it the light turned red so the driver opened the door and let him out. Karl did this because a streetcar track crossed their line of travel going directly to

the Dodge factory. In a few minutes the streetcar arrived. He got on and finally got to the factory. He was able to get the truck that afternoon.

The first thing he had to do was find a gas station. He questioned himself, "Where is the gas cap?" On the floor of the truck was an eight inch square door to raise up to put in the gas.

On his way home he picked up a hitchhiker. A teenager who was going to a golf course to caddy. The young fellow settled down in this new truck and reached in his pocket and pulled out a packet of cigarettes. Karl said, "Hold it young man! This is a new truck. I don't smoke in it and I don't appreciate you smoking in it!" He was kind, and put his cigarettes away. He visited with Karl about the area and the best route home.

When Karl arrived home we all had to inspect this truck carefully, because we were going to haul tall cans filled with tall gladiolus in it. We had to allow buyers to walk in the truck, with us, to choose their choice of color. The truck was all steel. You could even get into the back part by stepping up in front like you get in a bus. The driver even opened the front doors like a bus. He was on a special seat to drive. We all decided we liked our new truck.



**Truck with flower baskets about to be loaded.**

#### **FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE**

Our father Clyde and his brother Fred were bosom buddies. Along with their wives





many days were spent in Florida during the winter. They first began going to Florida in the mid-twenties. When they left in the late Fall, family and friends gathered to wish them good traveling, because it took four or five long days to go from northern Indiana to Central Florida.

In Port Richey, Florida, the Hart brothers settled along the Pithlachacotee (Cotee) river. They and their wives lived there for many wonderful winters out of the cold and snow of northern Indiana.



**Clyde Hart whittled canes from cypress saplings while in Florida.**

the men during the day. They would gather to play games, whittle canes, peel cypress, or just plain swap stories. At night entire families from this area near the river would join in story and song around the burning embers of the campfire.

During his life, father Clyde had several businesses. Owning and operating a nursery, caring for farm animals, farming and teaching. When he was ready to go to Florida for the winters, he sold the farm and concentrated on the nursery business. He bought six acres of the original Washington Hart farm and built a packing shed for the nursery and remodeled the house. He planned to spend his winters in the warm climate of Florida and return back to Indiana in March when it was time to dig up strawberry plants and sell nursery stock. Later he gave the nursery business to his son-in-law Harold Kagey and daughter Alice Virginia. they lived further north on highway 101 and



**Dorothy Ellen, Clyde, Fred, Gladys, several friends and Alice Virginia a Clearwater beach in Florida. In 1946, father Clyde asked Alice and I to drive the car to Florida. We came back on the train. In 1947 Karl and Tom drove them to Florida and returned on the train.**

Harold built a two story nursery sales and storage building at that location. He ran the nursery until in the 1970's he had a massive heart attack and died.

Clyde and Fred Hart liked to dress as Rubes for parties and special occasions. They pretended to be unsophisticated country people just going to town for the first time. They would go to the Plant City Strawberry Festival dressed like Mr. and Mrs. Reuben. Fred had painted cheeks, red wig, long country style dress and shoes and purse. Clyde would wear a derby hat, She (Fred) kept the money which they argued over once in awhile. They would talk loudly to get attention from the crowd.

#### **LA VON AND TOM SELLING FLOWERS**

I always wanted to have our sons Lavon and Tom be able to have some useful experiences during their young days that would help them get a job some day when they were older. A person is always made wise by having good experiences. To meet with the public is a good experience. Especially when you wish to sell them something of value. I believe in pure common-sense values. Going to market with vegetables, and flowers fresh from the farm was good experience for a young lad. He had to learn how to make change. He also had to sell himself as a good salesman and answer questions and remember the flower





colors that certain people always bought. Actually living through an event or events is educational in so many different ways. To prepare and sell perennials and gladiola flowers was meeting the business men and learning their way of life.

## GETTING THE NEW PLYMOUTH

We owned a black Chevrolet sedan delivery truck when we lived on highway 101. We also had a sedan Chevrolet family car, which we traded in for a black Plymouth four door. After we moved here under the apple tree we were able to trade the black Plymouth for a new dark green four door Plymouth, while Lavon was at Boot Camp in the Navy.

There is an interesting story as to how we were able to get a new car. The second world war was just over and Harold Kagey, our brother-in-law, was a veteran. He could put his application in for a new car. Cars were allotted especially to veterans. He applied for a Chevrolet at Butler, Indiana. He also applied for a new Plymouth at Auburn, Indiana. Both of these cars came in for him at the same time and he did not need two cars. We helped him out. After he chose to take the Chevrolet we bought the new dark green Plymouth.

Lavon was home on leave from the Navy. On Saturday night we let him have our new Plymouth to go to the roller skating rink north of Auburn. He roller skated until it closed and then got in the new car and started home. Donald Knop was a church friend of Lavon's. He was at the skating rink, also. He had his dad's older car. Lavon decided to race with Donald in and around Auburn. Of course, the state police and sheriff saw this. The boys raced out on the road south of Auburn. The sheriff told us that he chose to chase the new car as the cars headed out of Auburn. The policeman thought the dad of that young man needed to know how his new car was being treated. We knew the sheriff and he told us how he brought Lavon and car to Spencerville to tell Karl what Lavon was doing. It was about 18 miles from Auburn to our mobile home on our new farm. It was around 11 o'clock and Karl and I were awakened by a rap on our mobile home door. When Karl opened the

door it was Lavon who rapped. Lavon said, "Dad, the sheriff wants to talk to you!" Karl emphatically said, "I haven't done anything!" Lavon said, "I have! and they asked me to get you. They want to talk to you and me." Karl said, "I'll get dressed!" I looked out toward the road and the officers had some red lights turned on. Karl and Lavon went out to the road. While they were gone I just felt awful. I could think of too many things that my son may have done. I kept hoping no one was hurt. The policeman told Karl what he saw happen. It was unlawful speeding and dangerous to others. Lavon was playing smart with a new car.

This unlawful thing Lavon did made me realize how much a parent hurts inside; when their offspring commits an unlawful act. Being his mother, I think, I hurt inside more than Lavon did. Karl said with emphasis, "Do to him whatever needs to be done!" The police told them that they should go to the justice of peace located at Waterloo, Indiana, the next day and he would have orders for Lavon. Karl went with Lavon to Waterloo. Lavon's drivers license was suspended for six months. Consequently he could not drive while on the rest of his leave.

After this was over, the sheriff visited with Karl. He told Karl how Lavon acted when he was having him go from Auburn to Spencerville to tell his dad about what he did with his dad's car. The sheriff and state trooper were following behind Lavon. Lavon pulled over and slowed down and put his arm out the window and motioned for them to drive up beside him, that he wished to say something to him. So they stopped and Lavon said, "I'll pay my fine to you if you don't take me home to my dad." The sheriff said, "No we are going to your home at Spencerville." He said, "Lavon did this kind of stopping another time and figured out something to offer if they didn't get dad out of bed". The sheriff was kind, but unyielding.

I think Lavon saw a cute high school girl skating around the rink, by the name of Lora Reas, while he was at the rink. We took Lavon to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in Ft. Wayne. His leave was over and he rode the train back to the Great Lakes Naval



Training Station. He has learned that each day is full of surprises.

## **STARTING THE PERENNIAL BUSINESS**

We were located under the shade tree, which was an apple tree, in our small mobile home for two and a half years. During this time we started in the perennial business. To grow and separate kinds of perennials is something like growing strawberry plants. The large old plant can be cut and pulled apart and a small amount of roots along with a chunk of the heart can be planted in a pot and grown for sale. We needed to have plots of different kinds of perennials with possibly 12 plants to tear apart when large enough to make little potted plants for sale.

The land north and close to the chicken coop which Hart's Nursery had rented and made into a sales room was perfect to sell perennials. We could get the large old plants quickly to the workbenches in the building to tear apart the plants and prepare them for sale.

We did not have to rent fields of sandy soil any more. We owned them. We owned the Harts Nursery packing house and sales room now also. We bought starts of different kinds of these hardy perennials to grow mother plants. These mother plants had to be kept clean from weeds. They were close to the packing house so we could run out and dig, break apart, and place a piece back in the spot. Then we used the rest of the mother plant to break-up and pot.

We needed a spot to place potted perennials that are potted and ready for sale. This place had to have partial shade and be near where they are prepared. Karl made two beds surrounded with cement walls. He had a walking space between. These beds were under an apple tree which was directly south of the packing house. It was beautiful in the Springtime.

Our business grew so rapidly that we hired extra help. The walk-in truck was ideal for hauling perennial pots placed in wooden flats. Our mobile home was close to this operation and I could make the home sales and help load the truck for delivery. Karl made special display racks for our

perennials. The nice part about perennial business was that you did not need a greenhouse. Perennials do not freeze, their flowers are attractive when in bloom, and the sandy soil made it easy to dig the big mother plant with clean roots.

Each day we were learning more about the perennial flowers and their habits and their names. One time our friend said, "That weed which we called butterfly bush has a new name. It is called "Asclepias." If you could find a word "Asclepias" in a seed catalog, it would be orange in color and late blooming. But the old timers knew it as a nuisance weed. It is beautiful when placed in the right spot and cultivated or among stones.

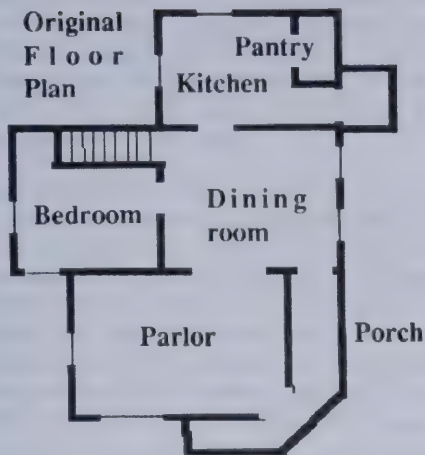
During the time we were living under the shade tree, Clyde Schannep sold our large house on route 101. He claimed that the mold in the barn made him ill and he could not live there. He sold it to Keller's. We needed hired help to hoe, cut the flowers and keep things going. We said, "Clyde, if you and your wife wish to put a mobile home in our yard, we will hire you to help in our business." They were happy to do that. Clyde loved to be outside and work and his wife liked a spot for some gardening.

## **REMODELING THE OLD TINDALL HOUSE**

We had put in electricity as soon as we moved. Etta Casebere never had any electricity. We wanted well water to our mobile home so we put an electric pump into the well pit to keep us supplied with water. We hired barn carpenters to do the basic walls and level and fix the flooring in this old Tindall house.







Etta and her helpers cleaned out the house and barn and I had to make a plan for our carpenters. The floor plan was like this. I had them put the porch space in the living room. This is a pleasant home. It is just like sitting outside, because the windows are low to the floor.



When you enter the front door all the rooms are open. You can see all the way to the kitchen sink with its nice plant arrangement in a copper container and corner windows. All the window sills and corner kitchen plant space are made of marble. In the living room you will see glass blocks set in mortar arranged together from floor to ceiling to allow daylight to enter in the small, handy,

dressings room. As your eyes keep looking there are glass blocks set in mortar around the deep freeze at the left end of built in bed with a scalloped ceiling. Above these blocks are unique shelves. These glass blocks give balance to the view from the front entrance door and hide the deep freeze from the dining area. The kitchen cabinets are white enameled metal. The Stucky Cabinet Co. in Ft. Wayne installed them.

Our ceiling was lowered. It was plastered in a swirl design. A Hicksville man who was highly recommended did an excellent job. Carpenter Harold Furnish lowered the ceilings. All the rooms on first floor had nine foot high ceilings in this old house. We did not want to use forced heat to heat that much space.

I know the sleeping space in the upstairs rooms of this over 100 yr. old house had very low ceilings because the only heat in the upstairs came from a register in the dining room ceiling which could be opened or closed. If opened, a little heat would go upstairs. They didn't want much space.

We did not raise the ceilings in the upstairs. This upstairs had three rooms and a closet above the stairway. The first room was an entry room with a floor register to help give heat while dressing.

Because there is space now between the upstairs floor and our ceiling below, the upstairs would be nice for a small compact apartment. The people upstairs would not disturb the people below because of this air space between. The downstairs people would not disturb the upstairs people either.

The old house was empty and carpenters, plumbers and masons were busy fixing it for us to move in. I spent much time in discussions with them. Karl wanted to do the inside finishing as I desired. He could spend evenings after school doing it. He knew I enjoyed looking at and drawing scallops so he used a key-hole hand saw and sawed out the many scallops need to complete the job.

I could see many spaces for shelves between the 2" x 4"s. Karl made the shelves and the trimming around them. Karl covered all the paneled inside doors with plywood





called Weldtex. This plywood was fluted, therefore fingers touching it would not make marks. I always had them painted with satin paint which did not shine. My choices of colors are deep, dark, blue-green which blended with other colors.

Karl used his, "on the spur of the moment" ingenuity to do the finishing touches in this new KADO-LATO house. I cleaned up his messes during the time he was teaching school in the daytime. His evenings were spent by doing the little details to get the house finished. We were very, very thankful for electricity and modern saws. We bought the tools that Karl needed to do fine work. -



Our oldest son Lavon has traits like his father. He houses and uses these modern sawing tools to do trimming jobs in his home. I didn't realize that this home was smaller than the big house on 101. I bought furniture which was too bulky, and also too much bulk on my big six foot windows. But I lived with this for quite some time.

Here came the nice surprise. Lavon and Lora Reas were writing back and forth while he was in the Navy. He could be with their daughter Lora. Lora was a high school

sophomore. He started dating her when he was discharged from the Navy in March, 1948. After a year of dating they started to talk of marriage when she graduated from high school. We thought they could possibly live in our upstairs if we made it into an apartment. They talked it over and said it would be O.K. if we did that. We knew Lavon had planned on going to college after he was out of the Navy. Our government was recruiting Navy men by giving them money to go to college.

Lavon was given the job of watering and placing perennial pots in the beds north of our packing house. We hired Lavon to help out after he got out of the Navy. He said he was going to North Manchester College and train to teach math and science. Before he left for the Navy, he claimed he would never become a teacher like his mom and dad. When he came home he told us he wanted to teach. I guess he came to the conclusion while he was in the service. North Manchester was a good teacher's college and close to home. He ought to be a good teacher. Both of his grandfathers were teachers. His two uncles and three aunts were teachers.



Lavon Hart takes his 10 year younger



## REMODELING THE APARTMENT

(I helped Karl and we decided to cover the upstairs walls with the fluted plywood on the upright walls in the east bedroom. We turned the little closet above the stairway into a shower room. The entry room had a kitchen sink put in and the room became a nice little kitchen with a pull-out table to eat around. The south bedroom was larger and nice for a living room.

Before Lavon went to the Navy he had saved \$1,000. We hired him to help us at different times. He always said this money would help to set up house keeping when he got married. He had already bought his own bedroom furniture. He had to buy rugs, lamps and bed davenport, chairs, refrigerator and stove. He did this with his \$1,000 and \$100 that Grandpa Clyde Hart gave them as a wedding present.

## A NEW DOCTOR IN TOWN

Our small town of Spencerville, Indiana had only one doctor by the name of Dr. Shook for many years. He was killed by a fast train when coming to Spencerville on Route 1 near the cemetery. We did not have a doctor in our town for several years. In the year 1947 a young doctor wished to set up a practice in our little town. Irving Venderly built a small doctor's office across the street from the post office for the new doctor to use. Later on when the doctor left, Irving added to this building, which is the restaurant in 1989.

## DISASTER ON THE SAND HILL

In the early Spring of 1949 our Kado-Lato family had a very exciting time. Our young 11 year old son- Tom- almost went to heaven. So did cousin David. On Tuesday morning the Barr street market was open for sales in the forenoon. Karl and I decided to take our truck full of perennials and annual plants to the market to sell. We would get back around the noon hour.

After we left to go to the Ft. Wayne market Lavon and Tom went over to Spencerville in our sedan delivery truck and went to grandma Lake's home along the St. Joe river in the northeast section of our town. My sister Esther was visiting our mother. She had her three sons David, Jerry and Steve with her. My sister Margaret's two daughters Donna Lou and little Carol were there at

grandma Lake's home also. Our son Tom was the same age as Esther's son David and these cousins enjoyed playing together. They wanted to all go home with Lavon and play in the sand.

They asked grandma if they could take her old-fashioned tire shovels along with them to shovel in the sand. She said they could.

David and Tom were 11 years old and the other cousins were younger. Little Carol was the youngest. They all piled into the sedan delivery truck and went back to our home after Esther and Lavon said they could go until noon.

It rained a couple days before this and the sand could be moved easily and it stuck together. Lavon said they could play up there on the top of the hill where we had bulldozed. This spot was a long way over a bridge. You go past the barn and up a hill from where Lavon was going to be working in front of the packing house. Yet Lavon could see them playing.

In about an hour he decided to go up to this place and see what they were doing. He saw them digging pretty deep with these old coal shovels. The shovels were tiny and easy to use. The old timers shoveled ashes out of their coal stoves with them. The two oldest cousins used the shovels and each one had fairly deep holes dug and they had completed an s-shaped tunnel which was barely large enough to crawl through. Lavon thought they were doing all right and having fun. He said emphatically to all six of them. "Don't dig a Dig a tunnel, so no one can get trapped in it." He didn't know they already had a tunnel built, so he walked the distance back to work again in front of the packing house.

Time went on and we got home about 11:30. As we turned in our driveway we saw little Carol coming toward us across the ditch bridge. She shouted to Lavon and said, "They're buried!" Lavon was talking to his friend, Marion Baker, and he took off running toward the hill shouting back at Marion as he ran, "Come on! I'll need your help." When he saw a leg sticking out of the sand and no sign of the other boy, he turned toward the house and yelled a very loud, "DAD." That word and the sound of Lavon's voice told Karl something very serious had happened. I heard his call and Clyde Shannep in his trailer heard the screaming word "DAD". Clyde ran toward the hill and I ran. Our





neighbor, Claude Laub and son, across the road saw this and they came running. The neighbor's wife Grace called the fire department. She could see us all up there on our knees digging sand.

Lavon was on his knees trying to dig out David. All we could see was David's foot from above his ankle. It was moving but soon stopped.

Everyone could only push sand away from David's foot with their two hands. God was with us. All this help came just at the right time.

They got David out and Clyde Schannep held him up and Karl and Lavon slapped his face and said, "David, where is Tom?" David came to and they again said, "David, where is Tom?" David turned his head and looked and pointed to a spot and said, "There." All these helping people sunk to their knees and started pulling sand. Pretty soon Tom's lower back of his shoulders came into view. All hands dug him out to his waistline. They could not pull him completely out of the hole because of the sand packed around his body.

Tom's eyes were set and full of sand. His complexion was blue and sallow. He was limber. Karl straddled Tom while Lavon and others held him upright. He could not lay Tom down to administer artificial respiration because Tom's lower part of body was still in the sand. Karl reached into the hole and placed his hands on both sides of Tom's chest. Karl squeezed in the right rhythm as if he was on his back. Karl's hand on his back was the same to Karl as if he was laying down. Karl squeezed his hands in the proper rhythm by thinking: PLACE-PUSH-RISE-RELEASE-REST. He thought these words very slowly. He was so excited that he wanted to speed them up. After Karl did this rhythm about three times, Karl felt a strong heart beat hit his thumb. Karl's thumb was directly over Tom's heart. Tom's complexion changed and he was revived. Thanks to all the help that arrived at the right time and the training that Karl had taken years ago at General Electric Co., never expecting to have to use it.

The General Electric Co. had all their workers learn artificial respiration when Karl worked there. I think Lavon was trained to do resuscitation in the Navy also. God was with us all the way. We even had the new doctor

in Spencerville to help out. So many people came at the right time. This was a miracle.

The fire department arrived and was starting up the hill toward us. A man was carrying a resuscitator to help revive if necessary. Karl called to them and said, "Don't bother I just got him."

I thought I would go to the house. I went the wrong direction. I was still in shock. I was going west down the hill. someone called to me and said, "Ellen you're going the wrong way." I turned around and had to come up and over the hill. When I got on top of the hill everybody was gone. I did not know where. I knew I should tell my sister Esther about this and she was at my mother's home in Spencerville. I walked down toward our barn to go to the house. Dwight Koch drove out to the barn and told me that he would take me to the doctor's office where Tom and David were being examined for broken bones or sand in their lungs.

When I walked in the doctor's office he had Tom laying on his examining table. I told Karl I was going up to mother's house and tell Esther, David's mother, about this. Esther said I came in grandma Lake's living room to tell her about the sand cave-in. She said I looked real excited and unhappily said, "Esther!! Our boys!!" and I hesitated to complete my statement. She thought, what did David do? I was still in shock and said, "They are on the doctor's table." Then I hesitated and said, "If it hadn't been for David," and I just stood there and Esther became excited and almost shook me to find out what I was trying to say. She claims I was still in shock. Esther said to me, "What did David do?" and I said, "Well, they were buried in the sand and David had his foot out so then we knew where they were." Esther and Grandma were relieved that they were O.K. I drove our car from the doctor's office up to this short distance to mother's house. Esther said, "Let's go to the doctor's office." We got in my car and went to the office.

Doc had examined both boys and said they should rest in bed and be looked after to check on their breathing to see if sand may have gotten in their lungs. I said, "Lets get Tom home. We should call grandma and grandpa Hart about this." We all got in our car and went home. We didn't think how Esther and David would get back to mother's house. Someone who was watching all of





these traumatic events, took them back up to Grandma Lake's home.

Esther watched David all night off and on, to make sure he was breathing O.K. and didn't have sand in his lungs. David said that when he heard the rumbling noise of sand that he lengthened his body by plunging backwards toward the opening of the sand tunnel where he was throwing dirt out as Tom handed the shovel full of dirt to him. This is why only one foot was out of the sand. God knew we needed David's foot sticking out.

To save the lives of David and Tom many hands were needed instead of shovels to move the sand so David could tell where Tom was. Our few hands were not enough. I'm sure God was with us and with David and Tom. Tom suffered back aches and had to be in bed awhile. Tom told us when he heard this deep heavy continuous rolling sound, it was right then that he couldn't move. This tends to prove that the tunnel started to cave in where Tom was located.

When Tom was able to talk about the cave-in, I asked him what he saw and how he felt when the sand covered him. He said he thought what an awful way to die! Then he saw an unexplainable type of light. The next thing he was being handled by some people and he heard talking and his eyes felt funny.



**David and Tom at Grandma Lake's**

When the boys recovered enough to have their pictures taken Lavon had them stand near the spots where they had dug in the sand, so he could get a picture of this catastrophe.



**David said, "It's a long, long way for people to come and help when we were buried in the sand. How could my body stay alive that long?"**



**"We built a tunnel here and it caved in on us. Our other four younger friends had gone through it and it didn't cave in on them. People appeared miraculously and dug us out." This happened in 1949.**



## ANNIVERSARIES AND WEDDINGS IN 1950



**50th Wedding picture for Clyde and Gladys Hart**

(top row) Lora & Lavon Hart; Ellen & Karl Hart; Harold, Melissa, & Alice Kagey; Lehr & Berniece Wilder (lower) Tom Hart, Clyde & Gladys Hart, Mary, Bill & Bob Wilder



**Wedding Party of Lavon and Lora Hart on June 3, 1950**

(top row) Frank Laub, Richard Hart, Dean Cornell, Lavon and Lora Hart, Marlene Cook, Amy Wagner, Joan Cook.





## LAVON OUT OF NAVY, MARRIAGE

In the summer of 1948 Lavon was out of the Navy. He enrolled in the North Manchester Teacher's College. He rode his motorized bicycle one time to North Manchester. I remember him dismantling the bicycle motor with all the parts in their special places. All spread out on our patio. I got this warning, "Do not touch or move anything." He was able to get the parts back in place again. This helped him to learn to dismantle and repair small gasoline motors. His father never learned this. Karl claims that he only had experience in large motors.

All our downstairs doors were beautifully finished with fluted plywood weldtex. Karl used the left overs to finish off the upstairs doors and walls. The upstairs was to be finished as an apartment for Lavon and Lora to live after their marriage. They would be spending the winter months in college and the summer months helping us. Our big truck was handy for them to move the needed things in the Spring and in the Fall. They only had a big round folding card table and folding chairs to entertain company for a meal.

They were married June 3, 1950. Before the marriage Lavon spent much time painting, varnishing and completing this apartment. Karl was right there to help. The weldtex plywood walls were painted in a diffusion of light, pale, colors. The compact little kitchen had to be supplied with a small refrigerator and electric stove. Karl even put a little shelf on the wall above the stove for setting salt and pepper shakers. We were very happy to go to the wedding which was held in the Newville church. Lora was a beautiful bride. Her mother Flotilla Reas spent many hours sewing on Lora's wedding dress. We were very happy to have a girl now in the Karl Hart family. The apartment only had the bedroom and kitchen finished with necessities. The living room had a nice rug that covered most of the floor. After the wedding and reception, Lora's family brought the wedding gifts to the apartment and placed them all in the living room. When Lavon and Lora arrived back from their honeymoon they could enjoy looking at their gifts and deciding how to use them. They went to Chicago and around Lake Michigan on their honeymoon.

When they got back home they chose a davenport that makes into a bed. It was too large to go up our stairway. How was it going to get into their living room? Karl

proceeded to disassemble the davenport. Lora was greatly excited when he did this. He had to put it through the window somehow.

Lora enjoyed cooking. Her sister Dorothy and family helped her with their recipes. Lora was the youngest sister of her family. Her older sisters had tried out recipes that turned out well and delectable which they were happy to give to Lora. She worked in North Manchester during the winter months to help get Lavon through college. The G.I. Bill money he received from being in the Navy was not enough. In the year 1952 we had a grand surprise. We were invited to go upstairs to Lavon and Lora's apartment for an evening meal. During this time they told us that we were going to become Grandma and Grandpa. We were happy about this. So were they.

On Jan. 12, 1953 our grandson Larry Michael was born. He was so strong and apt that Lora's sister Dorothy said he should be called Mike.

There was just room enough for a high chair to set along the wall between the bathroom door and bedroom door nicely. Soon the windows had to have special latches hard to open and a gate had to be at the head of the stairs. Larry was creeping and later walking.

We knew they wanted to build a new house and Lavon could borrow money at a reasonable rate if he had a lot already paid for. We deeded him two acres. They made plans with a builder to build their house. Karl and Lora's brother-in-law, Wayne Fetters, kept looking in on the job. Lora kept happily looking at it from our upstairs window. Lavon was teaching at Washington Center School near Ft. Wayne. He spent many hours at his desk at home which was located in the south west corner of their apartment living room.

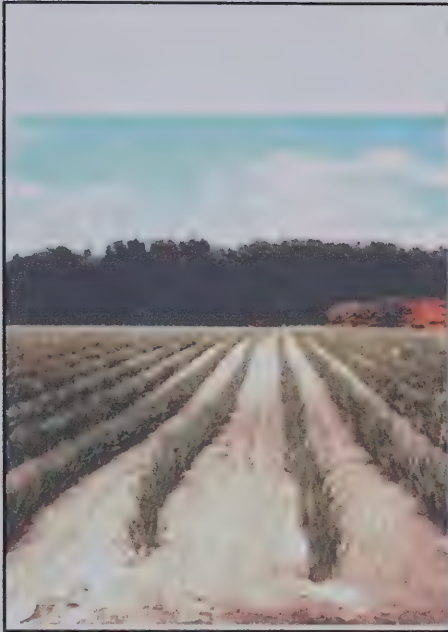
## SUMMERS CUTTING GLADIOLAS

Tom was now a teenager and so was David Cook who is Tom's first cousin. David came to Indiana and stayed with us and helped cut gladiolus and bunch them. He even helped make sales at the Ft. Wayne farmers market. We paid him wages which were average then.

Tom and David did not like to cut glads at daylight, in the morning, when it was cool before the sun came up. So Karl let them do the job when they wished, but it had to be







done. One day they didn't get up early and they were out there cutting when the sun was beating down on them. They got extremely tired. After this one time of cutting in the sun they never complained about getting up early.

They have to stoop and cut just in the right spot on the flower stem and all the while cutting, your other arm is carrying the flowers. When your arm gets heavy and full of flowers you go to the buckets of water in a trailer and put them in water. Then you walk in sand back to the row of flowers and cut some more and put them in water. You do this till the designated rows of flowers are cut and in water. This is not easy.

The nice work is counting the flowers while sitting in a cool basement on a stool. Usually the rest of the day was doing this after the truck was loaded with the flowers that were cut and bunched the day before.

The first year that David came we needed rain very badly. It rained real hard when we drove to get David from the train. We told him California rain was what we needed. The next year when he came we needed rain and we said, "David will bring us some." The time came to go get him and the sun was shining brightly. We met him at the train station and as he stepped down the steps from the train we experienced a few big drops of rain but a mighty little. We always said for fun, that "David brought us rain."

The last year David was here he scouted around and found a pretty good used car



1953 at a Chinese restaurant in Los Angeles, California



which needed new upholstery and a few other things. In the 1950'S you could buy a pretty good used car for \$200, which is what David had. He wanted to drive this car back to California, so Carl had the motor checked and David drove his car back home to California.

## FAMILY PICS

1953 at a Chinese restaurant in Los Angeles, California (see previous page)



(Aunt Laurena (Charpie), Grandma Francena (Lake) and aunt Florena (Kugler), in the background, aunt Bessie (Lake) and aunt Flossie (Rhoades). Larry Hart is in the foreground



Grandma Francena and aunt Laurena

## TOM'S PETS



Ginger the Dog



Ginger (the dog)(1946-1969)



Hard to chose one of Ginger's pups



Rusty (the cat)





In March of 1948 Karl decided to start a maple sugar camp in our Tindall woods. He tapped around 200 hard maple trees. He bought emptied tin cans which the frozen eggs were delivered in to the Perfection Biscuit Company in Ft. Wayne. The only thing new that he used in this camp were the nails. All the other things were recycled. The framework for the boiling room was made with sassafras poles. He had acquired some used lumber for sheeting to place under corrugated galvanized siding and roofing. The building had three rooms. The middle room was the boiling room. The room toward the south had a bunk to rest on, a rocking chair for sitting and a long shelf to use for straining and canning the syrup. In the north room dry wood was stored to use for boiling down the sap. Dry wood was best; mostly from sticks found while cleaning up the woods. In the middle room was the boiling pan to boil down the maple sap. The syrup had to be thick enough to weigh eleven pounds to the gallon. This takes a lot of boiling. The white wet steam had to flow out of this middle room. The side walls of this boiling room had the top sheet of corrugated steel removed to let the steam out. The chimney was in the resting room on the south side. This chimney made this room nice and warm to sit in, or work in during the month of March.

The boiling pan was placed on an arch made out of cement. These cement walls were about 8 inches thick and about three feet high. There was an opening in the north end to keep putting wood in to form the heat to boil down the sap. This opening had a steel door which went up and down. It was rigged up with rope and pulleys. It was counter-balanced with a couple of plow points. Karl used a hose to keep the little sap storage tank full so that fresh sap was always ready to use when needed. He had a spigot right next to the pan to turn the sap on or off. The storage horse tanks were up on a hill. Sap ran by gravity from tank to tank to the boiling pan level.

I had fun making taffy. I even boiled eggs for lunch. To go to the woods and hear the dripping sap dropping in the cans is an experience never to be forgotten. Karl worked very hard carrying cans of sap from each tree and dumping sap in a tank which was in the trailer on his tractor. He would use a five gallon bucket and go from tree to tree and emptying the sap from tree cans in this bucket. When the big bucket was full he went to the

trailer and poured it in the horse tank. To walk in a woods is very tiring. The bucket was heavy. The sap had to be kept boiling 24 hours each day. a person had to be at the camp all night keeping wood in the arch to keep the boiling going. Lavon did the night duty of stuffing wood in the arch. He said, to hear night owls hoot was an eerie feeling for him.

I spent many days in the woods watching Karl make maple syrup. The gathering of sap from tree to tree was too hard for me to do. I thought about this beautiful woods with so many different trees and such beautiful wild flowers. Some of those trees had to be over 100 years old. The boiling and preparation of maple syrup was not worth the time and labor. We did not make it more than three years.

When I was a girl my sisters and I spent many Sunday afternoons picking wild flowers in Tindall's woods. This woods joined our small woods along the St. Joe river. Little did I know that someday I would own this nice popular woods. People hunted in it, picked mushrooms there, had sugar camps and even trapped along the river. There was trapping done in this woods to catch fox. I thought that since this woods was now the Kado-Lato farm woods that I could make it easier for walking, if we developed a walking trail. Karl said, "Go ahead and figure out where it should go." I said, "I can clip off brush with a long pair of clippers while you do the maple syrup." He said, "Fine." I was selfish. I was thinking of how nice it would be to walk in the woods and not have to push brushy limbs out of my way.

## FISHING

When we bought this farm we considered doing some fishing. A good old-time neighbor had a boat. He used this boat for spearing fish in the fall season when the water was clear and low. Karl borrowed the boat to use in the summer time. When fishing he would fasten a line on a tree limb that hung low over the water. One morning when he was checking his limb lines; one line was hanging limp over a log next to the bank. When he grabbed the line to check it, a ten pound carp was hanging on the hook. Karl's boat was along the side of the log. This carp flopped under the boat. It splashed water in Karl's face and broke loose. This made Karl wet and wiser.





Karl enjoyed putting outlines across the river. By doing this he never knew what kind of fish we might find hanging on the hooks. Sometimes it would be rock bass, cat fish, bass, suckers and sun fish. One time he caught a shad. Catching a shad bothered him because they usually were found in Lake Erie.

## THE WAGGONER'S

How we met the Waggoners: John Cook told it this way. John was teaching a Bible school class in our Coburntown Church. He watched for his chances to invite new families to Sunday School. Each Sunday the Cook family would drive past the Waggoners on their way to church.

One Sunday, Ralph Waggoner was outside along his driveway, when John was going to church. John quickly on the spur of the moment turned into the driveway and talked to Ralph. After introducing himself, John asked Ralph, "Are you glad there is a church in our community?" Ralph said, "Yes, we are glad." John explained, "I'm teaching the married people's class and I want to invite you to come to Sunday School." Ralph was amazed. Ralph said, "You're a Bible class teacher with a pipe in your mouth?" John hesitated and thought a little bit. Then John said, "If this pipe keeps you from going to our Sunday School class, I'll get rid of it!" John took the unfilled pipe out of his mouth and threw it as hard as he could out into the nearby pasture field. He said, "Mr. Waggoner let us see you some Sunday! If we

have a church near, we all have to help keep it going." Ralph said, "I'll try to make it next Sunday." He did, because he was already involved in church duties back home and had not settled in yet in their new home.

My brother-in-law loved to read. John read the Bible for pleasure. He could not remember any place where the Bible said that you should not use tobacco. John was a cigarette smoker, too. But John did remember that the Bible gave advice that you should not put a stumbling block in front of your brother. (Mark 2:8).

John figured it was a mistake to buy tobacco. He never touched it after this. The next Sunday the Waggoners came to church and were special people with special talents. Sue was a special musician. Ralph had organization talents and their son, Larry, was active in the youth group of the Church. It wasn't long until Ralph was elected superintendent and Sue was our pianist.

Sue's brother, Jerry Zimmerman and wife Betty, joined the church. Sue tells me that 18 members of the church were immersed in Christian baptism in the St. Joe River under the Dill's Covered Bridge. The Waggoner family was three of them. Jerry Zimmerman organized a Church Orchestra. (below) Karl played the trombone, Tom the bells, Cousins Bob (Drums), Mary (Clarinet) and Bill (Clarinet) Wilder among several others. In 1991 Sue is still teaching piano lessons.







**Church chorus in the early 1950's**

### **TOM'S BACKGROUND**

In 1953, Tom joined the high school band. He played a glockenspiel. Many times he practiced marching with his instrument in our horse-shoe driveway. Riverdale High School was not large enough to have a large band. They played at fairs and anyplace that they had a chance to win a prize. Usually they wore just white knit shirts. They were usually successful in placing high in most contests. In 1955, they were finally able to buy band uniforms.

Tom joined the 4-H Club. Bob Witt was the leader. His farm was at the edge of Spencerville. The Witt family had animals for their projects. Tom used vegetables, forestry, photography, entomology and electric projects. He wired up floor and table electric lights using gray driftwood found on our way to Key West, Florida.

I remember the first time he did a demonstration. It was in Bob Witt's barnyard one evening. For his vegetable project Tom used a head of cabbage and cleaned it for display at the fair. He had to talk while he worked. He used two heads of cabbage. Both heads were just pulled out of the soil with the roots left on. He just whacked off with a knife the head from the stem and

roots. He just kind of haphazardly picked a leaf or two off, he set the head on a plate. This was the wrong way. Next he picked up another head and carefully cut the head from the root so that the open cut would be a clean level horizontal cut. He checked the leaves as to color when he pulled them off the head. He picked up the first head of cabbage and said, "This was not a good choice of cabbage to pull up in the first place." He showed by pushing in the top of the cabbage head. It pushed easily. He said, "To make good cabbage slaw, the head should be hard to push in." He showed the hardness of the better head. He placed them both nicely toward the front of the card table and thanked the audience for their kind attention. The audience was several mothers and fathers sitting on bales of straw placed here and there in the Bob Witt's barn lot. Tom's first cousin Mary Wilder was good at demonstrations also.



**Clyde and Gladys Hart family honoring their 55th wedding anniversary**

4-H is a good organization if there is a good leader. It is extremely educational in so many ways. He was awarded several first prizes at the Indiana State Fair. His gardening display was used as an example for many years in the State Fair Prize Awards Book.

Our family and friends helped him, too. The entomology project required boxes of insects and butterflies all stretched and labeled and displayed under glass. He collected six boxes full of different kinds.





They were displayed for first prize money at the State Fair.

In photography he compared an old barn and the way it looked when it was remodeled. It was nice as we had just finished remodeling our Tindall 100 year old barn.

Tom also entered a national competition in 4-H demonstration. He created a living room greenhouse using a daylight electric fluorescent light fastened to the bottom of a drawer from an old fashioned table height storage cabinet. The plants were in glass dishes placed in the deep lower section under the lighted lid. African violets started and grew well in this greenhouse atmosphere.

Tom used three easels that held up cardboards. He meticulously printed the important points in his demonstration on these cardboards. The prime purpose of keeping the lid closed was to keep moisture available to leaves. The light bulb kept an even temperature. National competition kept his parents and friends and teachers all busy with suggestions to help in the improvement of the project each time he won. He came in first in the county competition. Next he won in the district competition. He earned first place in State Competition. By that time the interest was very high among our teacher friends to come to our home and watch his demonstration with the idea of helping him "improve" or "add to" in order to win at the international show which was held at Cincinnati, Ohio.

After all this practicing in our living room, we loaded all his equipment in the back end of our Packard automobile and went the day before to practice a little in the hotel room so that Tom would feel confident the next day.

Tom would be giving this demonstration in stiff competition in front of an audience of parents, teachers and agricultural agents from all over the United States. I was proud of him because he seemed to be at ease. After the first round of competition, Tom was in first place. The second round, included only the top five entrants. That night Tom caught a terrible cold, but he went on anyway. The only problem he had was

answering one judge's question, "What is the temperature in your greenhouse?" Tom had never been asked this question, so he made up one. Tom's demonstration finally received third place in this International show. We were all happy to get that far in 4-H activities.

Tom did his electric demonstration in 1954. To be a 4-H member and do all the projects offered was like getting a smattering of a college education. I feel like the electric greenhouse demonstration was not old-fashioned enough; cooking projects won the first and second prize.



#### newspaper clipping

The Hoosier Farmer Magazine featured the Indiana State 4-H Electric Achievement Trip Winners. Our Tom was one of them. He along with three other high school juniors from Indiana were presented with a wonderful trip to Washington and New York sponsored by Westinghouse Corp.

In past years 4-H Club meant you belonged to a young farmer's club. This club offered projects of animals, vegetables, sewing and cooking. I was a leader of a sewing group in Spencer Twp. Donna Mae (Washler) Davis and Fara Lee (Walters) Baidinger were two members which I remember. Treadle sewing machines were used.

In 1956, Tom graduated from Riverdale high school, St. Joe, Indiana. Karl and I sat on the front seat because we were parents.





This was the time the teachers got together and gave out awards. Tom and his friends were unhappy because Tom didn't get the award for being the best overall student. The one that received that award did a few bad things which the pupils knew about, but the teachers didn't know. We sat there and wondered what award Tom would get. Pretty soon a scholarship award was given to Thomas L. Hart. Still Tom's friends were unhappy. We told them that they ought to be happy that he did well in a test to get a scholarship.

During Tom's high school days we went to every basketball game. Tom had a voice that carried louder than the cheerleaders. There was always a place saved for him to sit. We always had our car full of high schoolers. Tom knew this. He went with the senior class on a trip to New York. Because of 4-H award Tom had already been to New York. He served as a guide. The class had gone to a show. After the show it was raining. Tom had a raincoat to put on and others did not, so Tom offered to walk. The cab was full. While he was walking a guy jumped out from a shadow and grabbed at Tom to mug him. Tom's coat was wet and slippery so Tom got away from him easily and hurried to cross with the green light.



**The old Barr Street Market, Ft. Wayne, Indiana in 1956**

After high school, Tom decided to work in Ft. Wayne and ride with Karl. A friend of Tom's in church was working at the Kroger Bakery. Tom tried to get a job with several companies in Ft. Wayne. They only hired Ft. Wayne residents. Then he went to the Kroger employment office. The answer was, "Sorry there aren't any openings." He went right from there to the bakery which was near. He rapped on the bakery door and asked for the boss and told him that he knew Dick Miller who worked there. Tom



**Clyde and Gladys Hart's 60th wedding anniversary**



was hired. He worked his way through college by working in the library at college and Kroger bakery in the summer. During his Freshman year he worked the breakfast shift in the new girl's dorm and prepared the coffee, among other tasks, for spending money.

Tom enjoyed being with the college students at Sunday morning coffee hour before church. It was at one of these coffee hours that he saw Sherry Lynne Diekman as a freshman from southern Indiana. Tom was a Junior. When he came home on the weekend he told about how beautiful this freshman girl was. I said, "Did you date her?" He said, "No, she probably is already fixed up with a home guy." I said, "Don't assume that, until you find out for sure." He would do that anyway without me telling him to. These college men know beauty when they see it.

Sherry had been the beauty queen of Knox County, Indiana and competed in the Miss Indiana State Fair Contest. It wasn't long until Tom bought a red 1957 Ford convertible to travel to Freelandville in southern Indiana. He met Mr. and Mrs. Burton Diekman and loved them, too.

Tom graduated from Ball State Teachers College in 1960 and accepted a teaching position in Kokomo Indiana. Sherry was still at Ball State Teachers College. He displayed his 6 boxes of 4-H Entomology in the Elwood Haynes Junior High Library. He taught and supervised the building of a new home for Sherry and him to live in. They were married in 1962.

Tom was fortunate when he married into the Diekman family. His father-in-law was a carpenter. Tom was a good learner. One time Sherry and Tom came home and said, "We know about an opening for an assistant



Tom and Sherry Hart's wedding party in 1962





professor of educational media at Purdue University". Tom said "Sherry's father thought this would be a good move for us."

There is a little story about getting this position and how 4-H helped. When one speaks of Purdue University one thinks of agriculture and engineering. The University has branched out into many other areas today.

In 1960 Tom was "librarian" and taught other classes in the Elwood Haynes Junior High in Kokomo. Tom's experiences of helping in the college library at Ball State Teachers College and becoming acquainted with the president's wife, Mrs. Emens, caused him to get enthused about library work. She loved library science and her enthusiasm brushed off on Tom. He entered courses at Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio to get a Library Science Masters. He became active as sponsor of the Student Media Association in Indiana. Oh yes, again Karl and I went to Cleveland to the graduation services when Tom received his MLS at Western Reserve University. Any aspect of library media provides enjoyment for Tom.

Tom and Sherry were happy in their new home at Kokomo. Their yard was beautiful. I remember their sweet pea flowers. They had a cement patio in the back. There was enough room to have a sweet pea flower bed from the edge of the cement to the southeast corner of the house. Those vines were trained on strings to go to the eaves of the house.

When we visited the flowers covered the vines to the eaves. The aroma of sweet peas and beauty of new blossoms opening will always be in my memory. Sherry's mother kept picking these flowers and delivering bouquets to the sick. The house floor plan looked like this:



house plan

Tom and Sherry survived the 1965 Palm Sunday Tornado which caused a great amount of damage in central Indiana. Sherry said she was looking out the front window and saw a parked car lift up and set down. Tom had her hand and was pulling her toward the bathroom for safety. The noise was like a railroad train speeding down the track and coming closer and closer. It was raining hard. The wind roared through Kokomo so quick and so destructive that it was all over by the time they got to the bathroom.

It came over the Hometown Elementary School P.A. system (where I was teaching) that a tornado had roared through Kokomo. Tom and Sherry lived there. So I got in my Buick and headed for home and got Karl and we speeded toward Kokomo. It was dusk and gloomy, cool and wet all the way. Around the outskirts of Kokomo were sights of disaster.

Everywhere trees were uprooted and some were laying on top of homes. What was a beautiful woods was now a mass of twisted limbs on top of each other. The old brick houses were still standing and most of the old houses had just lost a roof. In the new subdivisions about every house was laying in a pile. As we came closer to Kokomo we sure hoped our family was spared. When we arrived no one was home and we could not get in the house. Finally Tom and Sherry came.

They were helping neighbors who's homes were destroyed and helping to keep looting from happening. The new school building was almost in shambles. Tom had just completed cataloging and arranging the collections in the library. The room was not disturbed. The cleanup after the tornado was difficult.

The news about the different happenings during this Palm Sunday Tornado was really on the go for awhile. A story which I remember was about a man taking a bath upstairs in an old fashioned bathtub with legs on it. This made the tub movable. The tub with the naked man in it was set out in the middle of an open field.

At this time Tom and Sherry were already making plans to move from Kokomo to West Lafayette. Tom had accepted a position to be an assistant professor of educational media at Purdue University, working with Carolyn Whitenack. He also served as a





consultant with the Indiana Department of Public Instruction and finished his MLS at Western Reserve University.

Another new house to be built. Sherry's mother and father helped build this new house. Again father-in-law (Carpenter) was very much appreciated. Burton (Sonny) Diekman is an excellent carpenter. Karl and I loved to visit with them. Sonny would kindly take us around and show the projects which he was working on. He helped Tom build their house at West Lafayette. Carpentry was not a spotlight in Tom's early life so building a new house was a new adventure for him.

The new house floor plans looked like this:



Tom read a book and did the electric wiring.

Sherry's mother and father admired this location. They bought land next to and behind where the new house was being built. Soon they were building a new house for themselves and later some apartments.

Tom spent a year in Cleveland, working on his doctorate. During this time Sherry taught at East Clark elementary school in Cleveland. This was hard for her to do because the cooperation of parents and children was not up to par. Leave it to

Sherry, she saw it through. They then moved from Cleveland to Muncie, Indiana. A little experience can be written about their moving day. The truck was piled high and Sherry had a bag of different shoes that matched her clothes. This bag was on top and it wriggled off the truck and landed in the center lane of the toll road. It was a difficult job to get them back on the truck.

In the fall of 1967 Tom went back to Ball State University as a faculty member in the Library Science department. Our grandchild, Christopher was born, June 4, 1968.

Christopher is a senior at Ball State University where his mother and father earned several degrees.

The period from 1967 to 1989 is explained very well when Sherry was asked by the Editor of Florida Media Quarterly to write a SPOTLIGHT on her husband Tom Hart.

When I read the closing paragraph of what Sherry thought many times about her husband Tom explains what Lora could say about her husband Lavon. Our sons, Lavon and Tom, are known now as the Hart



# Spotlights...

## Tom Hart

By  
Sherri Hart

*Editor's Note: This article was generously contributed at our request.*

Tom Hart was born in Spencerville, Indiana longer ago than he likes to think! After graduating from Ball State Teachers College, he launched his teaching career at Elwood Haynes Junior High in Kokomo, Indiana. In 1960 he was the "librarian" and taught a three hour "block" consisting of English, Spelling, and Social Studies to 7th graders. One of the exciting projects they did "way back then" was for students to pick topics they were interested in. Their classroom subjects were then centered around, for example, the stock market, fashion, or industry in Kokomo. Field trips to a car plant production line, reports, and information were good things that came from this type of innovative teaching.

All during this time Tom was "librarian" and active as sponsor of the Student Media Association in Indiana. In fact, as soon as he returned home from his honeymoon in 1962, he and Sherry Lynne spent the week at Indiana University chaperoning media students at their state conference. He was also a member of the Indiana School Librarians Association and was chosen "Media Man of the Year" in 1965.

In that Spring, Tom moved to a new Junior High in Kokomo that was just completed. All the cards and books had not even been shelved at Maple Crest when the Palm Sunday tornado roared through town and destroyed the school.

The next week he put his house up for sale, sold it, and moved to West Lafayette to be Assistant Professor of Edu-

ther-in-law build a house for us. One day in particular, Tom gave an opening school year speech in Washington Township, Indianapolis and then that afternoon carried "hod" for laying the blocks for the house foundation. He also learned how to roof, put up 2 X 4s, bleach paper, trusses, dry wall, and finish hard wood floors. He wired the house, which he learned how to do from a book he checked out of the Tippecanoe Public Library!

In the Fall of 1967, Tom went back to Ball State as a faculty member in the Library Science Department. Those were exciting times; a son, Christopher, was born, and there was lots of federal money available for building renovations, and instructions. Tom directed some summer and one year long institutes for librarians from disadvantaged

areas, using these funds. Some of the planned activities besides classes and a week long field trip to the media centers in the East, were horseback riding, swimming lessons by Peggy Sullivan, and visits to soul food restaurants. Finding houses for some of these students and families was aided by Mrs. Aileen Emens, the President of Ball State's



At the '88 conference, the Legislative assembly was led by Tom Hart, with President-Elect Petit, President Barkholz, Lobbyist Mary Margaret Rogers, and State Supervisor Sandy Ulm on the platform.

ational Media at Purdue University, working with Carolyn Whitenack. He also served as a consultant with the Indiana Department of Instruction and finished his MLS at Case Western University.

While at Purdue University, Tom received some of his first instruction in house building when he helped his fa-

FMQ/Spring 1989/7





wife, who was a former library science student. One of the institute students, Doris Hicks, became the Rochester, N.Y. Director of Media, and the recipient of the Encyclopedia Britannica Award. Another institute student was Bobby Sharpe who became the Director of Media for Kansas City Schools.

Some of the speakers who came to the institutes were: Dr. Mary Gaver, Dr. Lester Asheim, Dr. Jean Lowrie, Mr. George Heineman, vice president in charge of programming for NBC, and Mrs. Sara Srygley of Florida State University. I remember one evening when Tom, Christopher, and I were having dinner in the Ball State Union with Dr. Asheim and Dr. Marian Grady when some people came up to the table to talk to Christopher and they said to Dr. Asheim and Dr. Grady, "Why, these must be the proud grandparents!"

Coming to Florida State was a surprise to us. When Dean Goldstein called and asked Tom to come for an interview in 1971, we had to get a map out and locate Tallahassee. Moving here was quite a change—leaving all our family and being almost total strangers was very new. FSU made us welcome through their Newcomers Club, and Tom's job of supervising interns around the state helped him to learn the roads, counties, and meet many of the library supervisors.

After arriving at Florida State, some of Tom's activities, such as Delta Chi Fraternity sponsor and singing in the Barbershoppers, were replaced with Scout leader, North Florida Fair, Seminole Booster, Neighborhood Association, Seminole Christian House Board Members, and activities of First Christian Church where he has served as dea-

con, elder, Sunday school teacher, and Vacation Bible School Director for several years.

Tom became a member of ALA when he started teaching and has contin-

FAME, the conference was held in Sarasota. Remember how cold it was for the "last night party". We ate inside instead of out and we didn't have to worry about the ice carvings melting.

The School of Library Science at Florida State used to be located in the basement or "mole hole" of Strozier Library. In 1976, Tom was chosen to be the chairman of the Building Committee for a new library school building. He worked hand in hand with the architects, FSU building supervisors, and faculty members to ensure that the building would be beautiful, innovative, and functional. The building was finished in 1981 and is indeed all of the above.

The library school building at FSU was not the first building Tom had helped plan. In 1970, he had helped design elementary media centers for Royerton and Muncie Indiana Schools. From this beginning, he has been involved with many accreditation and evaluation teams for high schools, elementary schools, and colleges. He also serves as a consultant to schools in the area of media services, skills, space, and just encouragement!

When I was reviewing Tom's vita and writing this article, there was a period of time from 1981–83 when not too much seemed to happen—well, not in the area of Library Science anyway. Our second son, Andrew, was born in September, 1981, just about one week before he went to the FAME conference in Daytona Beach! Tom did teach a class in Jacksonville and Miami that summer. One of the classes even had a baby shower for him!

In 1985, Miss Wessie, a Florida State graduate and director of the Cairo, Georgia Public Library, called and asked Tom to come and advise and help them



Tom and Sherri Hart with sons Christopher and Andrew.

ued to be active as a council member and chairman of RTSD–AAP Joint Committee. He recently presented a paper at Mid–Winter in Washington, D.C.

The years of 1975–78 were especially busy and exciting as Tom was elected president of the DEMM and FAME. The Florida Governor's Conference on Libraries and Information was held in Tallahassee in 1976 and Tom served on several committees and as local Arrangements Chairman.

The year Tom was president of







'88 President Gerald Barkholz and Tom Hart.

with the remodeling of their library. This was a welcome challenge. Other projects in Athens, Madison, and Thomasville, Georgia plus Chipala Junior College in Marianna, Florida and Coleman Library at FAMU in Tallahassee have kept Tom busy consulting in regards to planning, remodeling, and building new buildings.

Tom had a half year sabbatical in the Spring of 1987. God's timing is always perfect and He has planned for Tom to spend most of his waking hours at First Christian Church in Tallahassee working with an architect, designing a model, and literally laying concrete blocks, doing electrical work, painting, finishing drywall, and pouring cement for a \$100,000 addition to our church. He thrived on these activities and would rise early in the morning and work until eight or nine at night. Besides the church being completed on time for a wedding, Tom lost about 25 pounds.

With all these activities going on, Tom still finds time to serve on many

Florida State committees, teach, write books and articles, review books, direct dissertations, and do TEC projects around the state. Currently, he is working with the Florida Department of Education to develop a test and study guide for the Beginning and Advanced Test of Florida Library Media Specialists.

Library legislation continues to be very important to Tom. He first became interested in legislation when Germaine

Krettek, ALA Legislative Advocate in Washington, D.C., came to Muncie for a 1970 lecture. In 1977 he served on the legislative committee for FAME. In his desire to "spread the word" about Media Center legislation here in Florida and other states, Tom has written the *Handbook for Legislation* which has been accepted by AASL and will be included in their leadership series soon. He was honored at the 1988 Fall FAME Conference and given a plaque which read: For Outstanding Contributions to the School of Library Media Profession as Legislative Chairman. It has been written by a fellow colleague, "He is one of the few people with whom I have worked closely who exemplifies the ideal professional. His leadership abilities, creativity, and depth of knowledge in his area command respect. His involvement in professional activities in the local, state, and national levels reflects the energy and enthusiasm with which he displays his interest in the profession.

I've said many times I think he would go to work even though he didn't get paid. He always says it's fun to get up in the morning anticipating the exciting things he is going to get to do that day! ■



Brothers when they attend the Association for Educational Communications and Technology meetings. They both exemplify the true professional. Also, like Sherry, I think they both would go to work even if they didn't get paid. They like to anticipate the exciting things they get to do each day. I remember Tami (Lavon's daughter-in-law) saying, "Dad says it's fun to go to work" She said this shortly after her marriage to Lora and Lavon's son, Lynn.

## KADO-LATO FESTIVAL STARTS

We were using gladiolus and needed to keep in touch with the Netherlands gladiolus growers in Holland across the ocean, in order to keep the newest varieties of the day on hand for florists to use. The Netherlands salesman came to our house in early Spring to sell us new varieties of glad bulbs to plant. We expected him to come and we were usually ready to order. He talked us into trying to grow tulips for bulbs and flowers, especially since we had sandy soil and bulbs would come out clean. Then he would wholesale us some bulbs directly from Holland to sell here at home and at our florists and greenhouses with which we were in touch. Also we would sell them at the farmers market. He would help us set up a business here at home for display of flowers and take orders for tulip bulbs in the fall by selling us cheaper bulbs. This turned out bad for us because he got in touch with the dime stores in Ft. Wayne and sold them the same cheap beautiful varieties of tulip bulbs. We did not have as much traffic as dime stores.

Our "set up" at home with tulips was to have people visit us and walk among our tulip beds. They could choose the name of the tulips they admired most. Then they would know what bulbs to look for to buy in the fall. Every bed was neatly and uniquely labeled with white wooden shoe stake labels. The unique labels were very handsome out there among the flowers. Just little white wooden shoes sticking up everywhere. We also set out beautiful little beds of narcissus and daffodils and of course our little perennial beds, all labeled, too. The public could dig up the perennials to plant in the spring and also in the fall. Daffodils could be dug in spring and fall.



**Tulip beds with wooden shoe stakes.**



**Tom, Esther, Lora and Larry in front.**

We thought we couldn't go wrong and we needed summer work because teaching provided an income for only nine months out of the year. "We stepped out" so to say. I used my creative ability to arrange a beautiful setting for people to see as they passed on the road. The spot had to be west of our home. In this field there was a swale and a ditch between the barn and this chosen spot. In this hollow or depression of land we would place a sales building right





among our flower beds. We chose to have a Dutch atmosphere for effect. This sales building was constructed in the form of a wooden shoe which suggests that the flowers were of Dutch origin.

It was winter time and Karl needed to be out of the cold wind while he built the small, Dutch shoe building. He chose to use our new double car garage. The first thing he did was make the flooring. He made this in two sections so he could lift it and stand one side on each side of the garage walls, in order to get his car in the garage. He wanted the building to be 22 feet long and ten feet wide. To get the outline of a wooden shoe for the sides of this building, he drew the picture of a wooden shoe on graph paper. He made a scale drawing the size he desired. At the time, he thought he would take it apart and store it each winter. He also thought he could put it on a trailer and haul it. Wow! This was too much work. We never took it apart. The building had a Dutch barn door that opened in two sections. We could open the top section and leave the bottom door closed and hooked. It was good that Karl had a band saw for the curved sawing. On each side he made three openings with lift-up doors. When they were lifted the people could talk to the sales ladies inside.



**Wooden shoe sales office**

The Netherlands salesman interceded and we were able to acquire a man and a woman's authentic antique Dutch outfit which was an average size and we made some other outfits, too. When all was finished and in bloom Karl and I dressed in these Dutch outfits and hosted on Sunday afternoon. We would not sell anything on Sunday. The cars parked along the road and some people walked in the paths among the tulips.

The customers could get a little white wooden shoe carrier that we designed. Also a garden trowel to dig perennials. This way the little plants hardly knew they were moved. The fresh soil was left on the roots. Helen (Hursh) Koch was our first saleslady. She would wrap the plants and collect the money. Each little bed had a label as to





name and price. The toe of this building displayed souvenirs for sale.

We were personally in touch with the Holland, Michigan souvenir and tulip businesses. They were called the Dutch Shoe factory. They made wooden shoes there. We were able to get our souvenirs and Dutch shoes at wholesale prices.

I was delighted with the rich blue color of many Dutch items. Especially I enjoyed the delft blue pottery and wooden shoe designed items. The nicest and most pleasing experience was when the owner would take us to lunch right there in the restaurant and Dutch dressed waitresses waited on the tables. To visit with him about the Netherlands and how they wore and used wooden shoes was very exciting to me. We visited this place several times. Consequently the manager knew us by name. He always gave us priority of his time.

I wanted our help to wear Dutch dresses, so I planned some days to sew these outfits. I called Helen Koch and Opal Hursh and asked them to help. They seemed glad to do the job. I bought the material and we had our sewing days. We even made children's Dutch outfits. Opal laid out the patterns and cut them. I used Butterick patterns. Opal pinned things together and told me what to sew and when to sew. I parked at my electric sewing machine in our small dressing room. This room was close to the large kitchen table which I had at that time. After I sewed the outfits and while Opal was getting the material ready, Helen did all the hand work. I think we spent 20 days doing ten outfits. We did four for men and six for women. The women had full, long skirts with loud, uniquely designed trimming around the bottom. They wore their own blouses.



**Tom Hart, Aunt Esther Cook, Larry hart, and Lora Hart. Tom and Esther are dressed in authentic Dutch clothes)**



**Larry Hart and his mother Lora Hart.**





**Dorothy Ellen Hart, Karl V. Hart and Tom Hart.**



**Tom Hart**

The teachers which were Ida Reed and Berniece Wilder wore black velvet vests which were laced up in the front. We made Dutch outfits for our grandson Larry who was around three years old. We made children's Dutch outfits for two others. We made a boy outfit and girl outfit. Our two

neighbor children wore them, Ted Miller and Gwen Miller. Their mother, Ethelyn Miller, would wear a Dutch outfit. Judy Miller, the oldest daughter, would have an outfit to wear when riding her horse around. Lola Mathes was dressed in a Dutch costume and rode her beautiful horse. Dutch outfits for all our help was finally completed. We had in mind to entertain club groups among this Dutch atmosphere. We would only take reservations for the month of May during tulip time and in October pumpkin time. We had to get the children's shoe sizes, also teachers shoe sizes because the Dutch Shoe factory would make these wooden shoes to fit.



**Lavon Hart and his friend Roger Rogers**

A sign for the Kado-Lato Wooden Shoe Festival had to be made and printed. A printer in Auburn did our printing. The first KadoLato sign had a background of blue. Two Dutchmen were facing each other. Our second Kado-Lato sign had a background of white. It was more informative. Our barn across the creek is over a hundred years old. It did not have a loft. It had walnut beams that displayed wooden pins. We wished to offer the clubs that booked to sit in the barn and watch a show on tulips grown in the Netherlands along with their Dutch windmills. We scouted around at auction sales and bought old fashioned chairs to use in the barn for people to sit on; usually four in each set.

When the barn was raked and cleaned we found out that the sparrows would mess up the chairs and movie screens and peoples clothing with their, "birdie do." What to do?





We had a tent behind the barn that was not used often. We put that tent up inside the barn so we could show the movie. We would charge 50 cents per person. The old granary was turned into a place to serve the Dutch lunch. We chose to have *Saucijecbroodjes* as a sandwich. We served sassafras tea as an item from our virgin woods.

Our tours went through a persimmon grove so I would make persimmon pudding to sell. It was good made in a loaf with graham crackers and walnuts. We would cut off chunks to sell. Oh yes, we had sloppy Joes so no one would go hungry. Above the door in front of our eating house we placed the Dutch sandwich sign- *SAUCIJECBROODJES*. A Dutch sausage rolled up in dough and baked. Our plans just kept coming true.

We needed a foot bridge across our creek to go to and from the barn to the Wooden Shoe building. We put in a white one with side rails. It was neat.



The white bridge can be seen just behind the Wooden Shoe.



The white bridge can be seen behind the covered bridge.

In 1955 a man was peddling some home made outdoor chairs. He used sassafras wood for the arms and legs and boards for the seat and back. The back boards were scalloped at the top. If we bought the whole load we got them very cheap. They fit in so well with our plans. We arranged them under the barn rain shelter for people to sit and listen to a lecture given by Ida Reed about the Dutch ways over in the old country. Our daughter-in-law Lora would model the authentic Dutch dress and Dutch jewelry. Lora also baked pies for us to sell at the lunch building. She earned some money for herself that way.

One time when we were on Barr Street Market a lady was selling Dutch baskets. We talked to her and told her our plans. She said she would come and sell baskets. We fixed up a tent rain shelter over the door that goes into the horse stable of the old barn. She displayed her baskets under this shelter. She was Emily Vogelgaysang. How about that for a Dutch name?

Drinking water had to be piped to the eating house. Karl put an underground copper pipe to the bridge and down the creek to the foot bridge and then up to the eating house. We needed propane gas for our cooking stove. Lynn Fisher set in the tanks.

Our young son Tom was a 4-H member. Bob Witt was the 4-H leader. He offered us the use of his rubber tired wagon with a hay rack on it with side boards. We put bales of hay along each side and covered them with blankets for people to sit on. Karl made steps to firmly set on the back end of the wagon for the people to go up in wagon and down. We formed two educational woods trips. One would take 45 minutes for botanical lessons and pointing out historical sights. Sassafras tea would be served.







**Karl Hart serving sassafras tea in the woods.**

The other trip would travel through a large wooded area and a 300 tree soft maple area for tapping to obtain maple syrup with 6 botanical lessons entirely different from trip no 1. Floyd Coburn willingly accepted the job of giving the botanical lessons and pointing out the historical sights. participants were served pure maple syrup.



**The wagon ride through the woods, stopping at the maple sugar camp.**



**An exhibit of pioneer tools in the woods along the wagon ride.**

Our special included taking both trips at one time it cost \$1.00 per person for adults and 30 cents for children.

This festival lasted only five weeks (April 28 through May) out of the whole year. This is the time when wild flowers and trees are the most beautiful. Our woods was not pastured so it is natural virgin woods.



**Dorothy Ellen Hart is beside the entrance sign and in front of the maple trees which surround the house.**

After everything was ready to go, we went on television wearing our Dutch shoes. Ida Reed, Karl and I were on a noon talk show at WKJG, channel 33. We were dressed in





our Dutch dress and discussed all of the events planned for the festival.

In the early days of April we received many bookings for the month of May. These reservations consisted of mostly women's clubs and a few schools. Our staff for each booking was contacted as to time of arrival and time of leaving. The workers were asked to come early so the atmosphere of them dressed in Dutch dress would be seen by the groups as they turned in our driveway and across the bridge. Karl directed the drivers to the parking area. Someone always had to meet the drivers in order to keep the cars and buses out of the path where the tractor and wagon or wagons loaded with people, were planning to travel to go out into our woods.

Floyd Coburn really enjoyed giving these lessons. He was very familiar with the names and habits of trees in a virgin woods.

I will relate some of the interesting experiences Floyd encountered when he was at the head of the wagon full of people. A women's club from Ohio loaded on the wagon. These club ladies were middle age and younger. They were a fun group and talked when they could. We had an old time woods that had caused the seeding of land that was idle from farming. This land was next to the old woods. We called this land the new woods. It was full of large black locust trees which put forth much shade. The wagon stopped in this new woods and Floyd gave a good lesson. He said the locust tree seed pods were carried by birds into this idle land. The seed germinated easily. The little trees grew faster than other varieties and formed shade for other kinds of trees to get started. He had them see that only a few other kinds of trees were large. He pointed to sugar maple, tulip poplar (Our Indiana State Tree). He said the wind may have blown their seed pods on this idle farm land. The squirrels may have buried seeds from the red oak and sycamore trees. In time these locust trees would die because of the shade from the hardwood trees

Floyd pointed out that a woods that has not been pastured is considered a virgin woods. Man did not have anything to do with it. The wagon went through the old woods and stopped under a hackberry tree. Floyd always stood at the front of the wagon. This time when the wagon stopped Floyd was directly under the tree. It had little tufts of

twigs attached to various limbs one of which was over Floyd's head. Floyd said, "These little tufts are called 'Witches Brooms'." A lady clear at the back of the wagon jumped up and said, "That's mistle toe." She ran up to the front of the wagon and kissed Floyd. His face turned red. The wagon started and was traveling close by the field of rye which was out in head. Floyd said, "Never feed rye to brood sows or they will never have any little pigs." A woman sitting close to the rye, reached out and grabbed a hand full and loudly said, "That's for me!" Floyd blushed again. Floyd Coburn has been a friend to our family in many ways. His wife Opal and I were former Lutherans and were rebaptized by immersion. Floyd always did our painting. We miss him.

The one big lesson we learned the first year was that we needed a more substantial bridge over our creek. A big greyhound bus drove in with a large group of ladies. The bus was too heavy for our bridge. It stopped up in our driveway and the ladies had to walk across our bridge. School buses had to have the classes walk across the bridge also. After the first spring festival was over, Karl built a more substantial bridge.



**Barnyard area and bridge as seen from the house**

One time a school bus was all loaded and ready to go back to school and one boy was missing. The bus driver waited. Pretty soon we saw this boy came running out of the woods with a half gallon tin can. He had his hand over the top. The bus driver insisted on looking in the can. He had a snake in it. "To scare the girls," he said. It was a little garter snake.

The year before we had the festival we had our land between ditch and woods





planted to many varieties of large gourds. We had oodles of shapes and sizes. They were out in the field all winter and were dried out the next spring. Karl gathered the good solid ones and put them in the trailer and emptied the gourds in a pile by the packing house. This pile of gourds was close to where the buses would stop and let the people out to cross our bridge. Many times when the people would show interest in the odd shapes of these dried gourds in this pile. I got the idea of having a gourd show in the horse stable area in the east section of the barn. It would be a little side show where people could rest while the show was on. I would give a short visual lecture on gourds, showing the gourd as I talked about it. I would put small gourds on fiberboard panels which were very light weight. I could lift this panel and point to the gourds that were fastened to it, as I talked about them. I would tell how the Indians used this type of gourd. It turned out to be a popular feature of the festival.

Since we wished everything to have an old fashioned, rugged atmosphere, the gourd room had to be rugged also. Karl had made the new bridge and the forms were arched. One of these was nice to use for the background of the stage in the gourd show. We had a dressing place behind each side of this arch. I could stack my gourd decorated panels behind the east side. On the west side of this arch I could hide until time to lecture, after the audience was seated. I always appeared with, "Welcome to our gourd show." Several years later, I would come out with a large gourd made into a clown and I would say, "Welcome to our "Gourd Art Show" because over the years Karl and I spent winters in Florida. We made "Gourd Art" while loafing there. We made some gourds covered with beads, with shells, with paint, and designed snow men, camels, tea pots, swans, and vases. We would sell some in Florida and always add new art made from gourds to our Kado-Lato gourd show back home in Indiana.

The gourd show in the east side of our barn turned out to be very entertaining for our festival bookings. It also gave us some self-satisfaction over the years. We started out with only small gourds and how the Indians used gourds. At the top of these fiber boards, I always had a sign printed as to how the Indians used gourds. Some of

these titles were: for measuring, floats, dippers, eating, cooking, fishing, charm string and how the Indians used the gourd to make peace with God.



**Gourd show room**









**Example of an undecorated gourd and a finished conversion**



We bought two gourd books about Indian gourd life. We made gourd bookends for them. The Indians gathered seed pods and nuts from the woods and fastened them to a leather thong which had a gourd at one end. It turned into a string of natural things from God's earth on a leather string. They hung this string near the entrance to their teepee. Dried gourds are very light weight. This was known as their "Peace with God" string.

Our nephew, Bob Wilder, was a Junior in high school and he would enjoy doing a taffy party in the west part of our barn. He would dress like an Indian and do an Indian dance and then help the crowd eat some taffy off a whittled end of a young sassafras short limb. Our Bob would cut fresh stems each time we had a party. The people in the party would reach under the plank which they were sitting and get a pocket knife chained to the plank. They were shown how to open the knife and whittle the bark off the end of the stem. The sassafras taste was in the juice from the whittled part.

A black, old-fashioned iron kettle was in the middle of this area where Bob had the taffy party. The taffy was already made. Each person got up and went to this kettle, only when Bob told them. They rolled this white whittled end of the sassafras stick in the taffy to make a sucker to eat. Maple taffy and sassafras flavor were very tasty. Bob graduated from high school and went to college. We only had this party two years.

We just had to do something about getting that tent out of the inside of the barn. The sparrows were still sleeping in the barn at night. The only thing to do was build a floor for a barn loft. A loft floor was already over



the horse stable. We hired Mr. Zook, a carpenter to build a solid floor for the hay loft. It was so nice and clean and new that the main barn with the clean stone floor and nice new ceiling looked clean enough to eat in there. We decided to fix tables to have reunions. It would also be nice for the schools to bring lunches and eat around these tables. So out went the taffy party and the movie.

We offered a hike through the woods and our Tom and young Bob Wilder would guide it. This hike would not go where the wagon rides traveled. It would go along the river at times and always to the paw paw patch. The hike would go close under a tulip poplar tree which is over a hundred years old. The hikers could touch the old Indiana State Tree. Also it would go through two trees that were growing close together so the hikers could say that they went through the "Fat Man's Squeeze." This fat man's squeeze was close to a young tulip poplar tree that had bark entirely different than the old tree which they just gone past. Also this was a good spot for the guide to teach a good lesson about the bark and leaves of trees. The spot was at the edge of the old woods and where the new woods began. If you stood around there you could compare the view of the old bark of a tree and the new bark of the same tree.

The hikers could see four different kinds of old trees in the older part of the woods. They were maple, beech, hackberry and elm. We put labels in the shape of a wooden shoe and different colors on these trees. The maple had a yellow wooden shoe label, the beech white, the hackberry brown, the elm green. The guide could use these colors to point which tree he was talking about.

On the hike the guide would ask the hikers to look for mutations on the tree bark that was caused by a bruise or a break. The hiker would tell what the mutation marking looked like to him. One was pointed out that looked like an old witch stirring her brew. When these mutations were pointed Out by the guide, all the hikers wanted to see it.

We put a very large wooden shoe label on the tree that the guide was to stop and talk about. We had informational printing on this large sign as to the use for that type of wood. I remember the red oak along the river had a sign that was called "The Lord of the Forest" because it was so sturdy and

used to make so many beautiful and useful things. Roof shingles were made from red oak as well as oak doors and oak window sills.

The wild flowers were all labeled as to name. We used white wooden shoe labels on top of a stake so it could be seen sticking up higher than the wood's ground debris. The one thing we didn't label was the mosquitoes. There were plenty of them because the river water is their breeding area.

Our guide, Bob Wilder, is Karl's nephew and he loved to roam in our woods or any woods.

The varieties of woods flowers were: jack-in-the-pulpit, royal trillium, wet dog trillium, nodding trillium, true Solomon's seal, false Solomon's seal, adder tongue, Bouncing Betty, wood anemone, hepatica, columbine, violets, May apple, blood root, Dutchman's-breeches, bluebells, black-eyed Susan, Indian paintbrush, spring beauty and many others that we didn't happen to be in the woods when they were in bloom. We found some woods orchids blossoming in the paw paw patch. Only one time did we see an Indian pipe and it was white like a mushroom.

Our woods gave us several meals of the morel sponge mushroom. The wild geranium was a late flower. The leaves looked like a geranium. Snails also were very plentiful.

The trail showed many kinds of wild flowers that liked to grow in sandy soil and in the shade of trees. The one plant that kept our sand from blowing away was the Indian scouring rush (horse-tail).

Our woods has many varieties of trees. I will list the ones that could be seen on the trails: sassafras, walnut, butternut, shagbark, big hickory, dogwood, ironwood, water beech, hackberry, tulip poplar, swamp white oak, burr oak, red oak, pin oak, honey locust, sugar maple, soft maple or silver maple, American elm, slippery elm, cottonwood, beech, basswood, white ash, black ash, buckeye.

The Ohio State tree, called the buckeye, is dying, but there are many little trees around it to become new buckeye trees. Our forest is already in a preserve. The old sassafras tree is an antique. It can be seen when doing the wagon trail and also the hiking trail. The tree's bark is black like soft black velvet. The trunk is very large.





Our guides pointed out what poison ivy looks like, they said, "Do not touch!"

Another section of the woods has: willow trees, black locust trees, honey locust trees, chestnut trees and wild cherry trees are on the wagon trail. The new section south of the old woods has many conifer type trees which are blue spruce, Norway spruce, black hill spruce, fir trees, cedar, white pine, Scotch pine, Douglas fir and persimmon trees. Witchhazel bushes were small along the river. Oh yes, bushes were labeled, too. There are spice bush and wild gooseberry bushes. Teachers loved to see all this on a one hour hike. Their classes learned many things.

We found out that our largest income came from schools, because each year the children graduated into new classes. Clubs only came once. The Forest Park sixth grade visited us every year that we had the festival. Each year the younger brother's and sisters looked forward to coming to Kado-Lato Farm like their older sister or brother did when they were in the sixth grade. This Ft. Wayne School had around 120 pupils in the sixth grade. Each teacher had nearly 40 pupils and we had to have at least three shows in an afternoon. We would offer the hike, wagon ride, gourd show and then, if they wished to, a wiener roast. We created an area to roast wieners south of the granary, because we had water there and electrical plug-ins for coffee. Karl made wiener sticks out of willow branches. He made two prongs bent from coat hangers and fastened them to one end of long willow sticks from the ditch. Sometimes he used long sassafras poles with two prongs on the end.



**Weiner roasting area. Note large old barn beams used for seating.**

We always paid our workers so we had to charge each pupil. We furnished fire, sticks, and table for 15¢ each. Wagon rides cost 50¢ each pupil, and a hike cost 25¢ each, and the gourd show 50¢ each.

The Forest Park students learned many interesting things each spring here on KadoLato Farm for 25 years. Every time the sixth grade from Ft. Wayne came we had to borrow two wagons from Bob Witt. We decided to scout around at auction sales and buy two rubber tired wagons and paint them red with signs on the sides as to where they were going. Our tractor could pull both wagons at a time up and down the sand hills.

It was a beautiful picture to see these red wagons loaded with school children and their teacher along with our teacher and the driver all ready to go into our virgin woods. The driver of the tractor in 1956 was my uncle Vinton Miller.

I got the idea to have a picture post card taken to sell in the Souvenir House. Then the buyers could show what we had to offer at Kado-Lato Farm. We would print on the back all about how to make reservations to, serving as an advertisement for us. After we did this we only advertised by word of mouth. We were busy enough to suit us.

We contacted Chuck's Photos from Hicksville, Ohio to get a postcard picture to sell. It was in 1958. We set up a date when we had a full booking of the New Haven fifth grade. They were going to do all events. The photographer placed the help and wagons and school buses to be seen and he stood near our bridge over the creek to snap the picture. Going up the wagon's steps was our teacher Ida Reed, who retired from teaching in 1958, loved to help us and be around children again.

Ida gave a lesson to the children in the woods. She pointed out the different trees and told of their habits. The teachers as well as the children enjoyed these rides. The teacher sitting on the back of the back wagon with a black sweater was the New Haven teacher of this group. Note the two school buses being parked out of the way of the traveling wagons. The old cement water tank had tulips around it. We put a set of wagon wheels from one of Harry Reas' worn out farm wagons around this tank to make it look like a wagon.





## WOODEN SHOE FESTIVAL SPENCERVILLE, IND.



Open end of Souvenir Wooden Shoe.

Ella Crothers operated the Wooden Shoe souvenir house. She wore a Dutch outfit and sat on the side of the cement tank. John Crothers was going to guide the children through the hiking trails. He was leaning on the tractor in this postcard picture. Way back behind the barn I am standing. I have on a red jacket and Dutch outfit. I am holding a Dutch carrying basket. The two boys in front are from this school. They were asked to look at the pile of orange painted gourds. We made faces to show in the gourd show

at the time of our fall festival. The school children had a chance to try on real wooden shoes for a little while.

The tent attached to the barn has Dutch baskets for sale. You went through this tent to go to the gourd show. The rain shelter was put on the barn the same time we put the flooring in the loft. We knew the wagons and tractor needed to be in out of the weather.

Many times when it started to sprinkle, we could hurry the wagons loaded with people under the shelter and then unload them there.

I wonder sometimes about the old barn and its uses back in the early '90's and then how it was used in 1958.

One time we were entertaining the Ft. Wayne sixth grade from the Forest Park school, they always came in the afternoon. This time the television WKJG on Channel 33 surprised us. They came with their camera crew to get pictures to show at 6:00 that evening.

They just traveled with the wagons and even walked on the hikes. While they were on the hike a big long blue racer snake got into the picture. We had planted a blue spruce tree years before, near the trails. It was a little tree that did not sell when we were in the Nursery business. We didn't



want it to die, so we planted it in the woods. It grew up to be a large tree with layers of branches, which is the habit of all spruce trees. These layers are nice for snakes to lay on and sun themselves, especially if they are on the right side of the tree. This day that the television camera crew was walking the trails a big long blue racer snake was all loosely curled up on a layer of branches and stuck his head up to see what was going past his chosen tree. The crew got a good picture of this real snake laying there and holding his head up, looking at them.

The TV Station showed the picture of their trip to Kado-Lato Farm and what they saw on the 6:00 evening news show. Some of the TV viewers accused us of having a rubber snake placed on the blue spruce tree. It was not rubber. It was the real thing. I had to relate to these camera men what we offer here at Kado-Lato farm. This was good advertisement for us.

### WAGON RIDE

One day Karl was guiding the Wagon Ride. He drove the tractor and Ida Reed rode on the wagons. Near the entrance to the woods is our pet cemetery. The white wooden shoes with names printed are quite showy. This line of shoes is right next to the wagon and can be easily read by all. The wagon stopped here and Ida gave a lecture on things to be seen while sitting here. She talked about the apple orchard and conifer trees.



**The pet cemetery**

We can't show all our pets on a sheet of paper but I can give their names: Ginger

(dog) -46-65; Rusty (cat) 46-66; Wimple (cat) 65-69; Whitey (dog) 56-70; Christian (dog) 71-72; Max (dog) 75-76; Sandy (dog) 71-80; Toby (dog) 75-82; Brutus (dog) 80-84; Morgan (dog) 73-85; Dusty (dog).

Because someone had to be on our grounds to just be there in case something didn't go right, I asked Karl's sister Berniece Wilder to give the gourd show. She learned it very quickly and did a fine job. This gourd show grew larger each year, and longer to give because Karl and I created new items to show after we both retired and went to Florida for six months each year.

### KARL'S BURNS

Karl was doing his own farming, cutting glads, hoeing, going to market, and teaching. He always had to have a garden to plant and take care of.

One time in 1956 during the farmer's fall planting time, Karl was badly burned. This day I had my mother at our house for an evening meal. Karl ate with us, and then hurried out to do a little more rye planting. It was dark outside. He said it was only a couple of rounds. This was on a Wednesday evening. Our church meets on Wednesday evenings.

The tractor had lights but something happened. The lights quit working. There was such a little bit of planting yet to be done and he wanted to get it done before he went to bed. So he came up to our basement which is directly under our kitchen. It is a walk-in basement. The whole north side is open to make it easier to load and unload flowers. The water heater is in the north east corner.

Karl came in and got an empty antifreeze can which was setting on top of the water heater. He had punched a hole in the top of this anti-freeze can about the size of a penny. It looked great to him to form a light by using a wick down in kerosene to make a light by lighting the wick and letting it burn. This is how kerosene lights were used before electricity. Never did Karl think that there might be some explosive anti-freeze left down in the bottom of this can. He got the kerosene can and poured about a cup full of kerosene down in the can. He got a





piece of clothesline rope about a foot long and soaked it with kerosene. He stuck one end down inside the can to get into the kerosene oil so the wick would keep burning after it was lit. He lit it! It started to burn, Wow! Wow! Wow! It exploded like a bomb. It caught Karl on fire. I heard a loud noise from our basement. I was in the kitchen and ran outside and around into the basement. There Karl was on fire. He was batting out the fire on his front side and his back side up to his neck was burning like grass on fire. I ran to him and used the flat side of my hand and smothered out the fire quickly on his back. He had smothered it out on his chest.

I called Lavon, he came running from the house. I was getting a white shirt to put over Karl to go to the hospital. My mother said, "No, Ellen, get a white sheet." I did. By this time Lavon had the car out and Karl sat in the front seat. We headed for the Hicksville hospital. When we got to the church, Lavon said, "I'm going to stop and tell them to check the basement for a fire still burning." Hurriedly we got Karl to the hospital. He opened the car door and ran so fast into the hospital that the sheet flew out in the back like a balloon. He was hurting! Lora had already called the hospital. They had called Dr. Kerr.

When Dr. Kerr examined him, he said, "Now Mrs. Hart these burns will heal. Under his arm is the real deep burn." Karl looked terrible. His face had black blotches of burned skin.

We could not find Karl's eye glasses. There was a big tree just outside the big opening into the basement. The wind shook the tree a little. His glasses fell from that tree. The explosion was so loud and strong that it blew his eye glasses up into it.

The church men found a small fire still going under the water heater. They put it out.

Dr. Kerr said Karl would be in the hospital at least three weeks. Each time I went to the hospital it seemed that he was getting along but he seemed to be weak.

I thought to myself, "It's time to dig the glad bulbs to let them dry, clean them and

store them in the basement. Why don't we quit the glad business? It would be nice to put an ad into the papers telling that we had gladiolus bulbs for sale at \$1.00 a bushel and the buyer would furnish his own bushel baskets and dig his choice of varieties and bring along his own clippers to clip off the tops.

I told Karl about my idea. He said, "Go ahead and do it." We always had to hire seven women to help clip off tops and then take off the roots when the bulbs were dry. Then the men had to lift those heavy storage trays and stack them in the west side of our back basement beside the furnace. Karl was not going to be well enough for all of this.

Berniece Wilder offered to help establish the digging dates. We planned the dates, put ads in the paper and were swamped with cars loaded with people wanting to dig glad bulbs. The rows were all labeled as to color of flowers in that row.

Kado-Lato Farm			
Karl Hart, Prop.			
Spencerville, Indiana			
FALL 1947			
LARGE FLOWERING VARIETIES		Large Bulbs Only	
Variety Name	Color	Price per doz.	per 100
PICARDY	SALMON PINK	\$1.00	\$5.00
WANDA	CREAM	1.00	5.00
REWI FALLU	VELVET RED	1.00	5.00
GOLD DUST	DARK YELLOW	1.00	5.00
MAID OF ORLEANS	WHITE	1.00	5.00
MARGARET FULTON	PINK	1.00	5.00
STOPLIGHT	CRIMSON	1.00	5.00
PELEGRINA	BLUE	1.00	5.00
PARNASUS	PURPLE	1.00	5.00
EXCELLENCE	LIGHT RED	1.00	5.00
MISS BLOOMINGTON	LIGHT YELLOW	1.00	5.00
GOLD EAGLE	YELLOW	.75	3.50
GARDENIA	WHITE	.75	3.50
BLAZE	FLAG RED	.75	3.50
SUNSHINE GIRL	SHELL PINK	.75	3.50
MIXED SEEDLINGS	MANY COLORS	.75	3.50
Surplus bulbs of several varieties priced per 1000			
Variety	No. 1 Size	No. 2 Size	No. 3 Size
BLAZE	\$35	\$30	\$25
MISS BLOOMINGTON	\$35	\$30	\$25
GOLD EAGLE	\$30	\$25	\$20
STOPLIGHT	\$50	\$40	\$30
GARDENIA	\$40	\$32	\$28
SEEDLING MIXTURE	\$30	\$25	\$20
500 bulbs of the above varieties at 1000 rate.			
These are fall delivery and subject to change. Bulbs are moving fast so order early to be sure of getting just what you want.			
25% paid on complete order will hold bulbs for spring delivery.			
Kado-Lato Farm			
SPENCERVILLE, INDIANA		KARL HART, Prop.	





In only a few days our 7 acre field of glad bulbs were dug out and sold. All we had to do was collect the dollar bills as cars crossed our bridge to go home. The next year people wanted more.

The next year this field was plowed up and put to corn by a farmer we hired to plant and harvest the crops.

In just a few days our money making job of growing and selling gladiolus was over. We had a living in the summer time for many years by growing and selling this beautiful flower. This was in the fall of 1954 that we gave up the gladiolus business. Our grandson Larry was almost three years old.

Before Karl got burned we had some crushed limestone hauled to cover the floors of the barn and rain shelter. The truck could back up to dump the stone almost in the barn. He dumped a little and moved out as he raised the truck bed. There was a big pile of this stone under the rain shelter and also in the door way of the barn. This stone had to be spread around on the floor space some way.

Harold Kagey asked me what I needed to have done while Karl was in the hospital. I told him about this stone needing to be spread. Harold told the church men about this and they used wheel barrows to haul the stone. I helped superintend the job by telling them where the stone was needed.

These stone floors worked out very well. All we needed to do to clean the barn was to drag a hose in and spray walls and floors. The water washes the stone as it sinks in the dirt floor under the stone. We used a rake to keep the floor level.

#### **DRESSING UP THE BARN**

Our oldest grandson Larry became a teenager. He was artistically and musically inclined. Larry helped improve the appearance of the reunion space in our barn. He drew and painted wooden shoe designs on the wall next to the ceiling which was the floor of the empty loft. He helped to dip charm strings in paint and hang them from the ceiling. We hung large dried gourds

on binder twine. Possibly 50 gourds would be packed together on one string. We had around 10 of these gourd filled strings hung along the west wall of our reunion area. A price for each gourd on the string was fastened to each nest of gourds. We had a long shelf to illustrate the way wooden shoes are made. The Wooden Shoe factory at Holland, Michigan sent us samples of the different steps in making wooden shoes. We displayed them on the shelf in order of the steps in the process of making the shoes.



**Inside of barn area**









Now since our Spring Festival was in full swing and there was room in the old barn to set up another show. We could open up the very tall sliding barn doors in the front for many people to go in and out. We made all barn doors into sliding doors. Also the granary doors were made into sliding doors. To make the whole atmosphere look like the delft blue in Dutch pottery I chose the subdued blue color for the painter to paint these doors in front of the barn. All other doors were painted white. We fixed up the barn picnic area with long tables covered with old fashioned oil cloth in checked blue and white. We used "saw horses" for table legs and then boards as a table top, over the saw horses. Benches were made to sit on around the tables.

During these years the Ft. Wayne Forest Park sixth grade came in May every year. Our grandson Larry that was with his mother dressed in Dutch attire in early beginning of our Festival was now in high school. He wanted to help. We gave him the job of

guiding the hike. This was not too easy for a young fellow. This hike started in line near the barn. Each time the guide told them and showed them what poison ivy looked like. They were to stay in line and listen to the guide when he told a little about each tree. If they got out of line they might get into poison ivy. I will name the varieties of trees they could see and feel. maple (to find scars that look like (witch of the woods), beech, buckeye (Ohio State tree), tulip tree (Indiana State tree), hackberry (fat man's squeeze), sycamore, black locust, red oak (Lord of the Forest). 1989 this red oak due to erosion slid into the river. White ash, dogwood tree by grape-vine swing, butternut tree, paw paw, white oak, beech, sycamore, white pine, black hill spruce, blue spruce. They continued to the barn, passing by the pet cemetery. This hike lasted about an hour.



**Larry Hart leading a group of young people on a hike through the woods.**



**Lecturing about the trees and other flora.**





The Forest Park students went from the hike to the barn and sat down to see the gourd show. They were glad to sit in the cool barn. This school did not come in a bus. The mothers and fathers drove with six people in each car.

Brothers and sisters told each other about the good educational fun and showed the unique souvenir which they bought. Consequently the younger brothers and sisters could hardly wait to go to Kado-Lato Farm. Even the parents that drove the cars told other parents and they were interested in coming to our Farm. Our educational day was not repeated anywhere else. It could not be repeated. There was never a woods like Tindall's virgin woods along the St. Joe river. Today a few wild deer are even seen in the woods.

In 1958 Larry was 5 years old. Ten years later he was helping work at the festival.

All those ten years Forest Park School had booked each year. There are special stories about them coming to Kado-Lato. We always had to call in extra workers. They never spent the whole day. The line of cars would arrive about 1:00 in the afternoon. Our workers were ready, dressed in Dutch attire. We were visible on the grounds when they drove in. This day we heard police siren start at the covered bridge. The head car was a state police car. He had a son in the sixth grade. He headed the group. This was a picture for us to watch as they drove in our lane and parked. I had been in touch with each sixth grade teacher. There were four sixth grade rooms. One room was placed among the other three, so one group got on wagons to go into woods, another group lined up at the beginning of the hiking trail and one group went to the gourd show in the barn which was a shorter time than the wagon ride and trails. So the group in gourd barn could wear wooden shoes for awhile until the wagon ride group and hike group came back to the barn. Then the groups were reassigned by me and my whistle. This continued until all three groups had seen everything. The time given to wear wooden shoes was the time for souveniring also. This large group of sixth grade students from Ft. Wayne would all roast wieners and wear shoes until time to go home about 4:30 p.m.



**Trying on the wooden shoes**

Since Forest Park came each year. We went through three principals. The first one retired. The second one arrived on the scene. He was reviewing the activities of previous years including field trips. He decided without consultation with the teachers of the sixth grade that they would eliminate field trips to Kado-Lato farm. "Who wants to go to a farm?" Dick Horn, the only sixth grade teacher that didn't change jobs said, "You are making a sad mistake." The teachers were using this trip as a discipline technique. At the beginning of the year the pupils were advised, "If you cause trouble you won't be permitted to go on the field trip to Kado-Lato farm. The people who own this farm are former school teachers and they won't put up with any guzz. We don't want to be ashamed of you."

At the beginning of the school year, the parents started to call the principal to make reservations to drive their car to Kado-Lato farm. This was a big surprise to this city principal. He began to talk to Mr. Horn about this trip to Spencerville. Mr. Horn told him that the parents as well as the students enjoyed and learned much from this trip. The parents could do all the activities free. They wanted to get a reservation early in the year to be sure and get to take a load of pupils to the KadoLato Farm. The principal's curiosity overwhelmed him. He came along. He took all the activities including wagon ride, hike, gourd show and Weiner roast. After that time he came every year as long as he was the principal. The class had a big





party for him at Kado-Lato when he retired. They gave him a set of golf clubs.

I tell about this school because they were the only school that was with us every year as long as we had the festival in May. Several schools enjoyed their reservations at KadoLato. Only the large schools could come year after year with one grade. Usually the teacher of that grade has moved or quit and the new teacher doesn't want to take the time to organize a field trip.

I was teaching third grade at Huntertown for three years before I brought the entire third grade each year to Kado-Lato. One day the principal told the teachers that the school board and principals were urging classes to organize field trips. He asked, "Mrs. Hart, do you have an educational field trip at your farm?" I answered, "Yes, but our third grade is a large one. It would mean hiring of extra teachers to present the events, also a bus to get there or cars. And this all has to be paid for. Do you think \$1.00 per child would be too much for the parents? We don't get wealthy doing this. We only do it one month out of the year. Only during May. Then it has to be by reservation. We have a souvenir house. Should we open it?" He said, "Yes, lets do it all if you can organize it. I'll see to getting the bus. We will only take the third grade each year."

The four teachers including me sat in the bus with noisy children for 18 miles to and from Kado-Lato farm. I don't blame teachers for not wanting to go on field trips, using a bus to get them there. That idea of parents doing the driving for field trips is better than using a school-bus. Anyway we arrived at Kado-Lato with me as one of the teachers. Oh my! what a nice place to see as you come up the hill from the west. I was really proud of how nice our place would look to a newcomer. Especially seeing all those Dutch attired people greeting us.

In these days our covered bridge had a low weight limit. An empty school bus could cross it. If the bus was loaded with children; it would be too heavy. We stopped, unloaded and the empty bus and crossed over the covered bridge.. We all walked through the bridge and re-loaded the bus.

It was a picture for me to see the souvenirs that a third grade child would choose to buy. It was so near Mother's Day and daddy would tell them to buy for mother as he gave them their money. We did not

supply our souvenir house with expensive Mother's Day gifts. We kept the prices down to \$1.00 or less. Consequently really a real good Mother's Day gift was not there for a child to buy. Only a few pieces of expensive Dutch pottery was available for club women to possibly purchase.



Inside the Wooden Shoe Souvenir shop

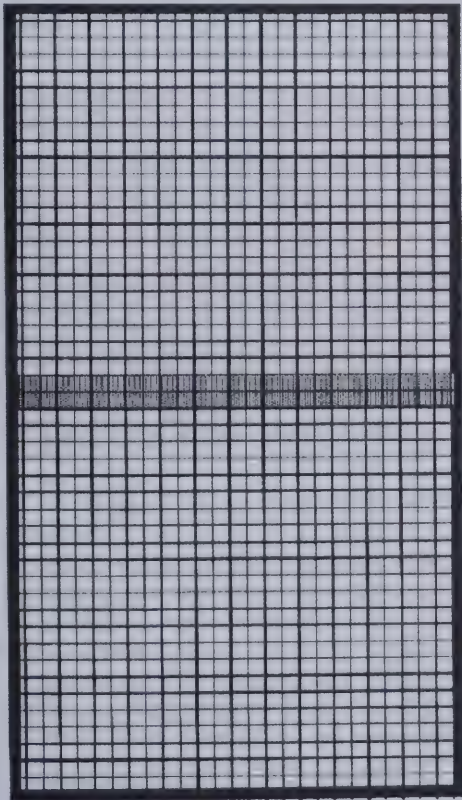






The Huntertown parents complained about the souvenirs. We charged a quarter for our post card. I think they wanted it for nothing. I told the principal that we would keep the souvenir house closed. All the time I taught there, which was 11 years total, 8 years of that time the Huntertown Elementary third grade came to Kado-Lato each year. A new principal came the next year after I left. I was 65 years old in 1970. Carol Moyer (co-third grade teacher) kept the third grade coming.

The cow shed was used to store the small Allis Chalmers tractor in out of the weather. When we raised gladiolus, we had about 50 trays to dry and store glad bulbs. Each tray had mesh in the bottom. These trays were stored in our new hayloft. Our grandsons were anxious to help. We thought of Halloween fun in the fall of the year when trees are so beautiful in color. Our gladiola business had many drying trays which looked like this. We stood them up on end and they were 6 ft. tall. We fastened them together in a pattern to make aisles for people to walk between in the hay loft.



Example of the drying trays

Our oldest grandson Larry was 17 years old. This is about the time that we were ready to run the Halloween maze during our Fall Festival in October. Larry wanted the groups to know there was a maze to reserve in October. He spray painted an extremely large wiggly lettered sign on the sliding door at the back of the barn. He called it "SHIVER SHACK." The steps what went up into the loft were just inside. Grandpa (KA) and father Lavon (LA) worked right along with these young teenage grandsons to get this Shiver Shack in safe, good order. It was an evening addition to our October Festival. We told the grandsons that they could have the proceeds.



Shiver Shack Sign

It started as a "Spook House". They used it to host the youth groups for a couple of years before it was called "SHIVER SHACK". Larry was working with the "Christian Endeavor youth group" of the Coburn Corners Church. Those young people along with Larry's organizing ability created and established this maze in the loft of the old barn. Those young fellows worked hard to get this all done. Father Lavon helped with the electronic sound system. Grandpa Karl helped with the carpenter work. Lavon tells me that they changed it every year. The boys spent some time dreaming up something different to do. Larry wasn't involved with it as much as Lynn and Lane were. Larry was soon old enough to work for wages. He started to work in Ft. Wayne for Lincoln Life Insurance. Larry, along with C.E. friends really started the "SHIVER SHACK".

Help was always necessary to do the scary things. Lynn is three years younger





than Larry. When Larry gave up running the "SHIVER SHACK" then Lynn took it over with the help of the Church C.E. group. Lane was three years younger than Lynn. He helped Lynn and the C.E., changes were made again. I always stood at the partly opened sliding door and talked and answered questions with the group waiting for a turn to go up the steps into the "Loft Maze". A masked person would meet them at the top of the stairs. The returning person to the group was asked to go outside. I always was attired in Dutch dress. Once in awhile the group would reserve to go on a hayride out through our woods on a moonlit night. Young married couples enjoyed these moonlight hayrides. Our tractor had lights.

Lynn started working for Hart's Nursery which Karl's younger sister Alice and husband Harold Kagey were operating on state road 101. Lynn could still help Lane in the "SHIVER SHACK". Lynn was dating Tami Brunner. He took her through this maze. She tells me that she can still see that horrible face all lit up. Lynn said he had to pull a string and lift the front of the lit-up box just when the person was feeling their way around in the dark. He had to be there to do it. I think Lane operated the lid of the casket.



**Karl and Ellen in Pumpkin Patch**

Our daytime October Festival consisted of preschoolers that loved to see pumpkins. The teacher with mothers' help would reserve a ride through the woods and then a Weiner roast. We always gave these little children a little pumpkin. One time a group had the Weiner roast and were preparing to go home. Karl told them to go to the pumpkin pile and pick up a pumpkin and take it home. One little black boy picked up

two. Karl said, "Only one." The unhappy little boy said, "I wanted one for my brother." Karl said, "That's a good reason." He let the little fellow have two pumpkins. Then another fellow was already putting his in the car. He turned and went and got another and put it in the car. Then he went to get the third pumpkin. Karl said, "Three is too many." He said, "I have two sisters." Karl let him have it. Karl said when these Headstart black children came that every one of them would manage somehow to touch Karl to get his attention. During the wiener roasts these little folks' teacher had them sit on blankets to be served by teacher and mother roasting wieners. Usually the "buns" would be left on their blankets and sometimes even the wieners.

One time in early October a group of 12 young ladies reserved to go on the wagon ride. Karl would drive the tractor and when stopped he stood close to the wagon and taught biology lessons. These young ladies did not listen. They yakked and yakked so much that Karl gave up and hurried to the persimmon grove. He stopped and picked green persimmons and told them, "This is a fruit which you ought to taste." Each lady took one. Just one bite with the teeth causes a pucker of the mouth when the persimmon is green. For some reason he could talk to them after that. This grove is pretty close to the end of the wagon trail.

Our spring festivals were busier. The October Festivals were more casual. The Shiver Shack was busy in the latter part of October hosting several young groups of different churches. It was nice to have our educational festivals. If it rained we had sand to travel on and a rain shelter to get under. We became older and felt we couldn't continue. In 1980 we had a sale of all festival equipment. We were happy that our neighbor right across the road bought our Wooden Shoe building for their daughter Elizabeth's play house. We could still see it.





# **PUBLIC AUCTION — KADO-LATO FARM**

SPENCERVILLE, IND. 1 MILE EAST OF SPENCERVILLE ON CO. RD. 68

Is closing out all equipment with all gourd show creations, souvenirs, w. agons etc

**SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1980 at 9 A.M.**

## **ANTIQUES — SIX OAK CHAIRS — COLLECTIBLES**

Depression dinner set, 6 plank bottom chairs, China maple syrup pitchers, 272 German China salt cellars, 22 1/2 gold China, Bevanian, Karr, 102, Italian 740-Es, anchor glass, butter bowl, oil lamps, iron kettle, iron trivet, oil lantern, flagman's lantern, pitcher pump, sleigh bells, cow bell, meat cleaver and saw, mantel clock, iron skillets, iron candle holders, hand mill seeder, grain Sacks, meat hook, sheep shears, hand pump, copper urn, foot-adze wash pan, candy thermometer, cook books, newspapers, mirror and frame, picture frames, banana split dishes, Halls kitchen bake ware, earthen crocks and jars, glass top of cans, deep dishes, bottles, nail keg, coal scuttle, quilting frames, antique planks from covered bridge, several antique boxes and crates, 45 apple boxes, 1 bu.

## **GOURDS — CRAFTS — TEACHING SUPPLIES**

### **MANY LARGE LONG-LASTING DECORATED GOURDS TO BECOME FAMILY HEIRLOOMS**

A clown, camel, elephant, stork, fire engine, snow men, chickens, ant. tea pots, epergnes, topiary trees, 'decorated vases, humpy dumpty, Indian display boards, wall hangings, many peace with God strings, bird houses, lights, Jack-o-lanterns, and Baton Gourds.

## **THOUSANDS OF CURED PLAIN GOURDS READY FOR YOUR**

### **EXOTIC CREATIVE IDEAS OR BIRDHOUSES**

Dough art, ribbons, plaques, deer skin, glitter, wire, styrofoam, holders, shells, chains, bulletin board charts of Good Manners, safety, health, syllable games, letter games, quizzo, tick-tack-toe, Lotto, flash cards, wall pictures, math charts, empty folders, science art, RECORD OF BIRD SONGS

## **WOODEN SHOE SOUVENIR HOUSE 8' x 20'**

### **DUTCH SOUVENIRS — WINDMILLS — DOLLS — POTTERY**

#### **Much, Much More**

#### **HOUSEHOLD MISC.**

Candles, steak knives, milk glass, vases, coffee urn, pitcher sets, water glasses, picnic baskets, coolers, deep fryer, lamp shades, books, dictionaries, picture frames, new lamps, book holders, 15 yd. of 60" antique satin drapery material, new polyester material, cushions, orchid bed spread, office supplies, scrap paper, bathroom seal, wall mirrors (12"x12"), wallpaper, Windsor copper, kitchen utensils, ring trees, neckshaw, chest of drawers, fur coats, peg boards, large 20"x12" enamel baking pans, money change boxes, new Christmas ornaments, 2 lighted Christmas trees, 2 compartment sink, wash sink, basketball hoops, fire extinguisher, 4 large picture windows, 6' wide 5' high

## **FARM MACHINERY, MISC.**

2 wagons & grain racks, Viking Twin 2-cylinder garden tractor, cultivator & plow, w/4-wheel weights, 60 rd. roll barbed 4 point wire, 40' extension ladder, wood step ladder, corrugated steel roofing, bench saw, 6 picnic tables, 6 wood benches, folding metal chairs, galvanized horse tank, sap spiles, new garbage cans, 1 metal grill, P.T.O. seeder, paper bags, heavy wrapping paper, 4 metal cabinets, 140 bn cans, 6 galvanized pails, wood lettuce boxes, 5 irrigation sprinkler rotary heads, wheel for wheelbarrow, bulb cleaner, wood display rack & boxes, tar peulin, rubber lined wheels, 3 card tables, 30 plastic trays, wener roasting sticks, cold drink urn, 40 cup, coffee urn, 35 cup, wood shoe display boxes, two wheel riding cart, 2 cycle 5 H.P. blower, World War II surplus, Sears sprayer, 50 gal., tandem disc 6", John Deere 2-16" plow, Atlas Chalmers 1 bottom plow 16", 1/4" bolts various sizes, rivets, hinges, cultivator sweeps, windows & glass, 3 lawn mower motors, 50 gal. oil drums, wood pump mds and faucets, copper wire and loom, range cable, motors and pulleys, plastic tubing, push mowers.

## **LUMBER — DRYING TRAYS — PLANTS**

16 Wadcherry planks 10' x 21/4" x 8" to 16", shiplap pine 8", 6 pine planks 2" x 12" x 16-2 pine planks 2" x 8" x 8' garden and nursery tags, perennial and hanging plants, mole traps, roll of celophane 14" wide, covered pots, 70 drying trays screen bottom

TERMS: Cash

Not Responsible for Accidents

KARL & DOROTHY ELLEN HART, Owners

Fisher and Hissong, Auctioneers — Ph. 219-657-5381

Lunch Wagon — Rain Shelter

## **GRANDMA LAKE**

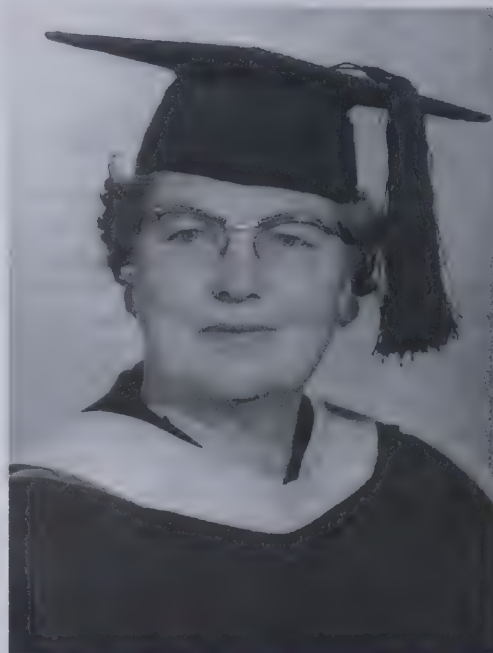
I looked after my mother until she went to heaven in 1959. (January 27, 1959) She suffered a broken hip while visiting my sister in California. I told my sister if she could get mom back to her little home in Spencerville, Indiana where mom grew up and lived all her life that I would drive to her house each day and then give Monday for mom's day to have me drive her to where she might wish to go. Each Monday my car was full of mom's widowed friends and her. She was happy to look forward to Monday. They all wanted to shop and eat out. For awhile I was able to get a woman to be with mom. She had heart trouble in her later days and needed a heart shot each morning and night. Mom never got to walk without a walker.

## **DOROTHY ELLEN BACK TO COLLEGE**

In 1958 after Tom was in college I wanted to use my teacher's life license and go back to teaching. I showed my

credentials to the trustee. He said, "Yes, I could hire you but in the last trustee's conference it was decided that we would only hire teachers with a BS degree and you have a Teacher's Normal Degree. I would advise you to go back to college and get a B.S. degree."

I enrolled at St. Francis College in Ft. Wayne, Indiana because Karl was working in the factory in Ft. Wayne located not very far from the college. We could ride to work together. My mother passed away in early 1959. I continued to go to college. In 1960 I graduated with a B.S. degree. I was 52 years old and wondering where to apply for teaching.



One day after my library class I had a great surprise. A lady by the name of Edith Pratt was in my Library Science class as a student the same as I. She called, "Mrs. Hart, I wish to talk to you." I stopped. She introduced herself. She said that Huntertown Elementary School needed a 3rd and 4th grade teacher and at the last teacher's meeting the principal asked the teachers to hunt for a teacher with which they would like to work. She said, "Would you like to have me make an appointment for you?" I said, "I sure would." Then she complimented me on the speech I had just given to the class about the Chicago "Book Fair" and the



points to remember about books. The teacher "Sister Ida" sat beside me at the fair and she noted that I took notes. She asked me to please give a talk to the class. I did. This speech got me a job. I was not sure if I was still a professional but I loved to teach again.

Getting a professional job at my age of 52; made me feel a little insecure in meeting with the, "School Board." The time came and I dressed up really "planned" as Karl calls it. I chose a royal blue fine (pin-striped) wool suit which I had worn several times. The blue brought out the blue in my eyes which made me look alert. I only expected to meet the principal. When I arrived the whole school board was in the back room sitting around a long narrow table. The black eyed superintendent, Mr. Gerard, was sitting at the far end of the table and I could see him very well and see his eyes look me over.

The principal introduced me and told about my background. He said, "Mrs. Hart, what is your philosophy of life?" I said, "I'm a child of God, then I'm a wife, then I'm a mother and then I'm a former teacher and love to teach." The next day I was hired to teach one of the three third grade elementary classes. Mrs. Otto and Mrs. Gardener were the other third grade teachers in 1961. They had been teaching all their adult lives at Huntertown. Later a fourth grade class had to be added. New homes were being built near Huntertown. Today there is a new, very large school.



**In the classroom at Huntertown**



**In the classroom in 1964**

Not allowing prayer in the schools had just been in the news. I asked the principal if I could allow the pupils to pray in their own words just before going to lunch. He said, "Yes, go right ahead." Coburn Corners Church chose me as organizer and superintendent of the Junior Bible School. Other members helped to organize and start it. I had practice about how to start and close a prayer and how to humbly teach it. I told the class if they wished to thank God for the food which they were about to eat that we would wait in line at the door. It's easy, start your prayer like you start a letter: Say "Dear God, I thank you for my food." Then say anything that you wish to say. When finished be sure and say "In Jesus' Name" because you love Jesus who is God's only Son. Before the year was over the whole class would participate.

#### **GINGER, OUR FOX TERRIER AND OTHER PETS**

In 1958 Karl did the wagon ride all by himself because he had a small club group of about 15 ladies. When they were sitting in front of the maple sugar camp and Karl was giving the lesson, he heard our little fox terrier dog named Ginger barking. Karl and





Karl stopped teaching the lesson and said, "Oh, Ginger has cornered a blue racer snake." A lady on the wagon quickly said, "How do you know the dog has a snake?" Karl exclaimed, "Our little dog talks to me by the way she barks. I know when she has a snake cornered. I also know when something needs looking at." Karl told the lady as he walked toward the barking noise that he would prove it to her. Sure enough it was a 36" long Blue Racer snake. Karl got two sticks. One for under the snake and one to hold the snake on the stick under it. He carried the snake so all could see. He let it loose and it slithered under the wagon. The ladies screamed and I heard their screams clear up to the barn. I asked Karl what happened. Our little dog Ginger did not chase the snake because she knew if Karl let it go without killing it, that it would not hurt Ginger, Karl or the ladies.

Ginger had good dog sense. She always thought she should catch moles because Karl killed them and so did she. She would plow with her little nose in a mole run until she could catch the mole. In sandy soil this was easy for her. If Karl saw where a mole was moving under the ground, he would call, "Ginger! a mole!" and she came running to help catch it. A mole is a burrowing, insect-eating mammal with very small eyes and ears. It has broad fore feet, and soft fur moles live mainly underground. They are usually around 7" long. The little mouth that Ginger had, could easily kill a mole.

One time we heard Ginger barking out by our wiener roasting area and she was on the ditch bank. Our creek had water in it and a raccoon was on the bank close to the water. If Ginger would turn to run away; this raccoon would swiftly catch her and kill her by holding Ginger's head under water until she would drown. Ginger barked her, "I need help bark." Karl went to her and when he got close to Ginger and the raccoon, the scared raccoon looked at Karl for a second, Ginger dove into him and got the raccoon by the back of his neck and stuck the raccoon's nose under water and held it there until the animal quit struggling. Ginger was braver if Karl or any of us were close by.

How did we get our smart Ginger dog? We got her when my sister Margaret's family dog named Skippy had puppies. Ginger was a cute little puppy and we were living in our small trailer home and remodeling the new Kado-Lato house.

Something happened to Tom's "Gray Boy" cat and we wanted a cat. My cousin Merwood Rhodes always had nice kittens to give away. His wife Verna (Jolly) Rhodes always loved kittens and sort of tamed them. They had two kittens that looked alike. They were orange color with white mixed in. We took the two kittens and had them neutered so they would stay home and catch mice. Dr. Baumgartner, a veterinarian living close by in Spencerville performed the operations on these cute little kittens. One of them died from this operation. We then had a cute puppy Ginger and a cute kitten Rusty for our pets. These friendly pets became pals and Rusty played with puppy Ginger the way he would play with another cat, and Ginger played with Rusty the way puppies do. Through the years they looked after each other. If Rusty let out a "Help me!" cat meow, our dog Ginger came at once to his help and chased the predator away.

Our neighbor had a wicked dog which loved to chase cats and kill them. This dog charged at our cat, Rusty. Our Rusty jumped up high and landed on the dog's back and stuck his claws in the dog's back. The dog ran and howled. Our neighbor said, "There is one yellow cat that our dog runs away from. The dog never chases that yellow cat." We knew it was our yellow cat Rusty. Consequently Rusty lived a long time and so did our Ginger dog. They played together and lived like friends.

Our dog Ginger was a good mother. She had puppies and she disciplined them. They did not always get their own way. One time I saw her discipline a little puppy that defied her "scolding growl" and kept on nursing when she growled at him the second time with a heavy, "I mean it," growl. He kept right on hanging on to her. She did not say, "O.K. you go ahead and nurse." No, she opened her little mouth and completely covered the little puppy's head. Then she started to close her sharp teeth on his head. The puppy cried and cried. I thought she was cruel to him. She had to make him hurt just a little bit so he would listen to her growls. The hurt was not black and blue and not bloody. It just stung the little puppy. The little puppy listened to her growls after that. He grew up to be a nice dog. Possibly this little disciplined puppy was the one that our grandson Larry got from Ginger's litter of puppies. They named him "Whitey." He was a nice smart dog also. Larry could put him in a Lora's doll cart. The puppy would do what





Larry told him and lay down in this light carriage, while Larry wheeled the cart around.

Whitey grew up and went hunting with his mother Ginger. One time the two dogs had a woodchuck cornered out by our Wiener roasting area. A woodchuck is of any of a group of common American burrowing and hibernating marmots with coarse, red-brown fur. Also called groundhog. The animal is around 20 inches long. It is a thick-bodied, gnawing rodent and has a short bushy tail. It eats crops grown by farmers. It also makes large burrowing holes under buildings. They are a complete nuisance. A dog has to be large to get a woodchuck. Two little dogs can worry the chuck until he is too slow and tired out. Then they come in for the kill. These two dogs were doing this. One dog would nip the chuck in the rear end. The chuck would turn to get that dog. The other dog would nip the chuck's rear end and the chuck would turn again. Karl picked up a rail stick that was strong and broke the chuck's back when the chuck was going toward Karl. The dogs finished the kill. Then the animal has to be buried or it will stink. It would be nice if the dogs would do the burying.

Our pet cemetery says that Ginger came to us in 1946 and died in 1965. She was 19 years old. Whitey came in 1956 and died in 1970 he was 14 years old. Our cat Rusty came to us in 1946 and died in 1966. He was 20 years old. We took good care of our pets and they enjoyed roaming on Kado-Lato territory and looking out for our wagon rides and festival days.

Our grandson became 18 years old. He visited the dog pound when he went to college at Ball State University, Muncie, Indiana. This dog which was a beautiful golden hair retriever kept looking at Larry wistfully. When Larry started to leave the dog let out a little bark like, "Please take me with you." Larry turned around and this big, bushy, reddish brown retriever wagged his tail and woofed at Larry again. Larry asked how he



could take him. The proprietor said, "He has had shots and you pay for them."

It takes two years for a dog to become full size. This retriever was full size. He must have been about three years old and someone had to move and could not take this smart dog with them. He was just too large. Larry took him home with him. Larry and the big dog which Larry named Morgan lived in this small apartment in the city at college. Morgan loved to sit in the front seat of the car beside driver Larry. The dog was so big that it looked like two people sitting there. It wasn't very long until Morgan was staying with Larry's Mom and Dad out here on Kado-Lato territory. Oh boy! This dog just loved our woods. He took over! It was his woods to roam in and all other dogs had better stay out. My first time meeting Morgan was when I saw him run very fast across our creek bridge and very fast in front of our barn and catch a big woodchuck that was going up the hill. He turned around with this big woodchuck hanging out of his mouth very limber. I called him by name and wanted to pet him for doing a good deed. That big beautiful dog just ignored me and trotted on east into our farm land. He stopped in this field and dropped the dead woodchuck. He dug a hole and pushed the dead animal into it. Then he used his nose to shove the dug out soil back over the hole and over the woodchuck. He caught the pest and buried the destructive animal in our farm land. This was great! We didn't have to bury the animals that are a nuisance anymore. Morgan buried his own catch. After this burial Morgan came to me and leaned on me and wanted to be petted. Of course I petted him and he leaned his head against me to have this done. Morgan loved to have his head touching my hand when we walked. During our snowstorms Morgan had his trails to run and find woodchucks. He run these same trails each day of the year. His aim was to catch woodchucks. His dog sense told him that the woodchuck was in hibernation in the winter time. He tried to find red hot hibernating holes where the chuck had hibernated. This dog caught more woodchucks than a hunter could find. When the farmer plowed he would plow out buried woodchucks.

Lavon and Lora had a black cat. Morgan was scolded if he even started to chase that cat. One time the cat jumped on Morgan's back and then off. Morgan went to his master Lavon who was working in his garden. Morgan whined like he was saying, "I am not



allowed to chase that cat. Why is that cat allowed to chase me?" Of course the cat was already scolded and put in the house.

Morgan soon learned by his sense of smell where our land ended. The old line fences are gone but Morgan knew exactly which area belonged to us and he was going to protect our property. The neighbor on the east had a dog. Morgan would not allow that dog to set a foot on our property. That dog knew this and teased Morgan. He would bark as if to say, "Morgan do you see my feet?" Morgan would run as fast as he could to catch that dog before he could get back on his own property. Morgan would never allow any new dog on our land. Morgan loved people and children. We knew he would not bite anyone unless they hurt him. He always kept the woods ready for our wagon rides. If pictures were being taken he would ham it up and get in the picture. He was beautiful when his long hair was combed.



**Karl, Morgan and Sandy, Lavon's dog.**

Our other dogs were only with us a short time. They probably got hit by an auto or something. Our four most respected pets died of old age.

## TRIPS

Christmas vacations were spent visiting Grandma Gladys and Grandpa Clyde along with Uncle Fred and Aunt Winifred at Old Port Richey Florida. In 1946, Alice and I drove Grandma and Grandpa to Florida. It took 4 long days over narrow winding roads. Today the trip can be completed comfortably in 15 hours. In 1947, Karl and Tom drove the grandparents to Florida. We made sev-

eral trips to Florida over Christmas vacation when Tom was a teenager.

Our first trip to California was made in 1953 in our new Packard. We were gone the whole month of June. We brought David back with us and went through Salt Lake City, Yellowstone, the Badlands and Mt. Rushmore on our way back. Due to their bad experience of being buried alive, Tom and David had a lot of trouble when we had to go through any tunnels.

We have been in all of the United States except Hawaii, Oregon and Washington. On each trip we tried to see the attractions of any value.

After retirement we spent 17 days in Japan and a week in the Caribbean Islands. We normally spent 6 months in the Winter in Florida and 6 months in Indiana.



**Trailer home in Avon Park, Florida, in Bonnie Brae Trailer Park.**



**Back of Trailer**







**Dorothy sitting at front of trailer behind flower garden.**



**Magpie sitting on Karl's knee to be fed**





## THE CONTINUING STORY

**Mother was able to see the finished book and was quite pleased. She indicated that she would write more but was tired and wanted to take time to rest up. She was unable to ever return to the task.**

**Shortly after writing the previous Life Story, Mother passed from this earth on February 5, 1991.**

**Afterwards while sorting through the writings that she had completed, the following story unfolds.**

### REMEMBRANCES OF GRANDPA WILLIAM RHOADS

Grandpa loved to be the neighborhood butcher of meats for the family. Each neighbor did his own butchering the way William Rhoads did his butchering.

Butchering days were like threshing days the neighbors got together. The dinners always had pork liver fried up. Also samples of sausage and pork tender loin fried up for evening. The women spent hours scraping guts to stuff sausage. The galvanized wash tubs were used to mix the ground up meat and season it for sausage.

The equipment used for butchering was iron kettles in rims to hold up the kettle to build a wood fire under it to heat the water to scald the hogs to be able to remove hair from the skin. They had to have a platform on a couple of saw horses to hold a barrel in which the hogs were scaled to dehair them. Also the kettle was used for trying out the fat to make lard. The fat was put in a lard press to separate lard from rind which formed cracklings. The lard press was also a sausage stuffer by taking out the screen and exchanging the plunger.

The three legged wooden scaffold was used to hang up the hog carcasses after they were dehaired and scraped and they shaved the hog after they got it hung up and then they gutted and then the women had to start scraping the guts for sausage. This was a stinky work.

When William Rhoads did his beef butchering he always saved out a special muscle from the hind quarters without any suet to dry for his dried beef shavings. he cured this by salting and drying. This dried hunk always hung on his bed post along with a sharp knife to slice thin slices off before going to bed and sometimes in the morning. The grandchildren had to leave the jerky beef alone.

The William Rhoads family were noted for making the best apple butter in the neighborhood. The cinnamon spice had to be ground from cinnamon sticks. They owned their own cinnamon grinder and grew their own special apples. They also had a large grape arbor with all kinds of grapes. They were good gardeners and the girls will learned how to cook and can up food for the winter . Every Saturday was baking day. Also Saturday was house cleaning to entertain beaus that evening with maybe popcorn and apples and cake or pie in the winter time. In summer the boy friends got to help do home made ice cream on Saturday evenings. Visiting and playing games were done on Saturday and Sunday after going to church at the Lutheran church.

Little Grandma Margaret Rhoads did much piecing of quilts and quilting them and she did mending and tearing out rags for rag rugs and carpets. This was her life when she was old. She died at 80 years old with a heart attack while sleeping.

In Grandma Margaret (Herald) Rhoads early days she lived around LaOtto and Huntertown. The Rhoads family lived near there also. Margaret and William decided to live near



Spencerville and near the St. Joe River. They loved to fish and they chose to live on sandy soil to grow their vegetables. William had a business in Spencerville.

When Grandma had her babies she was her own doctor. Grandma had several Dutch German words which she used once in awhile. She was a good housekeeper. The William Rhoads home was in the same place as the Jim Miller home on Co. Rd. 68. The house burned while Vinton Miller lived there after his wife Inez Rhoads passed away. Vinton built the one now standing.

Grandpa William Rhoads loved to grow melons. His melons were grown from his own choice seed. The melons were delicious and he would get them in his one horse wagon and take them to Spencerville and give them away. So the boys would not bother his patch. His children gave him 24 grandchildren. When we cousins got together it was much fun.

The original home was two story with a half porch with two doors. One to go into the parlor for visitors and girls, boy friends and the other door to enter the family living room. There was a wood burning stove in each room. The kitchen off the family room had a kitchen cook stove. The back summer kitchen had a woodshed attached. The summer kitchen floor was scrubbed with lye water. Another kitchen cook stove was in the summer kitchen. Much wood had to be cut then. The men had to use hand saws and cross cut saws and an ax. Fall time was a busy time with neighbors getting together again to buzz wood with their neighborhood buzz saws.

Every farm had their own woods to get their wood and maple syrup from. Some of the women were herbalists and made their own medicines and salves. They got herbs from the woods and fence rows. Bittersweet roots were made into tea to drink for kidney ailments. A medicine man came through the country selling herb medicines.

Sometimes a neighbor would make a special drawing salve which was used to draw poison out of cuts and sores. Our family used Hen Doves salve to help heal sores. Since we went everywhere barefoot as children, sometimes we stepped on nails sticking through boards. So we had Hen Doves salve put on by tying a piece of an old washed sheet around our foot.



**In front of the Allen's Barber Shop in Spencerville.**

It was very common to put on shoes and dress up to go to town on Saturday night after the chores were done. The family took their extra eggs and cream in to sell to the grocer and to the cream station. This money was spent for groceries and fabric to sew. We always bought crackers from the cracker barrel. We bought our clothes in the grocery store. There were always a few chairs setting in the stores used for loafers. The women loafed on Saturday night and shopped the town. The men spent Saturday in the barber shop getting shaved and hair cut. The children walked the streets and the boys played games which were of a hide and go seek nature. These were played in the dark. Spencerville was a very busy town with it's needed stores all at work. There was even a doctor's office as well as a drug store. Each store had hitching posts in front for horses and buggies.





The school house and the churches served as meeting halls.

### **SCHOOL MATES AND HUNTERS**

Olen Waltz, Karl Hart, Glen Hart and Harold Waltz were Coburntown and Spencerville school mate buddies. Three neighbor hood families consisting of Clyde Harts, Fred Harts and Harry Waltzes enjoyed being together at Thanksgiving time. The young fellows spent

the day hunting. Karl's gun was the only full choke gun. It was tapered down and made a small pattern. Karl said he had to salt the shells to preserve the rabbits he shot because they were so far away. They hunted over a wide territory around Coburn Corner

. They would hunt in the forenoon, then came in to eat the Thanksgiving meal and then again hunt in the afternoon.



**Cousins Glen Hart, Elwood Hart, Karl Hart**

One time Karl never saw a rabbit in the forenoon. In the afternoon he saw three sitting rabbits. They never shot a rabbit while sitting. They gave them a sporting chance, sometimes shooting at a rabbit 4 or 5 times and still the rabbit kept right on running.

### **KARL'S 4-H PROJECT**

Karl took a pig from the litter. he separated him and fed him by himself. 4-H club members had to keep track of the amount of food and monthly weight. Karl would go to neighbor Koch with a one horse wagon and get his platform scales to weigh his Poland China hog.



**POLAND CHINA HOG**

He had an old door for a platform to entice the hog with a pan of slop food upon the scales to weigh him. The hog loved slop.



**LOG BARN**

The log barn is where the hog was cleaned up for the fair. hay was already on the floor and Karl washed him and penned him up in here so he could not get dirty. He'd lay there and love that soapy bath especially if Karl rubbed his belly. In those days the hog was not shown by the 4-H member. They judged right in the pen at Auburn, IN. Karl had best pig and got first prize which included a trip to Purdue University. There were three winners from Spencer





Twp. club which was unusual. Fred Ulm kept the best records. Olen Waltz had best gain. Karl had the best pig. They had a week of 4-H round-up on campus. They got to see a college baseball game while at Purdue. A cheer leader taught the 4-H group a college cheer. "Purdue! Purdue! Rah! Rah! Purdue! Purdue! Rah! Rah

! Bully for Old Purdue!".

### KARL'S HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

Karl could sit on the back seat with a good book in his lap to read during class. If the teacher asked him a question he could still answer her.

During the Latin class he could translate the Latin into English very well without a "pony" (A word-for-word translation of a foreign language text, esp. one used secretly by students.).

He played basketball. Only four fellows out of his class played basketball. Even if the boys in class didn't play ball, they were very good at catching the girls in the game of "Sheepy". Karl and James Reed married girls from the class of 1921.

### KARL AND DOROTHY IN HIGH SCHOOL

Karl Hart & Dorothy Lake were neighbors on the presently identified Co. Rd. 68. Since Karl was farthest East he could stop for D. Ellen and her brother William on his way to school. When children got in high school the hack (slang for school bus) would not let them ride. All high school students had to furnish their own transportation. The W. O. Lake kids had to walk in all kinds of weather. The Clyde Hart kids had a horse and buggy to ride in. So Karl was buddy of William Lake in his class. Karl Hart asked William and his sister Ellen to ride to high school with him.

Near the school house there was a horse and buggy barn so the high school students could unhitch the horse

and feed it for the day inside the barn. One noon hour, Ellen and Florence Beams decided to surprise Karl with Ellen's picture. She was sweet 16. they snuck down to the horse barn and got Karl's camera out of the buggy and snapped Ellen's picture. When Karl had the film developed, there was Dorothy Ellen's picture. Wow!!



**SURPRISE PICTURE**

When Karl was a senior and Dorothy Ellen was a Junior, they had a spat that lasted a long time. They both dated other friends. She related that sometimes as Karl would go to school, past their house, he had to battle the horse to pass the lane. The horse was so used to turning in that he still tried to do it.

Karl goes off to Tri State College along with Dorothy Ellen's brother Bill.





**ROOMMATES goofing off in a box car. Glen Hart, Fred Ulm, Bill Lake, Karl Hart, Lawrence Pflaumer**

A year later, She graduated from high school and then she went to Tri-State College. One time on the college campus the girls were sitting on the grass and a group of boys were standing on the sidewalk. You might know that the boys were looking over the girls. One handsome guy said, "Wonder who that girl is dressed in brown"? This girl in brown was Dorothy Ellen. Karl at once said, "I don't know her". Karl's cousin Glen said, "Heck he don't! He has dated her in high school for three years!" When Karl looked at Dorothy Ellen and compared, he decided he had better get her back before she chose someone else. So he dated her with her reluctant consent.



**Karl and Ellen at Tri-State during courting days**

They were married the next year while in college. The college friends gave them a nice "belling" directly after their marriage. They were able to get a first floor bedroom for themselves and the landlady turned her parlor into a bedroom for brother Bill. They all called the owners Ma and Pa Wert. They had adopted Earl and Juanita.



**Karl, Ellen, Bill, Carl, Juanita at Ma and Pa Werts.**





College classes started in April and they married on Saturday at high noon on the 25th of April in 1925. The next Monday morning they were in class at college. Both graduated in 1926 with a teacher's normal degree. They only went 12 weeks the first year and then they taught the next fall. Dorothy Ellen was only 17 years old and teaching on a permit until 18 years old. They had to pass a teacher's exam before they could teach. These exams were given by the county in which they wished to teach.

#### **KARL AND ELLEN'S COLLEGE DAYS WITH HISTORY PROFESSOR**



**Dorothy Ellen and History Professor**

Her history professor gave us useful remembrances to teach children and help us to remember. He gave a special way of learning the U. S. Presidents in their order. Karl used it in school for many years and could still recite it many years later. He added some of the

newer President's as they came into office. The version, up to and including Reagan, are as follows:

**Willie, A Jolly Man Makes A Jolly Visitor. How The Poor Two Fellows Planned Buchanan Lincoln Johnson. Great Heavens, George's Aunt Carrie Has Come. Make Room To Welcome Her Children Home. Rosy Truman Even Kicked John's New Ford Car Recently.** [Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. W. Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, W. H. Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, A. Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, B. Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, T. Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, F. D. Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, L. B. Johnson, Nixon, Ford, Carter, Reagan]

#### **KARL HART'S FIRST SCHOOL**

It was rough getting a job to teach because teachers were plentiful. Trustee Harry Foote hired Karl to teach at Mudsock School in Scipio Township (near Harlan Indiana). He had 21 pupils. One of his creations for community get-togethers was an agricultural fair; where children brought in vegetables and grains and flowers for competition. Father Clyde was the judge for these product. They put on a little program and Karl used a battery for the electric stage lights. He also rigged up a pulley system to stay behind curtains and open and close stage curtains made from sheets. he also had a little room curtained off in each corner so there were door entrances to the stage. The teachers could buy play books from publishing companies and Karl bought several to use. There was only one book so the parts had to be copied off by older children for the younger ones. This was good writing exercises. Karl started a hot lunch program in 1922. They borrowed a kerosene oil stove from





somebody in the community and a few cooking utensils. They didn't buy things. They borrowed them. The main thing was to teach them how to put up a balance meal for good nutrition.

Hot soup usually was eaten along with what was in their lunch buckets. Everybody in school had to bring something for the soup. It was the older girl's job to figure out what was needed for the soup and who would bring it. The boys would wash the dishes. One Thanksgiving Dorothy Ellen's mother baked six pumpkin pies with Karl's help for his potluck Thanksgiving. For Christmas Mother Hart helped pop popcorn for stringing to decorate the tree. Popcorn balls were made for the school, too. Sometimes a mouse would get in and chew the popcorn decorations. The school sure smelled like Christmas.

Karl put up a playground swing set on the playground. he always played with them at noon and recess. They played "Sheepy", "Stink Base", "Dodge Ball", Ball Game Rounders", Ball Game Two Hole Cat", and they flew home-made kites in the spring. In the snow they played "Fox and Geese", made forts, and threw snowballs and made snowmen.

Karl constructed a radio that was capable of using a loud speaker. This was new to that community.

The only child that got sick and died in all of Karl's teaching career was Annie Hoover in his first year of teaching. If they would have had penicillin then, she would not have gone.

Karl stayed during the week with Coe Applegate family until he got his own car and then he'd had to stay once in awhile because it was too muddy or too snowy to drive his car home.



**Dorothy Ellen standing by a restored Ford roadster, their first car.**

When Karl was teaching at Mudsock rural elementary school in Allen County, Dorothy Ellen was teaching at Coburn Corners rural elementary school. They both saved enough money to get married. Karl had bought a Ford roadster with his money. Since they both could teach 4 years and get a life license in Indiana, Dorothy Ellen managed to teach 4 years and then have her first baby, Lavon.



**Dorothy Ellen at age 23, prior to giving birth to first son.**



**Thus ends the stories written by Dorothy Ellen Hart.**

This is the list of Karl's life experiences during his 28 years of teaching and continuing into his additional work record:



**Karl at Newville School**

1922-1927 South Scipio Mudsock,  
Allen Co.

1927-1934 Hicksville Public Schools,  
Hicksville, OH

1934-1942 Newville School,  
Newville, IN

1942-1945 Factory (GE) and Indiana  
Wire & Die, working for war effort

1946-1953 St. Joe Elementary  
School, St. Joe, IN

1953-1954 Retired to farm

1954-1956 Hoosier Wire and Die  
company, Ft. Wayne, IN

6 months Montgomery  
Ward, Ft. Wayne, IN

1957-1968 ITT, Ft. Wayne, IN (June  
7, 1968)



**RETIREMENT AWARD**



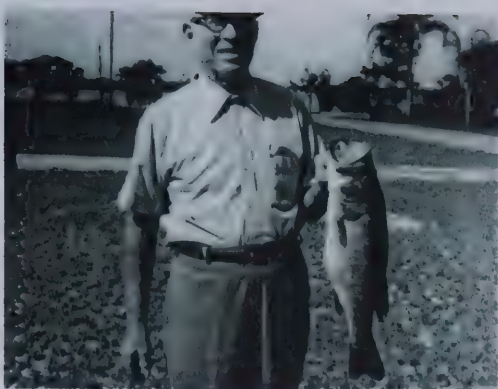
**RETIREMENT PARTY**

#### **KARL FISHES IN FLORIDA.**

When Karl and Ellen lived at Avon Park Lakes in Florida, Karl fished on Lake Chilton. His aim was to catch a bass larger than 5 pounds. He caught many eatable bass but it took him about 5 years to catch a seven pounder. He lost several larger ones in the process. A neighbor who was the photographer for the Avon Park Lakes new wrote an article about Karl and his bass. His bass was larger but Lake Olivia was larger. He took the picture in their back yard with Chilton in the background.







**SEVEN POUND BASS**

### **THE CONTINUING STORY BY LAVON AND TOM HART**

Several pictures were still available to tell the "rest of the story" and to write the final chapters.

Mom and Dad enjoyed their waning years as she said, 6 months in Avon Park in Florida and the remaining six months in their home.

They were always busy while in Florida. The doing of art crafts of some sort always was an interest and filled many of their hours. Dad raised a lot of different types of gourds at home and he would take many of the choice types and shapes along to Florida. While there, they would decorate them with many techniques. They would display them there, and then bring the best ones home and take them to various gourd shows in the area. They would win many prizes for uniqueness and different styles of presentation.



**A display of gourds at a Spencerville Bridge Festival in 1984.**

In 1978, while they were in Florida, Mom had corneal eye transplant. The doctors in Florida were quite knowledgeable about this procedure because of all of the "older" folks needing it done.







**"It is nice to recuperate from an eye implant in the sunshine of Florida"**

Mom was an avid flower gardener for many years. She had many flower beds at home and was especially proud of the flower gardens they grew in the "poor sand" around their trailer.

At home, Dad kept busy by mowing the yard around the house, the barn yard and he many times said that he couldn't get the mower stopped until he had his son Lavon's yard mowed too. Lavon appreciated coming home after work and finding the lawn manicured, and he still did not have it yet to do.

In July of 1973, Spencerville held the centennial anniversary of the construction of the Covered Bridge. As a part of that celebration, all the men were requested to wear a beard or mustache. If they did not do so, they would be arrested and have to pay a fine in order to be a part of the celebration. The women also decided to dress in a period costume of some sort. Dad grew the required mustache and Mom dressed up. This is the only time we remember of him having any extra amount of hair

on his face. For the most part, he was always clean shaven.



**Celebrating the Covered Bridge Centennial Celebration**

### **GOLDEN WEDDING TIME**

In 1900, Clyde Hart and Gladys Baltz were married. In 1925, Karl and Dorothy Ellen Lake were married. In 1950, Lavon Hart and Lora Reas were married. In 1903, Clyde Hart was 25 and had his son, Karl. In 1928, Karl was 25 and has his first son, Lavon. In 1953, Lavon was 25 and his first son, Larry, was born. These were true 25 year generational gaps.

Thus in 1975 they celebrated their 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary, with all of their children and grandchildren in attendance. Held in the Spencerville Community Club, it was quite a gala affair.





**50th Anniversary Celebration**



**Mom and Dad relaxing after their 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary celebration. Note their original wedding picture and 50<sup>th</sup> wedding picture on the TV.**

In Florida they also had a celebration at the Avon Park Club House.



The celebration of their anniversaries became very important as they grew older. The following are various anniversary pictures of the identified years of marriage.



**Celebrating the 55<sup>th</sup>**







**60<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary.** (left to right) Tami, Lynn, Tom, Sherry, Larry, Lora, Lavon, Lane II, Lane, Karen. (on swing) Andrew, Christopher (picture), Karl, Dorothy Ellen, Jessica.



**Formal picture for their 62<sup>nd</sup> Wedding Anniversary in 1987**

### **"MA AND PA ON THE FARM"**

In the summer of 1986, grandson Larry was attending Bowling Green State University in Ohio. As one of his photographic projects he elected to do a study of different personalities using Grant Wood's famous picture, "American Gothic", as a model. He visited many of his older friends in the

rural midwest and handed them a white painted pitchfork and just told them to stand together and support the pitchfork. He only arranged them with male on left and female on right in opposition to Grant Wood's original work. Who held the pitchfork, how it was held, how they arranged themselves, etc. indicated how the couple interacted with each other. It reaped an interesting study. The picture was the one taken of "Grandma and Grandpa" standing on the east side of their home next to one of their many flower beds.



### **MOM'S FINAL DAYS**

On July 5, 1988, she tripped and fell off of the curb at an eating establishment in Auburn. She fractured her hip and after they pinned it together, she was hospitalized and went through therapy at the hospital. Mom was never known for having a high pain tolerance, and she was not as cooperative as needed to get stronger and return to normal activity. Because of her need for further therapy and because the





insurance would not cover any more hospital bills, she transferred to the Meadow Haven Nursing facility at Butler, Indiana. Dad was always faithful to be by her side each and every day of her confinement.

On August 28, 1988, Lavon got a call to meet Dad at the DeKalb Memorial Hospital in Auburn. Mom had trouble breathing and they needed to give her more oxygen. Mom resisted having anything put down her throat and Dad made the decision not to do it. The medical staff sent her to Parkview Hospital in Fort Wayne because of her breathing problems. While in the emergency room at the hospital she stopped breathing all together and they had to insert a breathing tube down her throat and put her on a machine that would "breathe for her". She had never made out a living will and thus the need for emergency procedures. The doctors put her in the ICU immediately and worked to restore her breathing. We could visit her only at specified times. Again, Dad was constantly there for any visiting hours during the day. Mom was coherent in her state of mind and was able to communicate with us by writing on large pieces of paper. She was quite mad, to say the least, for putting her in this situation. But none of us were planning on using euthanasia techniques to end her suffering. Eventually the doctors were stumped and had no solutions for her condition. Mom wrote, "Have these doctors ever healed someone?" She was also angry with Dad for not getting her out of this predicament. He always did, but this was out of his hands. One day she asked Lavon why she was there. This had been explained to her many times but this time he very firmly indicated to her that she could not breathe on her own and she had to do that of she would never be released. She frowned at him and indicated that she was breathing. Lavon explained very patiently that the machine was doing 100% of the

breathing and she was doing nothing. He indicated that she had to consciously think "breathe" or nothing could be done for her. She had to do it. At that moment the machine indicated that she was trying to breathe on her own. Lavon told her to breathe with the machine and at its rate, not her own. She did for a few times and then indicated she was exhausted. He reminded her that the only way out was to consciously breathe and rest when tired. But during all waking hours, to work at it. Surprisingly she was out of ICU and into a normal hospital room within a few days. We always told her she could do what she really wanted to.

After she was finally released from the hospital on October 7, 1988, she was transferred to Meadowhaven Nursing Home, again, and recuperated there until May 25, 1989 (236 days). Again, Dad was with her every day.



**At Meadowhaven in 1989**

She continued to be very weak and could not breathe very deeply, but Dad took care of her needs.

Within a few weeks, she really wanted to know why she was still alive and not at permanent rest. Lavon indicated to her that perhaps, since she did not have her memoirs written and the family was really interested in her encapsulating her background and life on paper. So she gathered all the pictures collected during her lifetime and started to write about each of them.



They also brought to her remembrance the many things that had happened. She hand wrote everything on legal size paper, sent it to Tom to be changed to a computerized document and then it was returned to her for editing. Dad helped her to bring to mind the many things that happened in her lifetime. Thus the main body of her book was produced.



**Larry visiting Grandma and Grandpa in the summer of 1990**

After the book was copied, collated, and bound, she was encouraged to continue writing, since she had more to say. She said that she was really tired out from the previous writings and wanted to rest for a while before starting in again. A few days later, on February 5, 1991, at 85 years of age, she peacefully passed from this earth to her eternal reward. On February 7<sup>th</sup>, she was laid to rest in the Alton Cemetery near St. Joe, Indiana.

During the time of her recuperation, she had penned her personal obituary to be used. It was read at her memorial service.

## NEWSPAPER OBITUARY

### **Dorothy Ellen Hart**

SPENCERVILLE — Dorothy Ellen Hart, 85, died Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. in her home.

She resided at 6081 County Road 68, Spencerville, and was a member of the Coburn Corners Church of Christ. She was a retired teacher who had taught in DeKalb and Allen county schools.

She was born June 12, 1905 in Spencer Township, DeKalb County, to the late W. O. and Francena (Rhoads) Lake.

She married Karl Hart on April 25, 1925 in Butler. He survives.

Also surviving are two sons, Lavon Hart of Spencerville and Dr. Thomas Hart of Tallahassee, Fla.; one sister, Esther Cook of Sylmar, Calif.; five grandsons and five great-grandchildren.

One brother, William Lake, and one sister, Margaret Cook, preceded her in death.

Friends may call today from 2 - 4 and 6-9 p.m. in Baidinger & Walter Funeral Home, Spencerville.

Services will be Thursday at 2 pm. at the Coburn Corners Church of Christ, rural St. Joe, with calling one hour before. The Rev. Doug Holley will officiate. Burial will be in the Alton Cemetery in rural St. Joe.

Memorial donations may be given to the church for pew Bibles.





## DAD'S CONTINUING STORY

Since Dad still owned the trailer in the Bonnie Brae Trailer Park in Avon Park, Florida, he decided to go back each winter to it. The first few years, he traveled back and forth by himself, always stopping at Tom's on the way down and back. It was noted by Lavon and Tom that perhaps it would be wise to help him drive the long way down and back. At the end of October, Lavon would take a vacation long weekend and he would drive him down to Tom's and Tom would finish the journey. Lavon would then fly back home. During Lavon's spring break, he would fly down and pick him up to return home. This was a satisfactory arrangement until it became apparent that Dad could no longer safely drive away from home the home area.

All of the time while Dad wintered in Florida, one his greatest passions was shuffle boarding. He garnered many trophies and proudly displayed them in the trailer and at home. In 1992 he teamed up with another "shuffler" and received a first place trophy in a tournament of ALL Avon Park shufflers.



**Another of the trophies for shuffling.**

The Bonnie Brae Park residents held many a social activity for almost any occasion. Birthdays were usually special. On Dad's 80th birthday, he represented the 90 year old group with one of his many poems.



**These shufflers had to be 75 years or older in order to participate.**

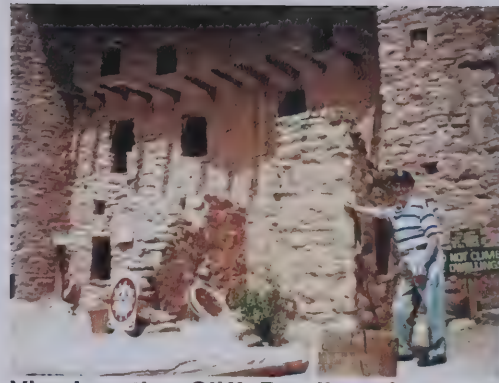






In the summer, he still mowed the area around the farm as needed. He spent many enjoyable minutes riding his "horse" (a Cub Cadet mower) around the farm and through the woods. Finally the older mower was not as efficient and easy to handle as it once was. Therefore, he went out and bought a brand new Cub Cadet, with power steering, power lift for the mower deck, lights, and everything that can be put on a machine of that type. He was very proud of it and drove all around, mowing up a storm.

In the summer of 1993, Lavon and Lora took him on an airplane trip to Colorado. He "regaled" anyone he could corner at the airport, to state, "I have been over Colorado by plane, ridden through Colorado by train, but this is the first time I have walked on Colorado soil." He was given a tour of the Rocky Mountains and traveled down to Colorado Springs for some Indian artifact viewing.



Viewing the Cliff Dwellers home at Colorado Springs.



Tom and Andrew helping celebrate Dad's 90<sup>th</sup> birthday.

That same year, the family hosted a 90th birthday party for Dad in the Coburn Corners Church of Christ Fellowship Hall. Over 70 people paid their respects to Dad for his many years of service and friendship. One special guest was John Souder. He was one of Dad's students in school and he never forgot his teacher. He remembered that Dad had assigned an essay to be written entitled, "The first time I found out there was no Santa Claus". John had written that he suspected that there was no Santa Claus but until the



assignment, he was not sure. It was that special student that is now designing all of the posters for the Auburn-Cord-Duesenberg Festivals.



**A special ex-student, John Souder**

In the summer of 1995, it became necessary to move him out of his home because he could no longer care for it. The home was rented out to his grandson Lynn and his family and he moved into the trailer, once owned by Lynn, and now in the possession of Lavon. This helped Lavon to keep tabs on him at all times.

He was seemingly reluctant to move into the trailer because it was a very new situation to him. Lavon made sure to put his treasured furniture, television, trophies, bed, etc. in a comfortable position. When he first entered the trailer after it was arranged, he was most pleased. We think that he was sure that nothing in it would be his.

Also that summer he had a small "fender bender" in Spencerville. He would not cook much so he would go over to the local restaurant, eat a late lunch and take the rest of the food back home for supper. Of course, he always had breakfast of "Wheaties", milk and sugar. This was his staple diet for a great many years.

In the accident, he had turned in front of another car and was cited by the police for not having his car under control. This meant that he had to appear at the local judge's court to have a fine or penalty assessed. The judge was a young man that was good friends with the family and he was most gentle with Dad. During the questioning, Dad would never admit that he was guilty. It was the other driver that did not have her car under control. The judge continued to ask him what his plea was, guilty or not guilty. Dad would not admit either. Finally the judge said that he could plead "no contest" and the matter would be finished. Lavon finally got him to say the words and he was fined and released.

After this, Lavon requested that he not drive any more. Lavon always thought that this would be a most difficult decision to make because he would not permit it to happen. He looked at Lavon for a few minutes and then surrendered his keys. Lavon said that he would not take the keys but Dad would give them to him every time he needed to go anywhere. This seemed to please him and let him have some independence as to their use. Lavon was retired at this time hence he could take care of his chauffeuring needs.



**Grand Marshall at Covered Bridge Festival**





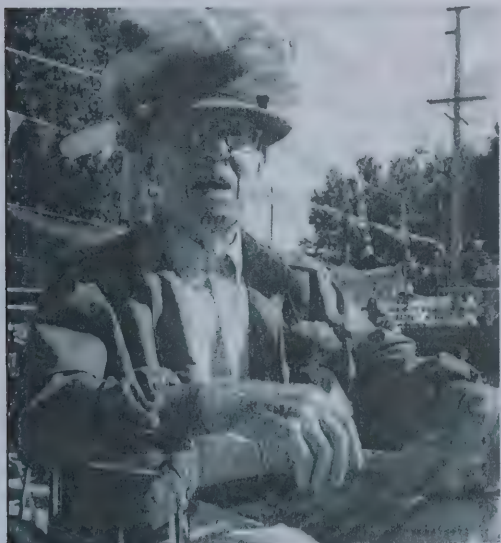
In 1997, at the Spencerville Covered Bridge Festival, Dad was asked to be the Grand Marshall during the parade. He felt very honored to be asked. He felt that his age should count for something. He was taken over to the parade area and was put in an old restored car driven by friends of his. The car was very similar to the first roadster he had bought. The biggest problem of the day was that the temperature soared to 96 degrees in the shade and no shade. We were quite concerned that the heat would affect him, but his day was not marred by this fact.

The following are excerpts from the Evening Star newspaper.

"Hart was chosen to be grand marshal of the Spencerville Covered Bridge Festival last Saturday. One reason was because he's lived in the Spencerville area so long. Another must be because he's such an avid conversationalist.

"I'm not the oldest in the county,' Hart clarified, 'but one of the oldest. When you're past 90, you're one of the oldest,' he quipped without cracking a smile."

"Hart says he's still a member of the Lions Club, 'more or less an associate member,' but says he doesn't do things with them much anymore. But, he says emphatically, 'I want you to know, though — I'm still mobile.'"



**Oldest Settler, 1997**

In the fall of 1997, Lavon took Dad to the Auburn Free Fall Fair on Old Settler's Day. He was determined to be the oldest settler at the program. The Evening Star newspaper reported this information about him.

"Longtime county dwellers were honored Wednesday in the Old Settlers program at the DeKalb County Fair's main stage"

"The half-century-old show recognizes DeKalb County's oldest and youngest living residents. To be deemed an Old Settler award-winner, registrants must have lived in the county for at least 40 year. . ."

"Ninety-four-year-old Karl Hart of Spencerville was honored as the county's oldest male settler. A former employee of a technology firm, Hart said he has no trouble in keeping up with the 1990s advancements such as the Internet."

"I helped build the first radio," he said.

Hart unleashed his secret to preserving pep: 'I've never smoked cigarettes or chewed tobacco.' And he encouraged young people to live the same way."

On Monday, May 26, 1998, Dad peacefully slept his way into heaven at the age of 94 years (just 12 days shy of being 95). He was laid to rest beside his beloved Dorothy Ellen in the Alton Cemetery on May 29th. His funeral was conducted by his grandson, Lynn. As a special memory the following poem was read. It originally was written for a Hicksville School class reunion but the final stanza was quite appropriate for him.





# APPENDIX A

## *Family Background*



## GENEALOGY OF THE LAKE FAMILY

The first verified ancestor of our branch of the Lake Family seems to be Thomas & Sarah-Peate Lake of Stratford, Connecticut. The record of his ancestors are very vague. His father could have been William Lake who in 1665 came to Boston, Mass. from England. William was a cooper by trade and perhaps a son of Henry of Dorchester. Sarah was the daughter of John Peate, who brought his family to New England on the Hopewell in April of 1665. The Peate family originated in Duffield Parish, Derby County, England. Sarah was born six months after their arrival and the family settled in Stratford, Connecticut.

On February 6, 1694-5 Thomas and Sarah took title to a division of land at the falls of the Pasquennock River on the east side. All of their nine children were born at Stratford.

It is also quite possible Thomas was a descendant of Sir Thomas of Southampton who was born in 1567, knighted in 1603, and died in 1630. Most of the early Lake immigrants were related in some way. It is noted, the Lake ancestors achieved "their finest hour" while under fire. A descendant of Sir Thomas Lake, namely the English General Sir Gerard Lake, was most honored. Born in 1744, he entered the army at 14 and worked up the ranks to General in 1802. He served under Cornwallis in America in 1781. His campaigns in the early 1800's against the natives in India were extremely successful. As a result English influence in India became supreme. He received the thanks of Parliament and was raised to the peerage. He died in 1808, one of the most honored and most loved commanders of English military history. It is said of him that he could think more clearly amidst the rain of bullets than in the calm of his own tent.

Sir Edward Lake, eldest son of Richard Lake of Irby, Lincoln-shire, fought at the battle of Edgehill. He received sixteen wounds and having lost the use of his left hand by a shot, placed his horses bridle between his teeth and fought with his sword in his right hand. For this he received a barony and an augmentation to his arms. Sir Edward b. about 1600 d. about 1675.



John Lake, Bishop of Chichester, born in 1624, owed much to King James and his loyalty to the crown was unquestioned. However, he could not sanction the King's illegal acts tending to the restoration of the Roman Catholic faith in England. On refusing to read the King's declaration of 'liberty of conscience,' he along with six other Bishops were committed to the Tower of London in 1688. A hero for conscience sake. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, and died August 30, 1689. His heroic character and godly life may well be an inspiration to all who take pride in the Lake name.

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Ref:

*Orcutt's History of Stratford and "The Descendants of Thomas Lake of Stratford."* Chicago., 1908. Lake Immigrants to America, by Adams & Risley.

*A History of My People and Yours* by C. N. McMillan, pub. 1956.





# *Descendants of Thomas Lake*

## *Generation No. 1*

1. THOMAS<sup>1</sup> LAKE He married SARAH PEATE 1685, daughter of JOHN PEATE. She was born October 13, 1665.

Notes for THOMAS LAKE:

Thomas Lake and his wife Sarah settled at Stratford, Connecticut, about 1695, purchasing some land, which was subdivided Feb. 6th, 1694, on the east side of the falls of the Pequonnock River. A road passing the homestead was laid out in 1705 and extended to Pulpit Rock. Thomas Lake was still alive in October, 1718, as the records of the General Assembly of the Colony of Connecticut show that he was allowed costs of twelve shillings ten pence for attendance at the assembly to answer petition of Richard Hubble. His widow, Sarah, was probably alive at the time of the organization of the church at North Stratford, Nov. 18th, 1731, as we find her name, together with that of her son, David, and his wife, in the list of charter members. A pew in the Second Episcopal church at Stratford in 1745 was in the name of Thomas Lake; we are unable to decide whether this is the father or the son.

? We find James Lake at New Milford, Conn. in 1730, and his son, James Jr., married Sarah Hendrix, Jan. 23, 1760. The children were:

1. David, b. June 6, 1761, d. Sep. 14, 1763;
2. Isaac, b. June 27, 1763;
3. David, b. July 14, 1765

Children of THOMAS LAKE and SARAH PEATE are:

- i. JOHN<sup>2</sup> LAKE, b. November 22, 1688.
- ii. CHARITY LAKE, b. March 16, 1690/91.
- iii. DAVID LAKE, b. March 10, 1692/93.
2. iv. JOSEPH LAKE, b. April 15, 1696.
- v. SARAH LAKE, b. January 15, 1697/98.
- vi. THOMAS LAKE, b. February 23, 1699/00.
- vii. JAMES LAKE, b. January 28, 1702/03.
- viii. EDWARD LAKE, b. December 15, 1705.

## *Generation No. 2*

2. JOSEPH<sup>2</sup> LAKE (THOMAS<sup>1</sup>) was born April 15, 1696. He married DEBORAH JACKSON December 14, 1732 in Unity. She died 1743.

Children of JOSEPH LAKE and DEBORAH JACKSON are:

- i. MARY<sup>3</sup> LAKE, b. November 17, 1733; d. Unknown, Died young.
- ii. PHEBE LAKE, b. June 14, 1735; d. Unknown, Died young.
- iii. EUNICE LAKE, m. ANDREW CURTIS.
3. iv. PHINEAS LAKE, b. May 22, 1736; d. April 06, 1819.
- v. MARY LAKE, b. June 30, 1737; m. ELEAZER HALL.
- vi. PHEBE LAKE, b. July 28, 1738; d. Unknown, Died young.
- vii. ANNA LAKE, b. September 30, 1739.
- viii. JOSEPH LAKE, b. October 1740; d. April 24, 1813; m. DINAH BEARDSLEY, September 1760.
- ix. NAOMI LAKE, b. March 07, 1741/42.

## *Generation No. 3*

3. PHINEAS<sup>3</sup> LAKE (JOSEPH<sup>2</sup>, THOMAS<sup>1</sup>) was born May 22, 1736, and died April 06, 1819. He married ELIZABETH STILSON October 07, 1762. She died April 13, 1804.

Notes for PHINEAS LAKE:





Phineas Lake died in Vermont State at or near the town of Charlotte or Shelburn Twp. in Chittenden Co., April. 6th, 1819 at age of 83 years. His wife Elizabeth died at or near the same place April 13th, 1804

Children of PHINEAS LAKE and ELIZABETH STILSON are:

4. i. CURTIS<sup>4</sup> LAKE, b. November 15, 1763, Stratford, Conn; d. Shelburn Vt..
- ii. SUSANNAH LAKE, b. June 27, 1769.
- iii. MARY LAKE, b. October 27, 1770.
- iv. DANIEL LAKE, b. February 14, 1773.

*Generation No. 4*

4. CURTIS<sup>4</sup> LAKE (*PHINEAS<sup>3</sup>, JOSEPH<sup>2</sup>, THOMAS<sup>1</sup>*) was born November 15, 1763 in Stratford, Conn, and died in Shelburn Vt.. He married MARGARET CLERRY December 02, 1784 in Cornwall, Conn.. She was born November 22, 1765.

Notes for CURTIS LAKE:

Curtis settled in New Canaan, N.Y. where he lived until he came to Vermont in 1801, and settled in the north part of Charlotte near his father on the Reynolds place, then he moved to Shelburne near where he first moved from. They had ten children

Children of CURTIS LAKE and MARGARET CLERRY are:

- i. LEWIS<sup>5</sup> LAKE, b. June 04, 1786; d. War of 1812.
- ii. ANNA LAKE, b. March 16, 1788; m. EURASTAS TRACY.
- iii. HEMAN LAKE, b. January 25, 1791; d. April 18, 1793.
- iv. STERN NATHAN LAKE, b. July 18, 1793, Stratford, Conn; d. April 22, 1857, Milan Twp, Allen Co.; m. JERUSHA MELLISSA SHELDON, October 05, 1817; b. March 13, 1791, Vermont; d. May 24, 1866, Milan Twp, Allen Co..

Notes for STERN NATHAN LAKE:

Nathan Lake drafted men: Col. John Meadway, Capt. Chapman Co. Drafted Jan. 9, 1778. Discharged Feb. 2, 1778. Following the Revolutionary War, Nathan Lake went to Vermont, and settled at Shelburn, where he married Jerusha Mellissa Sheldon.

He was a farmer and lumberman by occupation. He remained at Shelburn, Vermont, where all their eight children were born. Then in 1833-34 the family emigrated west. Coming by way of the Erie Canal, to Maumee City. The rest of the way west was by wagon. They had left a part of their goods at the canal terminus. These were all lost, thus bringing greater hardships upon them. They first stopped in LaGrange County Indiana a year or two. Then to a farm near Fort Wayne, Allen Co. Indiana.

At Ft. Wayne the entire family worked at farming and on The Toledo & Wabash canal, which was then being dug.

From Ft. Wayne they bought and moved to a piece of land in Milan twp, in sec. 3, Allen Co., Ind. This on July 10, 1835. Going to this parcel of land they had to follow blazed trees, as the entire land was covered by forest. There to clear the land and still keep the family, Nathan and some of his sons went to Peru, Ind. and there rented a sawmill, which enabled them to earn some money with which to clothe the family and furnish food until they could clear enough land to keep them.

Both were buried at Maysville, now known as Harlan, Indiana

Mary Lake Yerks wrote in her notes:

I recall many tales my father Chauncy H. Lake used to tell of his grandfather, Nathan Lake. The canal was made, or dug with pick and shovel and slip scraper and wheelbarrow. he helped to make the canal.

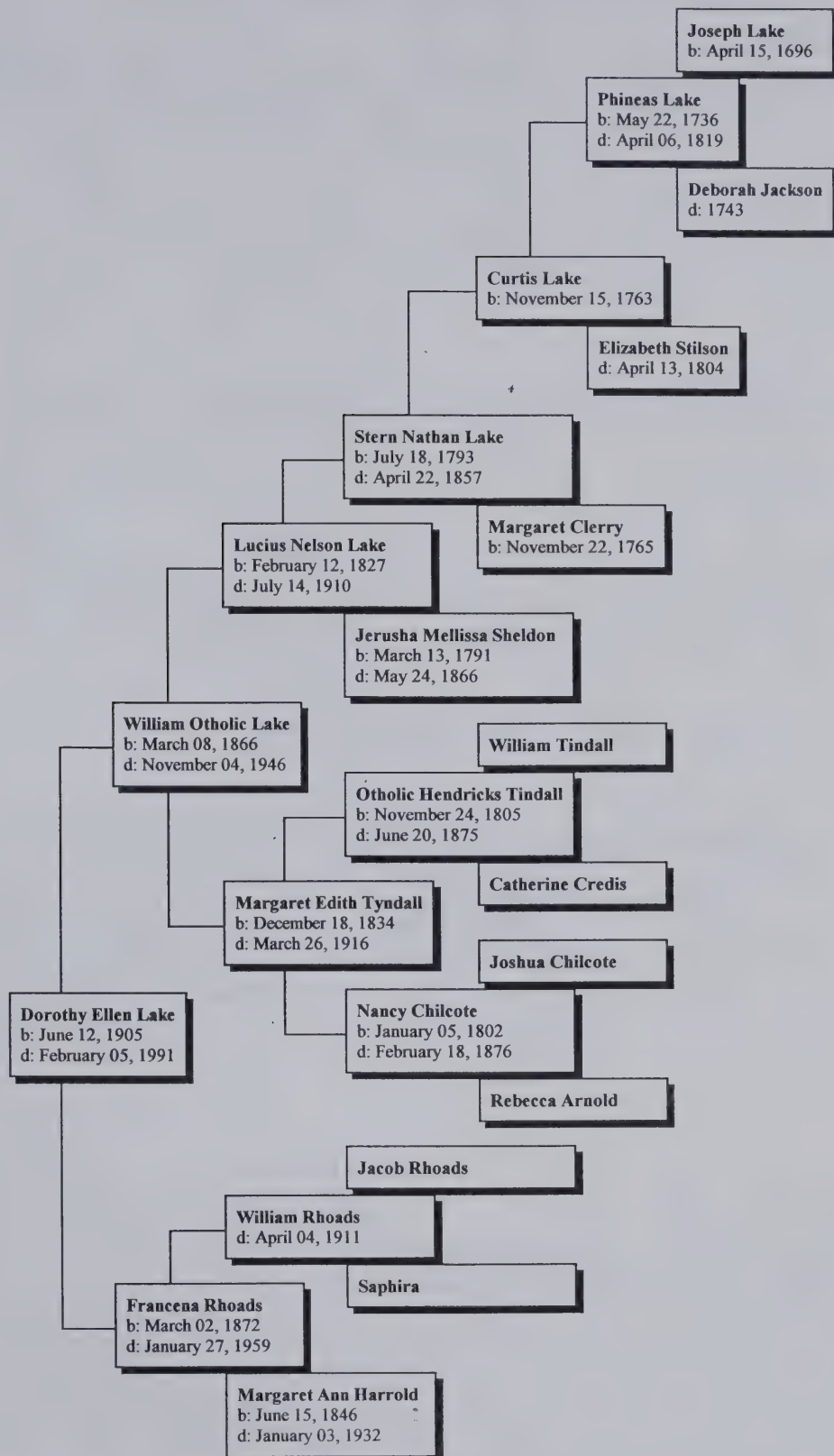
The first home built on the home place in Milan Twp was burned down. Fire started upstairs and could have been extinguished by using vinegar stored upstairs, but they in their excitement didn't want to waste the vinegar, so the entire home, vinegar and all was lost.

Indians use to come in road daylite and help themselves to the meat in their outdoor smoke house.

- v. SALLY LAKE, b. November 22, 1795; m. JOBS COOLE, Shelburne, Vt..
- vi. CLARISSA LAKE, b. November 26, 1797; m. DAVID LORD.
- vii. HEMAN LAKE, b. April 02, 1800; m. (1) BETSY MORGAN; m. (2) MARY MORGAN.
- viii. NANCY LAKE, b. April 28, 1802; d. December 19, 1820, Madrid, N.Y..
- ix. ORILLA LAKE, b. January 11, 1804; m. IRA ANDREWS.
- x. CAROLINE LAKE, b. December 16, 1806; d. January 21, 1825.



# Ancestors of Dorothy Ellen Lake







## *Descendants of Stern Nathan Lake*

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1 Stern Nathan Lake b: July 18, 1793 d: April 22, 1857

+Jerusha Mellissa Sheldon b: March 13, 1791 m: October 05, 1817 d: May 24, 1866

~ 2 Eli Lake b: July 20, 1818 d: May 20, 1895

~~~~ +Jane Stopher m: April 26, 1842 d: November 13, 1847

~ \*2nd Wife of Eli Lake:

~~~~ +Mrs. Elizabeth Metzger b: August 06, 1822 m: April 18, 1849 d: November 16, 1913

~ 2 Charles Curtis Lake b: January 15, 1820 d: October 01, 1894

~~~~ +Mary E. Challis b: February 02, 1833 m: 1850 d: October 31, 1892

~ 2 Nelson Lake b: September 19, 1822 d: August 15, 1825

~ 2 Caroline Lake b: February 08, 1825

~~~~ +Zeimmer

~ 2 Lucius Nelson Lake b: February 12, 1827 d: July 13, 1912

~~~~ +Margaret Edith Tyndall b: December 18, 1834 m: September 28, 1853 d: March 26, 1916

~ 2 Lydia Ann Lake b: November 30, 1828

~~~~ +Thayer

~ 2 Margaret Lake b: August 01, 1830

~~~~ +Notestine

~ 2 Laura Lake b: October 15, 1832

~~~~ +Thayer

~ 2 George P. Lake b: November 24, 1834

## *Descendants of Lucius Nelson Lake*

---

1 Lucius Nelson Lake b: February 12, 1827 d: July 13, 1912

+Margaret Edith Tyndall b: December 18, 1834 m: September 28, 1853 d: March 26, 1916

~ 2 Carolyn Jane Lake b: July 19, 1854 d: November 02, 1934

~~~~ +James E. Lyons b: April 15, 1853 m: December 30, 1883 d: March 1929

~ 2 Nathan Lake b: July 24, 1856 d: September 14, 1934

~~~~ +Sidney A. Drago b: August 28, 1865 m: January 16, 1884

~ 2 Abram Layton Lake b: June 03, 1858

~~~~ +S. Schilling

~ \*2nd Wife of Abram Layton Lake:

~~~~ +A. Whitney

~ \*3rd Wife of Abram Layton Lake:

~~~~ +Cora Hart

~ 2 Lewis Nelson Lake b: February 03, 1861

~ 2 Rosa Ann Lake b: December 21, 1862

~ 2 Nancy Rebecca Lake b: December 09, 1863

~ 2 William Otholic Lake b: March 08, 1866 d: November 04, 1946

~~~~ +Francena Rhoads b: March 02, 1872 m: December 28, 1899 d: January 27, 1959

~ 2 George W. Lake b: March 14, 1869

~ 2 John Lake b: August 27, 1871

~ 2 Francis M. Lake b: September 25, 1873

~ 2 Eli C. Lake b: October 04, 1873

~ 2 Charles J. Lake b: March 11, 1878



## *Descendants of William Otholic Lake*

- 1 William Otholic Lake b: March 08, 1866 d: November 04, 1946  
+Francena Rhoads b: March 02, 1872 m: December 28, 1899 d: January 27, 1959
- ~ 2 Margaret Lake b: November 04, 1902 d: March 28, 1989  
~~~~ +John Willis Cook b: March 23, 1904 m: September 09, 1929 d: May 16, 1982
- ~~~~ 3 Mary Marlene Cook b: December 01, 1931 d: May 15, 2001  
~~~~ +Dean Ernest Cornell b: April 15, 1928 m: June 02, 1951
- ~~~~ 3 Alice Joan Cook b: January 09, 1934  
~~~~ +Donald Allen Lashmett b: August 05, 1934 m: September 08, 1956 d: December 1991
- ~~~~ \*2nd Husband of Alice Joan Cook:  
~~~~ +Eugene R. Beers b: February 23, 1925 m: March 19, 1978
- ~~~~ 3 Donna Lou Cook b: February 06, 1940  
~~~~ +Brent Alan Bradberry b: August 18, 1939 m: July 29, 1961
- ~~~~ 3 Carol Sue Cook b: August 14, 1944  
~~~~ +James Donald Stanley b: March 29, 1941 m: June 12, 1964
- ~ 2 William Nelson Lake b: April 17, 1904 d: June 14, 1933  
~~~~ +Esther Mae Seymore b: August 27, 1909 m: April 07, 1930 d: February 26, 1992
- ~~~~ 3 J William Lake b: August 29, 1930  
~~~~ +Patricia Louise Baker b: January 18, 1937 m: January 29, 1956
- ▶ ~ 2 Dorothy Ellen Lake b: June 12, 1905 d: February 05, 1991  
~~~~ +Karl Von Dale Hart b: June 08, 1903 m: April 25, 1925 d: May 26, 1998
- ~~~~ 3 Lavon Gilbert Hart b: May 22, 1928  
~~~~ +Lora Mayola Reas b: February 07, 1932 m: June 03, 1950
- ~~~~ 3 Thomas Loy Hart b: March 07, 1938  
~~~~ +Sherry Lynne Diekman b: November 08, 1940 m: June 24, 1962
- ~ 2 Esther Viola Lake b: July 17, 1913 d: January 07, 1992  
~~~~ +Sherman Hinckley Cook b: January 28, 1909 m: July 27, 1935 d: September 09, 1988
- ~~~~ 3 David Maxwell Cook b: July 25, 1938  
~~~~ +Sally Joan Crocker b: November 11, 1939 m: June 27, 1959
- ~~~~ 3 Gerald Allen Cook b: April 13, 1941  
~~~~ +Nancy Tero b: March 03, 1944 m: December 29, 1965
- ~~~~ 3 Steven James Cook b: February 19, 1942  
~~~~ +Carol Ann Woodard b: March 12, 1944 m: August 20, 1965
- ~~~~ \*2nd Wife of Steven James Cook:  
~~~~ +Dorothy Johnson Hale b: March 02, 1940 m: November 27, 1986





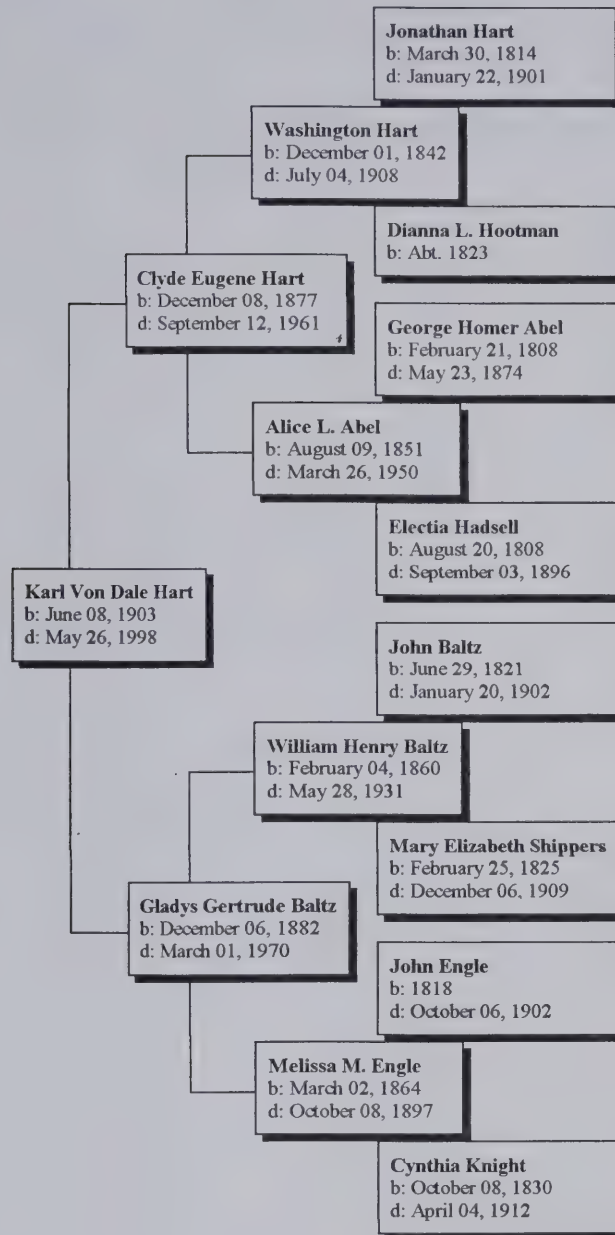
## *Descendants of Dorothy Ellen Lake*

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- 1 Dorothy Ellen Lake b: June 12, 1905 d: February 05, 1991
  - +Karl Von Dale Hart b: June 08, 1903 m: April 25, 1925 d: May 26, 1998
- ~ 2 Lavon Gilbert Hart b: May 22, 1928
  - ~~~~~ +Lora Mayola Reas b: February 07, 1932 m: June 03, 1950
  - ~~~~~ 3 Larry Michael Hart b: January 12, 1953
  - ~~~~~ 3 Lynn Alan Hart b: May 31, 1956
  - ~~~~~ +Tamera (Tami) Denise Brunner b: November 25, 1960 m: July 26, 1980
  - ~~~~~ 4 Jessica Dawn Hart b: April 15, 1979
  - ~~~~~ +Jeremy Wade Gibson b: July 28, 1978 m: May 06, 2000
  - ~~~~~ 5 Ellistasia Agatha Gibson b: July 22, 2000
  - ~~~~~ 4 Jeremy Lynn Hart b: March 24, 1983
  - ~~~~~ 4 Amy Marie Hart b: November 24, 1986
  - ~~~~~ 4 Arika Renee Hart b: May 17, 1993
- ~ 3 Lane Eric Hart b: February 12, 1959
  - ~~~~~ +Karen Louise Plank b: November 08, 1958 m: August 14, 1982
  - ~~~~~ 4 Lane Eric Hart II b: October 28, 1984
  - ~~~~~ 4 Brittany Danielle Hart b: July 02, 1988
- ~ 2 Thomas Loy Hart b: March 07, 1938
  - ~~~~~ +Sherry Lynne Diekman b: November 08, 1940 m: June 24, 1962
  - ~~~~~ 3 Christopher Thomas Hart b: June 04, 1968
  - ~~~~~ +Katie Keller b: March 08, 1969 m: July 18, 1992
  - ~~~~~ 4 Hannah Katherine Hart b: August 08, 1997
  - ~~~~~ 3 Andrew Burton Hart b: September 23, 1981



## *Ancestors of Karl Von Dale Hart*







## *Descendants of Jonathan Hart*

---

- ▶ Jonathan Hart b: March 30, 1814 d: January 22, 1901
  - +Dianna L. Hootman b: Abt. 1823 m: January 02, 1840
- ~ 2 Wilson Shannon Hart b: December 14, 1840 d: June 30, 1917
  - +Elizabeth Garver b: 1844 d: 1910
- ▶ 2 Washington Hart b: December 01, 1842 d: July 04, 1908
  - +Alice L. Abel b: August 09, 1851 m: November 11, 1869 d: March 26, 1950
- ~ 2 William D. Hart b: January 13, 1845 d: May 18, 1890
  - +Almyra Nelson
- ~ 2 Walter Hart b: Abt. 1847 d: 1917
- ~ 2 Cordelia Hart b: Abt. 1848 d: 1910
  - +Henry Tilman Munn b: 1844
- ~ 2 Frank Cowan Hart b: Abt. 1851
  - +Hattie Birch
- ~ 2 Elizabeth Jane Hart b: Abt. 1853
  - +Warren L. Webster
- ~ 2 Newton Ebert Hart b: Abt. 1855
  - +Eva Arvilla Jessup
- ~ 2 Jasper H. Hart b: March 02, 1858 d: May 13, 1923
  - +Bertha Headley
- ~ 2 Viola L. Hart b: 1862
  - +Ira Poper b: 1858 m: November 06, 1879 d: 1914
- ~ 2 Albert G. Hart b: 1865 d: 1935
  - +Ella S Scranton
- ~ 2 Lewis D. Hart b: 1866 d: 1940
  - +Lucy Fitzcharles b: 1869 m: June 15, 1886 d: 1896
- ~ \*2nd Wife of Lewis D. Hart:
  - +Alta Countryman Moore b: 1871 m: 1903 d: 1910



## *Descendants of Washington Hart*

- ▶ Washington Hart b: December 01, 1842 d: July 04, 1908  
~ +Alice L. Abel b: August 09, 1851 m: November 11, 1869 d: March 26, 1950  
~ 2 Adrian E. Hart b: September 13, 1871 d: January 14, 1946  
~ +Olive Davis m: September 20, 1893  
~ 3 Lawrence E. Hart b: May 23, 1895 d: June 07, 1969  
~ +Leah Hilliard m: 1917  
~ 2 Clarence S. Hart b: November 11, 1873 d: 1955  
~ +Iva May Widney b: 1879 m: September 22, 1899 d: 1905  
~ \*2nd Wife of Clarence S. Hart:  
~ +Blanche White Perkins b: 1877 m: May 02, 1907 d: 1950  
~ 3 Florence Hart  
~ +Casey Jones
- ▶ 2 Clyde Eugene Hart b: December 08, 1877 d: September 12, 1961  
~ +Gladys Gertrude Baltz b: December 06, 1882 m: January 27, 1900 d: March 01, 1970  
~ 3 Berniece Irene Hart b: October 31, 1900 d: October 31, 1997  
~ +William Lehr Wilder b: April 10, 1899 m: June 17, 1923 d: March 15, 1985
- ▶ 3 Karl Von Dale Hart b: June 08, 1903 d: May 26, 1998  
~ +Dorothy Ellen Lake b: June 12, 1905 m: April 25, 1925 d: February 05, 1991  
~ 3 Alice Virginia Hart b: August 13, 1919 d: December 14, 1989  
~ +Vern Frederick  
~ \*2nd Husband of Alice Virginia Hart:  
~ +Harold J. Kagey b: July 20, 1917 m: June 11, 1941 d: April 20, 1976  
~ 2 Fred H. Hart b: December 17, 1879  
~ +Winifred Coburn  
~ 3 Glen Hart  
~ +Daisy Beree  
~ 3 Robert Hart  
~ 3 Elwood Hart b: 1908 d: February 16, 1986  
~ +Thelma Poper b: September 06, 1911 d: August 04, 1980  
~ \*2nd Wife of Elwood Hart:  
~ +Rose  
~ \*2nd Wife of Fred H. Hart:  
~ +Bessie Augsberger  
~ 2 Ray Hart b: March 05, 1883 d: November 24, 1894  
~ 2 Charles Hart b: Aft. 1884 d: Bef. 1885





## *Descendants of Clyde Eugene Hart*

- 1 Clyde Eugene Hart b: December 08, 1877 d: September 12, 1961  
+Gladys Gertrude Baltz b: December 06, 1882 m: January 27, 1900 d: March 01, 1970
- ~ 2 Berniece Irene Hart b: October 31, 1900 d: October 31, 1997  
~ +William Lehr Wilder b: April 10, 1899 m: June 17, 1923 d: March 15, 1985
- ~~~~ 3 William Clyde Wilder b: June 23, 1934  
~~~~ +Sarah Evelyn Fulmer b: February 17, 1940 m: June 02, 1962
- ~~~~ 4 Lisa Marie Wilder b: February 25, 1966  
~~~~ +Matthew Weston Frank m: May 30, 1986
- ~~~~ 4 William David Wilder b: May 10, 1969  
~~~~ +Jennifer Marie Sroufe m: June 02, 1989
- ~~~~ 3 Mary Corrine Wilder b: June 04, 1936 d: August 23, 1987  
~~~~ +Donald Eugene Keirn b: June 17, 1928 m: March 04, 1962
- ~~~~ 4 Kandy Kay Keirn b: October 05, 1966  
~~~~ +Michael Wesley Schwandt b: March 06, 1968 m: December 28, 1991
- ~~~~ 4 Kris Karen Keirn b: February 02, 1969
- ~~~~ 3 Robert Lehr Wilder b: September 18, 1940  
~~~~ +Linda Lou Doub b: August 21, 1947 m: June 03, 1978
- ~~~~ 4 Jonathan Paul Wilder b: August 06, 1982  
~~~~ 4 Matthew Joel Wilder b: March 28, 1983
- ▶ 2 Karl Von Dale Hart b: June 08, 1903 d: May 26, 1998  
~ +Dorothy Ellen Lake b: June 12, 1905 m: April 25, 1925 d: February 05, 1991
- ▶ 3 Lavon Gilbert Hart b: May 22, 1928  
~ +Lora Mayola Reas b: February 07, 1932 m: June 03, 1950
- ~~~~ 4 Larry Michael Hart b: January 12, 1953  
~~~~ 4 Lynn Alan Hart b: May 31, 1956  
~~~~ +Tamera (Tami) Denise Brunner b: November 25, 1960 m: July 26, 1980
- ~~~~ 4 Lane Eric Hart b: February 12, 1959  
~~~~ +Karen Louise Plank b: November 08, 1958 m: August 14, 1982
- ▶ 3 Thomas Loy Hart b: March 07, 1938  
~ +Sherry Lynne Diekman b: November 08, 1940 m: June 24, 1962
- ~~~~ 4 Christopher Thomas Hart b: June 04, 1968  
~~~~ +Katie Keller b: March 08, 1969 m: July 18, 1992
- ~~~~ 4 Andrew Burton Hart b: September 23, 1981
- ~ 2 Alice Virginia Hart b: August 13, 1919 d: December 14, 1989  
~ +Vern Frederick
- ~ \*2nd Husband of Alice Virginia Hart:  
~ +Harold J. Kagey b: July 20, 1917 m: June 11, 1941 d: April 20, 1976
- ~~~~ 3 Martha Joan Kagey b: July 16, 1953  
~~~~ +Ronald Beard b: February 01, 1952 m: June 23, 1973
- ~~~~ 4 Laura Beard b: July 24, 1977  
~~~~ 4 Timothy Beard b: December 18, 1979  
~~~~ 4 Alicia Beard b: January 07, 1982
- ~~~~ 3 Melissa Ann Kagey b: February 12, 1950  
~~~~ +Randy Reas
- ~~~~ 4 Jay Reas  
~~~~ 4 Jessica Reas  
~~~~ 4 Andrea Reas
- ~~~~ 3 Richard J. Kagey b: December 17, 1956 d: February 06, 1984



## A LAKE BEGINNING I

### A Poem written by Dorothy Ellen Lake Hart with the aid and assistance of her husband, Karl (1956)

For old times sake  
Let's talk about Grandma and Grandpa Lake  
We'll go back to our great, great, great relation  
Grandpa Stern Nathan Lake and Grandma Derusha  
Melissa Lord

Eight children is all they could afford.  
It will be hard for us to picture and remember  
What happened 164 years ago in September.

Grandma Derusha Melissa got out of sorts  
Because she had to live at so many ports.  
They came from Vermont in covered wagon you know  
So it seemed to her, they were always on the go.

So said, "Grandpa Stern Nathan Lake,  
I want to settle down for my children's sake".  
"All right", said he, "We'll look for a nice dry place,  
So that the lowlands we can face.  
If any Indians should camp near,  
We can greet them with a friendly cheer."

They chose a spot on Old Ridge road  
Where many covered wagons rode.  
Grandma Derusha Melissa said, "You see,  
My friends can come and stay awhile with me".  
What people and friendly Indians would call  
Because Grandma and Grandpa were friendly to all.  
"Let's build a log cabin", said Grandpa Stern Nathan  
Lake,  
"Which all of you can kindly help me make."

"George, Curtis, Lucius, and Eli will help to cut the logs  
While my daughters Caroline, Lydia, Rose and Laura  
help mom make warm togs."  
The boys had fun, tree climbing, hiding and swinging  
But they always took their turn when Grandpa's bell was  
ringing.  
The log cabin was sturdy and strong  
Derusha and Stern's family lived there long.  
Cuba town was the name given  
To the place where Grandma and Grandpa were livin'.

In 1956 we like to think again  
Of things that didn't enter in Stern Nathan's plan.

They lived in the house a little east and across the road  
From the very fine farm where Kurtz's potatoes load.  
This home became known as Chancy Lake's home  
But I tell you now, this Lake house really begun  
Back in the days when the covered wagons run.  
So now the right name for that very good loam  
Should always be known as Stern Nathan Lake's home.

Stern Nathan and his boys money problems did face  
So they started a saw mill at the old Cuba place.  
There is a Love's Meat Market near the spot  
And a new ranch type home right on his saw mill lot.  
They read and studied the bible we know  
Because all of their children to church did go.  
We think they were guided by God's hand  
For near this same spot the Mennonite church does  
stand.

Stern Nathan Lake was three greats and "swell"  
To our Larry and Lynn Hart and Deanna and Johnny  
Cornell.

Now lets enter Stern Nathan's third child  
Into our picture. Old fashioned "styled"  
His name was Lucius Nelson Lake  
Let's try and remember him for old times sake.

Lucius Nelson was handsome, talented and bold.  
So he was known as a great singer in those days of old.  
He traveled on foot and horse back to many places  
And did his very best singing before many faces.  
Now down along the St. Joe river there was a grinding  
mill  
Where a few folks had settled their flour sacks to fill.

One day Lucius Nelson, the third child  
Traveled with his father through woodland so wild.  
They came to this grinding mill on the river  
Called Hurshtown Mill when you went in a "flivver".  
This day was a day for us to remember  
For Grandpa Lucius Nelson fell in love that day in  
September.

This beautiful girl was in the mill -  
Helping her father the sacks to fill.  
She lived right there in Hurshtown.  
She told Lucius Nelson she'd be glad to have him come  
down.

From that time on his life was a whirl  
For he met his future wife and very best girl.  
Margaret Edith Tindall was her name  
And she seemed to like the Lake's fun and fame.  
Lucius Nelson, the third child,  
Kept his fun and jokes very mild.  
But the fun of brothers Curtis, George, and Eli,  
Lucius Nelson would laugh at on the sly.





O, yes, he would like to jokingly enter in  
But this pretty girl he was trying to win.  
Once in awhile he'd let her fly  
And all would laugh until they'd cry.  
After Lucius Nelson's days work was done  
His musical mind on his girl did run  
There was a path to that mill not far away  
Which Lucius Nelson traveled each day.

Now when the mill folks would gather for fun,  
Lucius Nelson was invited to let his singing voice run.  
He sang the very best songs he ever knew,  
For the Hurshtown Mill folk, I'll bet you.

Nancy Chilcote Tindall, Margaret Edith's mother  
Said she thought her daughter wouldn't find another.  
So Lucius Nelson and Margaret Edith were wed,  
A love that started while getting flour to bake the bread.

Now Margaret Edith and the singing lad  
Lived awhile with mom and dad.  
So now they are still on the Old Ridge road  
Down where the 1956 potatoes load.  
They lived in Stern Nathan's log house to the west  
Because Margaret Edith liked that room best.

Singing Grandpa Lucius Nelson helped at the saw mill  
While Margaret Edith baked for the lunch bucket to fill.  
To this fine couple a baby girl came  
From her aunt Caroline they found her name.

In a few years their family grew  
First Caroline, then Nathan and Lewis, too.  
Now says Grandpa Stern Nathan to his third child,  
"Lucius Nelson, this room you live in, is too piled."  
So singing grandpa moved to the east  
So that all of his family at one time could feast.

Right there in Cuba Town he built a home  
Close to the saw mill, no more to roam.  
Now they lived here from day to day  
But it seemed so hard, the bills to pay.  
So Lucius Nelson learned how to make a roof shingle,  
From soaked blocks of wood he split them single.

A shingle machine he finally invented  
And then a place from father he rented.  
The money began to pile  
And Grandpa Lucius could live in style.

He came home and said, "We're going to move out.  
We'll go east of the Spencerville mill without a doubt.  
For out there not far from the grinding mill,  
Is a natural spring on top of the hill.  
The acres are made up of a very good sand."  
Lucius Nelson knew he'd like this farm land.  
So plans for their house at night they did fix  
But they couldn't move there right away  
Until some bricks were made of clay.

We think they purchased their brick  
From Washington Hart across the creek.  
Lucius Nelson said, "I'll work long,  
To build on that sand a house nice and strong."  
So father William Tindall and his in-lawed son  
Worked hard and long until it was done.

And singing grandpa and grandma and children four  
Moved to Spencerville. My, what a chore!  
Six month old baby William Othlic hardly knew  
That moving days were hard for the Lake crew.  
Then Grandma and Grandpa Tindall got homesick  
So they moved on the sand hill across the creek.

Grandma and Grandpa Stern Nathan no more did roam  
For they went to live in their heavenly home.  
Lucius Nelson and Margaret Edith over the years  
Raised nine children out of twelve through laughs and tears.  
Grandma Nancy and William Tindall lived on the sand hill so near  
Until God called them away from their loved ones so dear.  
Many people went this way to get their mail  
And stopped at Lake's spring to drink and fill their pail.

Now let's go back and think some more  
About Great Great Grandpa Lucius Nelson's family chore:  
Caroline, Nathan, Lewis, William Othlic, Rebecca, John,  
George, Charley and Frank.  
The boys delighted to tease the girls and play many a prank.  
The one girl, Rebecca, married a wealthy man.  
So Lucius and Margaret Edith a new home did plan.  
For their daughter desired to live on the old home place  
And her husband John Benninghoff gave the place a new face.

So a little east a quarter of a mile,  
Lucius Nelson and Margaret Edith lived in style.  
But before they moved up there,  
William Othlic and Francene Rhoads became a pair.  
Francene lived just down the hill  
And she fell in love with William Othlic, who was nicknamed "Will".

Now "Will" courted her for several years, they said,  
But didn't have the nerve to ask her to wed.  
So Grandpa Rhoads took care of that, you bet your life.  
He said, "Will! Now when will you take "Cene" to be your wife?"  
Now Grandma Francene Rhoads Lake was a very good cook.  
So Grandpa "Will" said, "I will no further look."



He married her and they built a house, too,  
Across the road just east from Rebecca's house so new.  
For Grandpa Tindall sold "Will" some land  
To build the house which he and Francene planned.

Now as this house was being built new,  
The wind thought it could play tricks, too.  
So the wind just like a great big beast,  
Lifted the house and set it farther to the east.  
The neighbors came in to help brother "Will",  
Finish his house east of the hill.

They liked to live there for this reason,  
As Township Trustee, William Othlic was pleasin'.  
And right across the road, a short distance to walk,  
William Othlic went to teach McCauley's schoolchildren  
with chalk.

Margaret Edith, their first child was born,  
This very same year on a November morn.  
To this union came three girls and a boy  
Who brought to Grandma and Grandpa great joy.  
For just a little way east lived Grandpa Lucius Lake.  
To Grandma Rhoads a short distance west, you would  
take.

Now Grandma and Grandpa Lake were gone to heaven  
When "Will's" daughter Margaret was over eleven.  
Grandpa Rhoads went to heaven long before  
God took Grandma Rhoads in His door.  
William Othlic for 18 years taught public school;  
His wife Francene at cooking was a jewel.  
Margaret Edith, Dorothy Ellen and William Nelson fol-  
lowed Dad's footsteps teaching,  
But Esther Viola, the youngest child, for secretarial work  
kept reaching.

William Othlic's kids were married  
And "Will" and "Cene" at farming tarried.  
Now Margaret Edith, the oldest one,  
Married John Cook, a southern farmer's son.  
Four daughters to this union came;  
Marlene, Joan, Donna and Carol by name.  
Marlene's love began to jell  
And she married Dean Cornell.  
A girl Deanna Jo and boy Johnny Dean  
Is all the children that are seen.

To California the others of the Cook family went,  
Because Margaret Edith on poor health was bent.  
Oh, yes, they visit each other once in awhile  
And enjoy each other's latest style.

William Nelson went to meet his maker at the age of 29,  
Leaving his dear wife Esther Seymour Lake to keep a  
two year boy in line.  
This boy J. William Lake in '56 was wed  
And his wife, Pat, to a new trailer home he led.

Esther Viola, Will and Cene's 4th child  
Married Sherman Cook who smiled.  
Three boy "Cookies" were produced, you see.  
They are added to this family tree.  
Namely David, Jerry and Steve  
This Cook name did receive.

This joker Dorothy Ellen married Karl Hart.  
To keep the Hart name going she did her part.  
Lavon Gilbert Hart, the oldest boy  
Is teaching school, which is a joy.  
Before going to college he fell in love with a beauty  
queen,  
Lora Reas, the choice one, in high school was seen.  
They were wed in June 1950 on day number three.  
Now they have two boys to keep the Hart name "a-goin"  
you see.

In 1938 a half a score years had passed.  
We were blessed with another son at last.  
To keep the Hart name going this was a joy.  
Thomas Loy was chosen to name our boy.

(Continuation of poem in 1989)

Time and tide for none will wait, it glides on airy wings.  
Soon Tom had done his duty with elementary things.  
High school fled in just a flurry  
To college he would scurry  
Where he could fill his brain with thoughts so his parents  
wouldn't worry.

While at this school called B.S.U. he met a southern  
cutie.  
She came from Knox County where she was known for  
beauty.  
Now Sherry Lynne, this beauty queen thought Tom was  
just the berries.  
So after just a year or so, these two just up and marries.

Now Tom and Sherry both taught school to make an  
honest living.  
They taught kids a lot of things such as getting and  
giving.  
Christopher Thomas came to town to brighten up the  
union.  
So now they have a little child to show at the next  
reunion.

Florida State gave Tom a call to use his unusual skills  
In Library Science specialties; a need he really fills.

In '89 after some serious reflections,  
I must make a few corrections.  
Dean and Marlene were filled with joy,  
As they brought forth Kay and David, the farmer boy.





Lane Eric Hart, son number three, came to Lavon and Lora's home.

The "Five L's" as they are called, stay put, instead of roam.

After many years of waiting for another little dear,  
Tom and Sherry got their wishes when Andrew Burton did appear.

To California nephews and nieces, I say,  
I can't know so well, you're too far away.  
Indiana is Karl and my home place  
On ancestral land, our lives we face.  
Your visits are much appreciated,  
As many times we have stated.  
If you can't write ancestral po-etry,  
List birthdates and names of your fam-ily.  
When they become of age, then they will know  
Where they belong, with family roots that grow.

Lavon and Lora's son Lynn, was free  
To go to bible college and get a degree.  
Great Lakes College was his choice  
To preach God's word he would rejoice.  
Later on, sweet Tamara was met,  
Lynn's eyes for her at once were set.  
Jessica, Jeremy and Amy, their all three,  
Are now added to the Hart fam-ily.

Lane Eric Hart, Lora's third boy  
Spent early days at home with great joy.  
A factory inspector was his pride  
In a new car to Florida he would ride.

When he earned much money, it was grand,  
To fly to watch girls at Disney Land.  
Oh yes, he met a beautiful Karen Plank,  
In his eyes "number one" she did rank.  
Lane learned by the grape vine or communiqué  
That there was plenty of work, out the Denver way.  
He learned that Karen had special skills  
To help to pay the monthly bills.  
So Lane decided he would go out west  
And marry the girl he thought the best.  
Many tears and sad good-byes  
Yet he thought his choice was most wise.  
Soon wedding plans were in the air  
For this very special loving pair.  
In Longmont town they built an abode  
To pay for this was quite a load.  
Soon baby Lane II came to town,  
Next Brittany Danielle they found.  
Now this family consists of four,  
Karen says she wants no more.

Larry Hart, grandson number one,  
For him, music and art was fun.  
He went to college in Bowling Green  
Five years later a sheepskin was seen.  
He has a major in fine art,  
To go to Denver he wished to start.  
Close to his brother he could rejoice  
To live in Longmont was his choice.  
Artistic jewelry was the thing,  
He chose to do, pure enameling.

The Kado-Lato group of only four,  
Has now increased to fourteen more.  
We close this poem in '89  
We're waiting for something else to rhyme.

I hope that Jesus will have His way,  
And be your lawyer on Judgment Day.





- 1 - Dorothy Ellen (unhappy) cracker jack is all gone.
- 2 - William Nelson - Ellen's brother
- 3 - Margaret - Ellen's sister
- 4 - W. O. Lake - Ellen's father

- 5 - Francena - Ellen's Mother
- 6 - Margaret Edith (Tindall) Lake. Lucius Lake's wife, Ellen's grandmother







State of Indiana.

County of DeKalb

W. O. Laker,

having presented satisfactory evidence of good moral character and having been duly examined is found to possess a knowledge which is sufficient to enable him successfully to teach in the common Schools of the State:

**TWELVE MONTHS**  
Orthography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, English Grammar, Physiology and Scientific Temperance, United States History, Literature and Theory of the School (or the Science of Education.)

is hereby licensed to teach in the Public Schools of this County for the term of 12 months from this date.

Special Examination.

Dec. 24<sup>th</sup>

1904

H. E. Cor

County Superintendent.



GRADES.

## I. QUALIFICATION (0 to 20)

- (1.) Natural Ability and Personality. (0 to 10)
- (2.) Scholarship.....(0 to 5)
- (3.) Professional Training.....(0 to 5)

## II. THE RECITATION (0 to 40)

- (1.) Subject Matter—Appropriateness of (0 to 5)
- (2.) Purpose ..... (0 to 5)
- (3.) Plan ..... (0 to 5)
- (4.) Preparation.....
  - (a) Teacher ..... (0 to 5)
  - (b) Pupils..... (0 to 5)
- (5.) Skill..... (0 to 5)
- (6.) Thoroughness ..... (0 to 5)
- (7.) Assignment ..... (0 to 5)

### III. RELATION OF TEACHER TO THE SCHOOL AND COMMUNITY (0 to 40).....

- (1.) Classification and Gradation.... (0 to 5)
- (2.) Industry and Interest in the Aims and Plans of the School Community (0 to 5)
- (3.) Governing Ability ..... (0 to 10)
- (4.) Sanitary Conditions and Neatness (0 to 5)
- (5.) Care of School Property, Keeping Records, Making Reports .... (0 to 5)
- (6.) Co-operation with other Teachers, the Trustee and County Superintendent..... (0 to 5)
- (7.) Libraries, Reading Circles and Journals ..... (0 to 5)

TOTAL.....

*Teacher.*

Superintendent.

Ind. .... 190

NOTE.—The per cent. which is marked on different items of your success is not intended as a comparison of your standing with other teachers, but is intended to show each teacher where improvement is most needed.

Issued Dec. 27 1904

Expires Dec. 27 1903

Grade 1 4 months.

Special Ex. —

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT OF

Wesley County, Ind

## PER CENTS ON BRANCHES.

|     |                                      |   |   |   |       |
|-----|--------------------------------------|---|---|---|-------|
| 1.  | Orthography                          | - | - | - | 95    |
| 2.  | Reading                              | - | - | - | 90    |
| 3.  | Writing                              | - | - | - | 80    |
| 4.  | Arithmetic                           | - | - | - | 95    |
| 5.  | Geography                            | - | - | - | 90    |
| 6.  | Grammar                              | - | - | - | 82    |
| 7.  | Physiology and Scientific Temperance | - | - | - | 82    |
| 8.  | U. S. History                        | - | - | - | 75    |
| 9.  | Theory                               | - | - | - | 76    |
| 10. | Literature                           | - | - | - | 94    |
|     |                                      |   |   |   | <hr/> |
|     | Average Scholarship                  | - | - | - | 85.9  |
|     | Success                              | - | - | - | 90    |
|     |                                      |   |   |   | <hr/> |
|     | General Average                      | - | - | - | 88    |

## PROFESSIONAL TRAINING.

Neatness of MSS. - - - 95  
Attendance last County Inst. --- days  
Has taught / 15 months - -  
Takes / Educational Journal -

(The items in this column do not enter into the general average, but indicate the standing and interest of the applicant in his profession.)

### EXPLANATIONS.

1. For those who have never taught or whose success is unknown to the Superintendent, in making the general average, the item Success should be omitted.
2. A general average of 80 per cent. not falling below 70 per cent. in any one of the 10 items, entitles the applicant to a 6 months' license.  
A general average of 85 per cent. not falling below 75 per cent. in any one of the 10 items, nor in Success, entitles the applicant to a 12 months' license.  
A general average of 90 per cent. not falling below 80 per cent. in any one of the 10 items, nor in Success, entitles the applicant to a 24 months' license.  
A general average of 95 per cent. not falling below 85 per cent. in any one of the 10 items, nor below 90 in 9, 10 and Success, entitles the applicant to a 36 months' license.
3. The general average is the mean of the average Scholarship and Success (obtained by dividing their sum by two.)
4. No certificate is granted for a longer period than 12 months to an applicant who has not taught for two years.
5. Applicants shall have 2 per cent. added to their general average for full attendance at County Institute.
6. The above standard of License was adopted by the State Convention of County Superintendents, held at Indianapolis, June, 1899.

#### OBITUARY OF WILLIAM O. LAKE

William Othlie Lake was born March 8, 1866 in Springfield Township, Allen County, Indiana, to William Nelson and Margaret Edith Lake, and departed this life at Spencerville, Indiana on November 4, 1946 ago 80 years 7 months and 26 days.

He was united in marriage to Francena Rhodes on December 28, 1899.

His wife, three daughters, Margaret Cook, Dorothy Ellen Hart, and Esther Cook, six grandsons and four granddaughters are left to mourn his departure.

His seven brothers, two sisters and one son William N. preceded him in death.

Mr. Lake taught school for eighteen years in the DeKalb county schools and was trustee of Spencer Township for four years.

He was a member of the St. Peter's Lutheran Church at Spencerville.

His funeral service was held Thursday, November 7, 1946 at the St. Peter's Lutheran church Spencerville, Indiana with Rev Frank Stevenson officiating.

#### MRS. FRANCENA LAKE

SPENCERVILLE - Mrs. Francena Lake, 86, died Tuesday at the Souder Hospital, Auburn. She was a member of the Lutheran Church in Spencerville, where she lived. Survivors are three daughters, 10 grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren, two sisters and one brother. The body was taken to the Baidinger and Walter Funeral Home.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p.m. Saturday at the Lutheran church at Spencerville for Mrs. Francena Lake, 86, of Spencerville. Interment will follow in White City cemetery at Spencerville. Mrs. Lake, widow of William O. Lake, died at the Dr. Bonnell M. Souder hospital in Auburn Tuesday night of complications of old age. Survivors include three daughter, Mrs. Carl Hart of near Spencerville, Mrs. Sherman Cook of Burbank, Calif., and Mrs. John Cook of Van Nuys, Calif.; 10 grandchildren; seven great-grandchildren; two sisters, Mrs. Ella Emrich of Hometown and Mrs. Lorena Charpie of Davenport, Ia., and a brother, Charles Rhoads of Green Bay, Wis. A son, William N. Lake, preceded her in death. William N. Lake's son, J. William Lake, is a teacher of driver education in the Garrett schools.

#### RHOADS

Mrs. Margaret Ann Rhoads was born June 15, 1846. In the year of our Lord, November 10, 1864, a happy day dawned, when Miss Harrold became the bride of William Rhoads, with their heroic efforts to make an earthly home, where God could dwell, they were permitted to accomplish their aim.

On April 4, 1911, Mr. Rhoads was called from his earthly home, to make his anchor in the Haven of rest. While the dark clouds hung heavy by the loss of this companion, her children administered unto her, but like one of old, her longing was to depart and be with Christ Jesus

On January 3, 1932, the palehorse and his rider, whose name is death, came to the home of Mrs. Amanda Rhoads, where she was making her home, and called her in the stillness of the night, this was her great desire to slip peacefully, quietly away.

Surviving are four daughters:

Mrs. Amanda Rhoads, Mrs. Frances Lake, Mrs. Laura Charpie, of Davenport, Ia., Mrs. Ella Emerick of Hometown; two sons, Charles Rhoads, Green Bay, Wis., and W. F. Rhoads, Fort Wayne; thirty grandchildren; twenty-one great grandchildren and one great great grandchild; two brothers, Aaron Harrold, Churubusco, Daniel Harrold, LaOtto; two sisters, Mrs. Francina Klinger, Mrs. Eliza Cuney, LaOtto.

Mrs. Rhoads was a member of the Lutheran Church.

Funeral services were held from the Lutheran Church, conducted by Rev. Homer Studabaker. Burial in White City cemetery.

#### MRS. LORENA CHARPIE

Word has been received by Mrs. Ella Emrich, Hometown, of the death of her sister, Mrs. Lorena Charpie, 85, Davenport, Ia., Mrs. Charpie, who formerly lived at New Paris, died Tuesday at Davenport, Ia.

Surviving also are the son, Hubert, Davenport; and a brother, Charles Rhoads, Green Bay, Wis.

Graveside services will be held at 10 am. Saturday at the New Paris Cemetery.





## *Descendants of William Rhoads*

### 1 William Rhoads

+Margaret Ann Harrold

#### ~~~~~ 2 Francena Rhoads

~~~~~ +William Otholic Lake

#### ~~~~~ 3 Margaret Lake

~~~~~ +John Willis Cook

#### ~~~~~ 4 Mary Marlene Cook

~~~~~ +Dean Ernest Cornell

#### ~~~~~ 4 Alice Joan Cook

~~~~~ +Donald Allen Lashmett

~~~~~ \*2nd Husband of Alice Joan Cook:

~~~~~ +Eugene R. Beers

#### ~~~~~ 4 Donna Lou Cook

~~~~~ +Brent Alan Bradberry

#### ~~~~~ 4 Carol Sue Cook

~~~~~ +James Donald Stanley

#### ~~~~~ 3 William Nelson Lake

~~~~~ +Esther Mae Seymore

#### ~~~~~ 4 J William Lake

~~~~~ +Patricia Louise Baker

#### ~~~~~ 3 Dorothy Ellen Lake

~~~~~ +Karl Von Dale Hart

#### ~~~~~ 4 Lavon Gilbert Hart

~~~~~ +Lora Mayola Reas

#### ~~~~~ 4 Thomas Loy Hart

~~~~~ +Sherry Lynne Diekman

#### ~~~~~ 3 Esther Viola Lake

~~~~~ +Sherman Hinckley Cook

#### ~~~~~ 4 David Maxwell Cook

~~~~~ +Sally Joan Crocker

#### ~~~~~ 4 Gerald Allen Cook

~~~~~ +Nancy Tero

#### ~~~~~ 4 Steven James Cook

~~~~~ +Carol Ann Woodard

~~~~~ \*2nd Wife of Steven James Cook:

~~~~~ +Dorothy Johnson Hale

#### ~~~~~ 2 Emma Rhoads

~~~~~ +Henry Dove

#### ~~~~~ 3 Mabel Dove

~~~~~ +Frank Lake

#### ~~~~~ 4 Lewis Lake

~~~~~ +Bernadett Pape

#### ~~~~~ 4 Frances Lake

~~~~~ +Christie Allen

#### ~~~~~ 4 Virgil Lake

~~~~~ +Marjorie Tompkins

#### ~~~~~ 3 John Dove

~~~~~ +Vade Kinsey

#### ~~~~~ 4 Mayola Dove

#### ~~~~~ 4 Naoma Dove

#### ~~~~~ 2 Anna Rhoads

~~~~~ +Joseph Kuglar

#### ~~~~~ 3 Minnie Kuglar

#### ~~~~~ 3 Margaret Kuglar

~~~~~ +Gus Bracht

#### ~~~~~ 4 Mary Alice Bracht

#### ~~~~~ 4 Robert Norford Bracht

#### ~~~~~ 4 Berniece Bracht

#### ~~~~~ 4 Merle Bey Bracht

#### ~~~~~ 4 Helen Bracht

#### ~~~~~ 4 Will Bracht

#### ~~~~~ 4 Ruth Bracht

#### ~~~~~ 4 Morris Bracht

#### ~~~~~ 3 Anna Kuglar

~~~~~ +Paul Funk

#### ~~~~~ 3 May Lucille Bolton

~~~~~ +Archie Kuglar

#### ~~~~~ 4 Archie Kuglar

~~~~~ +Maxine Hoover

#### ~~~~~ 4 Leila Mae Kuglar

~~~~~ +Kenneth Jordan

#### ~~~~~ 4 Robert Kuglar

~~~~~ +Alma Baker

#### ~~~~~ 3 William Kuglar

#### ~~~~~ 3 Joseph Kuglar

#### ~~~~~ 2 Ella Rhoads

~~~~~ +Frank Emerick

#### ~~~~~ 3 Frances Emerick

#### ~~~~~ 3 Richard Emerick

#### ~~~~~ 3 Clifford Emerick

#### ~~~~~ 2 Amanda Rhoads

~~~~~ +Frank Rhodes

#### ~~~~~ 3 Merwood Rhodes

~~~~~ +Verna Jolly

#### ~~~~~ 4 Lorraine Rhodes

~~~~~ +Harold Murphy

#### ~~~~~ 2 Frank Rhoads

~~~~~ +Flossie Buchanan

#### ~~~~~ 3 Doris Rhoads

~~~~~ +Rollie Genth

#### ~~~~~ 2 Laurena Rhoads

~~~~~ +Ike Sharpie

#### ~~~~~ 3 Hubert Sharpie

#### ~~~~~ 2 Charley Rhoads

~~~~~ +Jenny Freese

#### ~~~~~ 3 Kenneth Rhoads

#### ~~~~~ 3 Robert Rhoads

#### ~~~~~ 2 Inez Rhoads

~~~~~ +Vinton Miller

#### ~~~~~ 3 Lucille Miller

~~~~~ +Howard Beams

#### ~~~~~ 4 Phyllis Beams

~~~~~ +William Pope

#### ~~~~~ 4 Howard Gerald Beams

~~~~~ +Glenna Cole

#### ~~~~~ 4 Ronald Ned Beams

~~~~~ +Carla Foss

#### ~~~~~ 3 William Maurice Miller

~~~~~ +Ethelyn Baker

#### ~~~~~ 4 Judy Miller

~~~~~ +Tom Powell

#### ~~~~~ 4 Jim Miller

~~~~~ +Sandy Washler

#### ~~~~~ 4 Ted Miller

~~~~~ +Debbie Washler

#### ~~~~~ 4 Gwen Miller

~~~~~ +Dave Mihuc

#### ~~~~~ 3 Richard Miller

#### ~~~~~ 2 Edna Rhoads



Written by  
Grandma Rice the winter of  
her 96th year.

February 9<sup>th</sup> 1948.

well Winifred I will try to write  
a few lines to you folks in answer  
to your card. We are always glad to  
hear from you all and to know  
you are all having a good time.  
We are all feeling quite good for  
which we are very thankful. We went  
to Church yesterday. Thelma gave  
her program which was very good.  
I think every one appreciated it very  
much. Then about 4 o'clock we went to  
Marvin's. Stayed for lunch then came  
home as they were going to church.  
Winnie gave me one of their programs.  
It was good. She teaches a class  
where Ida used to teach. Lizzie Hart

was here last Monday brought Martha  
and her husband and Baby's  
pictures. They are a very nice looking  
couple. Strongs were in Church yesterday  
with their new Baby. Well Lawrences  
were here Sunday afternoon on their  
way home from Florida. Was held  
up in Tennessee on account of ice.  
Left the oranges & tangerines which  
we are enjoying very much.  
Well you won't know the house when  
you get home. Elwood has had the door  
closed up. Has the sink moved in  
the kitchen and is doing some  
wiring this morning. Well Thelma just  
came in with the mail. Got a card from you.  
Also card from Clyde. Thanks to both a lot.  
This is a bright sunny day 2 above zero.  
This morning I am having a fine time.  
every one so kind couldn't  
well I will close as ever with Love from  
Mother

February 9th, 1948 - Well Winifred I will try to write a few lines to you folks in answer to your card. I am always glad to hear from you all and to know you are all having a good time. We are all feeling quite good for which we are very thankful. We went to church yesterday. Thelma gave her program which was very good. I think every one appreciated it very much. Then about 4 o'clock we went to Marvin's. Stayed for lunch then came home as they were going to church. Winnie gave me one of their programs. It was good. She teaches a class where Ida used to teach. Lizzie Hart was here last Monday. Brought Martha and her husbands and baby picture. They are a very nice looking couple. Strongs were in church yesterday with their new baby. Well Lawrences were here Sunday afternoon on their way home from Florida. Was held up in Tennessee on account of ice. Left the oranges and tangerines which we are enjoying very much. Well you won't know the house when you get home. Elwood has had the door closed up, has the sink moved in the kitchen and is doing some wiring this morning. Well Thelma just came in with the mail. Got a card from you. Also card from Clyde. Thanks to both a lot. This is a bright sunny day 2 above zero this morning. I am having a fine time., every one so kind couldn't have it nicer. Well I will close as ever with Love from Mother.





August 9<sup>th</sup> 1935

Dear Grandchildren

Glen Daisy and Richard

You no doubt will be surprised to get a line from me. Today is my 84<sup>th</sup>

Birthday I am inviting my Children Grandchildren and Greatgrandchildren to my house Sunday for a social time and potluck dinner. Clyde and Karls returned home Wednesday after being gone two weeks on a tour in the west. Visited Uncle Lew Hart in North Dakota. Was to yellow stone Park and many other places of interest. They sure had a good time I suppose you recieved an invitation to The Coburn Reunion so if you come to that I

would be glad to have you folks come here for a while any way I know what your work is you sure are a Busy Man I am so glad you are feeling better I shall never forget how nice you folks have been to me well as it is time for The mail man I will close

As Ever with Love

From Grandmother Hart

St Joe August 3<sup>rd</sup> 1936

Dear Grandchildren Glen Daisy and Richard As next Sunday is my 85<sup>th</sup> Birthday and I am planning to have my Children and Grandchildren and Greatgrandchildren come on that day I would be pleased to have you with us at that time

As Ever with Love

From Grandmother Hart

August 9th, 1935 - Dear Grandchildren - Glen Daisy and Richard. You no doubt will be surprised to get a line from me. Today is my 84th birthday. I am inviting my children Grandchildren and great grandchildren to my house Sunday for a social time and potluck dinner. Clyde and Karls returned home Wednesday after being gone two weeks on a tour in the west. Visited Uncle Lew Hart in North Dakota. Was to Yellowstone park and many other places of interest. They sure had a good time I suppose you recieved an invitation to the Coburn Reunion. So if you come to that I would be glad to have you folks come here for a while any way. I know that your work is. You sure are a busy man. I am so glad you are feeling better. I shall never forget how nice you folks have been to me. Well as it is time for the mail man I will close. As ever with Love - From Grandmother Hart



Invitation Card enclosed in letter





MR. AND MRS. CLYDE E. HART

\* \* \*

## Mr. And Mrs. Clyde E. Hart To Have 60th Anniversary

HICKSVILLE—Mr. and Mrs. Clyde E. Hart will observe their 60th wedding anniversary Sunday, Jan. 24 with open house from 2 to 4 p. m. in their farm home on route 101, south of the Coburn Corners Church.

The Rev. A. A. Thomas, pastor of the Methodist church, read the vows in the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hart, 217 West High St., Hicksville, on Jan. 27, 1900. Fred Hart and the late Miss Emma White were attendants. Following the ceremony a wedding dinner was served.

They have lived their entire lives in this area. The present home is where Mr. Hart was born, one of six sons to Mr. and Mrs. Washington Hart. Mrs. Hart is the former Gladys Baliz, St. Joe.

They are the parents of Karl V. Hart, Spencerville, Ind.; and Mrs. Berneice Wilder and Mrs. Alice V. Kagey, both of St. Joe. There are seven grandchildren and three great grandsons.

Mr. Hart taught 25 terms of school in Allen and DeKalb counties, farmed and founded the Hart Nursery, and attended both the Barr St. and South Side Markets in Fort Wayne. They are active in church work of the Coburn Corners Church and Farm Bureau projects. They have spent 18 winters in Port Richey, Fla., but were unable to go this year as Mr. Hart underwent eye surgery last fall.

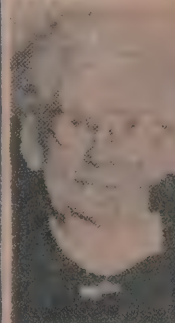
## Woman To Mark 98th Birthday

Mrs. Alice Hart of Hicksville, O., will celebrate her ninety-eighth birthday Tuesday. This

Sunday afternoon a reception will be held in her honor at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Berniece Wilder.

She is the widow of Washington Hart. Her children are Clyde and Fred of near

Mrs. Alice Hart Hicksville and Clarence of Kent, O. She also has seven grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. She has been an active member of the Coburntown Church of Christ for 86 years.







# APPENDIX B

## *Karl's Poems*



## CROSSING THE RIGHT OF WAY

In crossing roads of stone or dirt,  
Poultry as often as not gets hurt  
Or killed or scratched or smashed complete,  
You know it well so why repeat.

Now why on earth should a duck or hen  
Cross the road in front of men,  
Who driving fast along the way,  
Try to dodge them, it doesn't pay.

Now boys and girls are like the hen,  
They like to try the best of men.  
By dodging out across the Street,  
And death they often as not will meet.

And then a funeral for the child  
Who once had played and cried and smiled,  
He like the hen who got confused  
His legs instead of his head he used.  
1935

## MAKIN' APPLE BUTTER

Crisp clear days of fall arrive  
Frost has come to farm.  
Harvest time is now at hand  
To save the crops from harm.

Many fruits must be preserved  
For winter's hoard of food.  
Sampling mugs of cider sweet  
Always tastes so good!

Bring the load of apples  
For snitting, green or red,  
Cooking on an outside fire  
Apple butter for homemade bread.

Many hands make easy work  
All pitch in with vim.  
Gets the job cleaned up real soon  
Before the light gets dim.

Work's all done and stored away  
Food to eat next year.  
Days for rest and leisure time  
With those we love so dear.  
1975

## AUTUMN ON THE FARM

October days are full of fun,  
Cool clear hours in the sun.  
Work and play mixed well together,  
Take advantage of autumn's weather.

Apple butter making time,  
Squeezing grapes for clearest wine.  
Family working all as one  
Soon may play when work is done.  
1975

## WINTERS IN FLORIDA

(These poems were written on 5 postal cards  
placed side by side and written across them.  
They were sent to five couples from Indiana,  
who were in Florida for the winter.)

Hello fishermen--  
three or four  
You mention your fishing  
I'd like to hear more.

Simple Simon compared to you guys  
Would be for me a mild surprise;  
He fished for a whale in his mother's pail  
But how it was done must be just a tale.

If your fish compare to this guy's size  
Then the ones you catch would open my eyes;  
I don't like to miss fair Florida's beauties  
While you guys watch the bathing cuties.

I just sit here a drilling dies,  
While vacations are taken by you older guys  
When I get old and bald and gray,  
I'm looking forward to a day  
When I can go to Florida, too  
And really do nothing buy fish and chew  
Not tobacco as you may think  
But three meals a day both food and drink.

It won't be long till your return  
If you don't like this stuff  
These cards will burn.  
But this is enough this play with words  
So long 'til you return with the birds.  
1950





## WIMPLE

### "Our White Cat"

A flake of snow came to our lives,  
He was a kitten white,  
A neighbor of our Mother Lake  
Gave us this keen delight.

He soon was in the swing of things  
As little kittens do  
He wormed his way into our love  
And made each forming blue.

As years rolled by his feline ways  
Developed as nature planned  
He'd leave his home to wander  
Over miles and miles of land.

When wanderlust was answered  
He'd stagger home again  
To take of us affection  
He assumed at his command.

When life is lived at such a pace  
As Wimple seemed to lead  
To see him burn his candle up  
With seeming senseless deed.

Should we not stop to ponder  
The way we sometimes live  
And ask the Lord for pardon  
As only he can give.

1969

(Wimple died 1/7/69 on same day as Mrs. Alma  
Hart died.)

## GLAD SHOW POEM

When that book arrived from Coomler  
*Prize Schedule* was its name,  
I began to run a temperature  
And thus spoke to my dame.

"We're going down to Richmond  
On August 20 and 1  
To see those gladiolus  
The best grown under the sun."

Said my wife to me quite queerly  
"Will you take some blooms along,  
To show those other glad nuts  
Where the prizes should belong."

I answered right back at her  
With somewhat of a snort,  
"What in the heck did I raise them for,  
By the peck and quart.

If I didn't expect to show them  
At the place where all nuts go,  
Sometimes when they don't want to,  
Then again to make a show."

1938



## WHY PUT IT OFF

(composed for the *Hart's Nursery Catalog*)

When you are old and feeble  
And your hair has turned to gray,  
How will you feel to ponder  
On the years that's passed away?  
You've let them slowly wander  
One by one as sure as fate,  
You've allowed that place out yonder  
By the rustic garden gate  
To grow to weeds and pasture,  
While the years went slowly by  
Saying, "What's the use of trying.  
When the weather's been so dry?

Next year I'll plan the tree's shrub,  
The flower or the vine,  
But at the present time", You say,  
"I just haven't got the time".

Let's make a resolution,  
This very, very day,  
And take a trip to Spencerville,  
Out the Nursery Highway,

Where you'll purchase trees or flowers,  
The kind you love the best,  
And makes the home more beautiful  
Than any place out West.

Then from the porch you'll proudly look,  
Your lot so clean and bright,  
And you'll thank Hart's Nursery's staff  
For the stock you know that's right.

☆  
I  
think  
that we  
shall always  
see, God's  
gifts upon our  
Christmas tree.  
You cannot touch  
them with your hand,  
yet they are there at  
your command. There's  
joy and faith and hope  
renewed. There's laughter  
for a happy mood. There's  
gratitude for each new day;  
a time to think, at time to pray.  
The Christ has come with holy light  
to shine and make your pathway bright.  
All these are yours if you can see God's  
gifts  
upon  
your  
Christmas Tree.

(Written for the *Coburn Corners Candle* at Christmas time.)





## San Quentin Quail

There's a species of birds  
That are not so rare.  
They're found where ever there' saps.  
The man doesn't pick them off with a gun  
But they pick men off just like Japs.  
They're short and stocky or blond and slim  
Beware "of girls" of this kind.  
You think you can take them or leave them  
alone,  
But brother, you're losing your mind.  
If you play around with this kind of bird.  
You will land in the jug without fail.  
Cause the bird you thought you could catch with  
a smile  
Turned out to be San Quentin Quail.

## SHORT HUMOROUS POEMS

Willie found some T.N.T.  
He though that it was candy.  
He ate his fill and hid the rest  
So he would have it handy.

He stubbed his toe and fell down flat,  
He blew up, too, you bet,  
And though they've looked near everywhere  
They haven't found him yet.

~~~~~

Mule in the barnyard shiny and slick  
Boy with a pin on the end of a stick  
Boy give a jab, mule gives a kick.  
funeral for little boy middle next week.

~~~~~

Willie on the railroad track  
Engine gives a squeal  
Engineer hops out the cab  
And scrapes Willie off the wheel.

## DRAWBACKS - 1955

(Working for Hoosier Wire & Die)  
The stones are hard, the dust is poor,  
The weather's simply awful.  
The names I'd like to use right now  
Aren't really lawful.

Who want to drill fine dies today,  
There is no future in it.  
You've got to get them so darn fine  
I think it is the limit.

The bonus doesn't grow so fast,  
No matter how you drill.  
So this die business can go to pot  
'Cause I've just got my fill.

(His comments: "Soon afterwards I quit and  
went to ITT to finish out my working career")



## CHRISTMAS 1990 AT THE



Another year is almost through,  
So here's a Christmas wish to you.  
May all your days be lived with joy  
Because of that first Christmas Boy.  
Another year well miss the fun'  
Of basking in fair Florida's sun.  
But such is life at eighty and over  
You can't always be out in verdant clover.  
We thank the Lord to be alive,  
And able to eat, sleep and even drive.  
So if you're ever out this way,  
Stop in and give us the time of day.  
The latch string here is always out,  
if we don't answer the bell just give a shout.  
We may be asleep or watchin' the WHEEL,  
At any rate it's no BIG DEAL  
Now to all of you we send out love  
And peace and joy from heaven above.  
To each and all who still can hear,  
A "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year".  
P.S. Dorothy or Ellen as the case may be,  
is improved a lot as all can see.  
She eats real well and writes a lot,  
About the things that's gone to pot.

WITH LOVE TO ALL,  
Karl and Dorothy Ellen Hart  
R. 1, Spencerville, IN

Submitted and printed in the  
Hicksville News-Tribune  
Christmas 1990





# APPENDIX C

## *Poutpourri*



## PROGRESS IN LIVING BASICS

|            |                                    |
|------------|------------------------------------|
| LIGHTS     | from oil lamp to touch light       |
| HAIR       | from rags, spit, to curlies        |
| DRESS      | from knickers to bleached jeans    |
| SHOES      | from button hook to sneakers       |
| HATS       | from felt and feather to nothing   |
| NOSE WIPES | from linen hankies to tissues      |
| BABY CARE  | from outing diapers to disposables |
| THE JOHN   | from out—house to inside plumbing  |
| ROOMS      | from rag carpet to shag carpet     |
| ROOFS      | from slate to fiber glass          |
| SAWING     | from cross—cut to chain saw        |
| TRAVEL     | from rubber tires to space         |

**I have lived through all this and more!!**

*Dorothy Ellen (Lake) Hart*





Let's be realistic about a FABLE.

### **WHAT IS A FABLE?**

A fable is a very short story where animals do the talking. An animal in a cartoon is not in a fable. If a young child reads or hears a fable about an animal, it will be more real to him. He relates animals being more like himself. These cartoon characters are more like television stories. No! A good fable becomes more needed for young minds because a fable put together properly always has a moral in it. There is a good and a reward always in the story; also there is a bad and a not wanted reward given at the end quickly. The bad gets an inanimate reward which is not pleasing to get. The good gets the pleasing reward. Animals talking is more real to any mind. After all we are all mammals.

Would you like to read my two fables: One using the gourd and bird. Another using the tulip and the gladiola? Here they are:

### **GOURD AND BIRD FABLE**

Two young brothers lived in a cabin near a lake. They always relaxed in easy chairs on their porch after their work was finished.

One evening as they were sitting there, a mocking bird came crippling around the corner of their cabin and near to the porch. The bird said, "please help me, my wing hurts and I can't fly to get my food." The older brother got out of his chair and carefully picked up the bird. He kindly looked at the bird. He thought of a bird cage in the storage room. Then he would feed the bird pinches of doughnuts. The brothers always had doughnuts and coffee while relaxing on this porch. So he urged his younger brother to get the cage. The brother complained but he finally got out of his chair and got the cage.

The bird was nursed back to health and let out of the cage to fly away. A long time later a fast growing vine started to grow at the corner of their cabin. It grew extremely fast. It covered the roof of their cabin. Flowers came on it. Soon the flowers had teeny tiny little fruit that looked peculiar like a dipper with a handle. The fruit grew fast. It got as big as a bucket. It set up there on the roof all winter. It turned brown when summer started. It was at first a beautiful designed green in color. The cold weather in winter killed the vine away so they could see it better.

One day the mockingbird returned and flew up to the older brother's knee. It said, "you helped me get well and happy again. I found a flat rather large seed and dropped it near the corner of your cabin. In that fruit up there on your roof is a reward for your kindness and wanting to help me fly again. The fruit is called a Laganaria Gourd. You should cut it open and see what is inside it. The outside can be used as a container." The bird flew away.

Both brothers climbed to the roof, cut open the gourd and it was full of gold. The older brother would not have to work for food if he didn't want to. The younger brother was jealous. He became bad. he caught a bird, hurt its wing, and did all to the bird like his brother did. He turned the bird loose, a vine grew. He was happy. A gourd grew. This pleased him. Summer came. The gourd was brown. He climbed to the roof. Cut open the gourd. It was full of cow manure.

(Jealousy is the root of all evil.)

A FABLE MUST HAVE A MORAL IN ORDER TO BE A FABLE.



This fable was written when I was in college after 50 years old.

## **THE GLADIOLA AND TULIP FABLE**

Mother NATURE always visited her special flower gardens each morning. In this one flower garden of mostly perennials and bulb flowers she always seemed to hear quarreling between two of her f lowers. Mother Nature planted two bulbs pretty close to each other. One bulb was a tulip bulb the other a gladiola bulb. Tulips were spring flowers. The gladiola were late spring on into fall flowers. These two were over in the southeast corner. She had a path leading that way. She was sad by hearing loud screaming noises. The other flowers were saddened by the loud sometimes very naughty words. The one flower really had a BAD TEMPER. She would allow herself to get MAD QUICKLY. Mother Nature wished she could talk her out of being so quick to get angry. This one pretty little flower had become not nice to be around the other flowers. She should get rid of her MAD SPELLS.

The tall gladiolus stood up strong and straight. The tulip f lower was short and under the gladiola flowers. During the night the glad sprinkled water of dew when there was a breeze. The cool water dripped down on the red tulip. The tulip didn't like this. She would yell, "Glad, you dripped water on me. I don't like it!" The glad would calmly say, "Oh, I'm sorry, I just could not help but do it when that breeze of air shook me." Tulip quickly yelled, "Oh, so you lay the dripping on a breeze; you did it! Not a breeze!" Mother Nature would say, "You both can use that drink of water and it makes you both beautiful. Naughty tulip would not try to be GOOD, so Mother Nature turned the tulip bulb into an ONION without much flower. She lost her beauty.





## SWEET AS HONEY

**Why do I call my great grandchildren “Honey Bun”?** Because “Honey Bun” is the most precious gift to me.

Each evening after school hours and a long ride on a horse drawn school hack, I could hardly wait to get to the house, and over to our kitchen table and get a snack. I was hungry. I knew my Mom would have food in the middle of the table covered nicely with a 36” square cloth. The cloth was called muslin and then Mom drew designs on it and embroidered these designs with colored floss. Possibly some candlewick, French knots were made. Anyway it was a beautiful square cover to keep dust off the food and sugar bowl and salt and pepper shakers. Also under this cloth, Mom always had a honeycomb full of honey laying in the middle of a beautiful small plate. The bees—wax was dry and the sticky honey did not get on the cloth. This bees-wax would chew up just like gum. If you chewed on it too long it would become powdery. This wax did not have any flavor. The real flavor was called “sweet as honey”. There is nothing sweeter than pure honey made by the “honey bee”. Oh! That honey was so good. Yum, Yum! and then chew, chew, chew afterward is fun.

I knew this and if I had a spoon and cut off a spoon full of bees-wax with the honey still inside it, then I would be able to chew gum and have sweet honey good to eat at the same time. This honey was like syrup. It could be put on bread or on good home baked sweet, flat buns that my mother always baked for our hamburgers. She used pure cream over the dough to make the bread brown up and look like a hamburger bun. They tasted so good! She always had a pinch of sugar mixed in the dough. Many times I put honey over a buttered-up half of one of these flat, sweet buns and ate it after school. They were so good! Many times after school, just a spoon full of sweet honeycomb and chewing awhile afterwards was all I had. It was so good and curbed my childish hunger of after school snacking.

Now you know that “HONEY BUN” is very precious to me and sweet. I'm so glad to have all my sweet and dear Honey Buns.

### MY FIVE GREAT GRANDS

|           |         |                   |
|-----------|---------|-------------------|
| JESSICA   | NO. I   | APRIL 13, 1979    |
| JEREMY    | NO. II  | MARCH 24, 1983    |
| LANE II   | NO. III | OCTOBER 28, 1984  |
| AMY MARIE | NO. IV  | NOVEMBER 24, 1986 |
| BRITTANY  | NO. V   | JULY 2, 1988      |



## STOVE TOP APPLES

Fill large tight-lidded skillet with cored apple halves. DO NOT PEEL. Place cored side up and ADD IN ORDER GIVEN:

1. Fill holes generously with butter or margarine.
2. Sprinkle generous handful of flour over all.
3. Sprinkle scant handful brown sugar.
4. Sprinkle scant handful white sugar.
5. Sprinkle generous handful quick cook oatmeal.
6. Pour water half way up on the apples.
7. Cover with tight lid, and "BRING TO RAPID BOIL".
8. Turn heat to low. Cook until apples are tender. Approximately 20 minutes.
9. Arrange on serving platter. Pour liquid in skillet over the apples.
10. Decorate with sprigs of mint, tiny marshmallows, raisins or nuts. Use your own ingenuity.

This issues more food value than just applesauce alone. Leftovers keep very well in refrigerator.

*Dorothy Ellen (Lake) Hart*





## ENDIVE MEAL

Use one large head or two smaller ones of fresh ENDIVE. Cut off all brown spots. Make handful like bouquet. Cut off 3 or 4 inch lengths. Wash and prepare in large mixing bowl.

Boil 4 medium POTATOES with skins on. Peel off skins. Cut up potatoes thumb size and salt while warm.

Cut 3 slices of BACON into 2 inch lengths. Brown to crisp and remove from grease. Save bacon grease. Drain bacon then layer ENDIVE, POTATOES, BACON.

Mix 3 T. flour in hot bacon grease, adding oil if needed to make it bubble. Keep stirring until light brown. It will seem to burn but keep stirring.

Carry skillet quickly to sink faucet and run about 2 cups cold water or more to make a gravy. (Cold water helps to not have lumpy gravy.) Put back on heat and stir until boils for gravy. (Gravy should not be too runny but you can add more water if necessary.)

ADD: 2 T. Vinegar, 1 T. sugar and salt to taste.

TOSS gravy dressing with endive, potato and bacon. (Use sparingly or endive leaves will become tough.)

(DANDELION GREENS CAN ALSO BE USED IN PLACE OF ENDIVE.)

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If you find yourself lost & hungry in a field of dandelions, here is a survival tip. Pick a mess of yellow flowers, without stems. Put in salt water to scare out bugs, then soak in clear water. DRAIN. Dip in egg & water mixture and then in flour and fry in corn oil. Brown on both sides being careful not to burn. They have a mushroom flavor. Maybe you can find same mushrooms to go with them!!!!

*Dorothy Ellen (Lake) Hart*













